THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

FEBRUARY 13, 1909 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

More Than a Million a Week Circulation

Do you realize the great and distinct advantages of the Franklin automobile?

The foundation Franklin principle is light weight—with strength and simplicity. The Franklin does not jar nor jolt the passengers. It does not strain and rack itself· it is not hard on tires. It is economical in every sense.

USELESS weight puts an unnecessary load on the power and on the tires. It is the weight of an automobile that wears out tires. Mr. M. A. Michelin, the French tire manufacturer, says that every five per cent. added to the weight of an automobile increases the tire wear fifteen per cent. This means that the water-cooled automobile with its extra apparatus and heavier construction, weighing, as it does, a third more than a Franklin of same ability, wears out tires twice as fast. Then the Franklin has large wheels and large tires—larger tires in proportion to weight than any other automobile. This makes the tires last still longer. The Franklin solves the tire problem.

THE Franklin motor, by means of an auxiliary cylinder-exhaust and sheet metal radiating flanges, is cooled by air without the use of water. This gets rid of weight and complication, and permits light and simple construction throughout. There is no plumbing—water jackets, radiator, water pump and the like.

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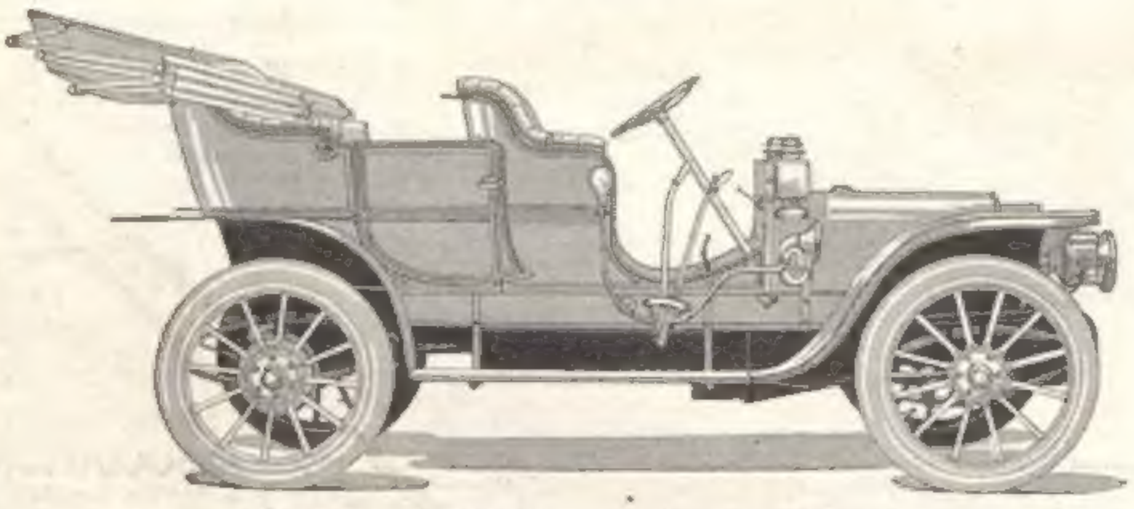

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1909, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A° D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 181 PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 13, 1909 Number 33

SYSTEM IN POLITICS

What Organization and Hard Work Can Accomplish

By Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

ON THE Wednesday morning after a National election the respective managers of the two great National parties rise, accept Republican congratulations or Democratic condolences, as the case may be, pack up torches and banners, fireworks and platitudes, and go off to the Springs on a vacation. The plain citizen, who has permitted himself to be lashed into a temporary madness of conviction, runs over his morning newspaper, says "damn" or "hurrah," and suddenly remembers that he has been neglecting those invoices lately. The most hardened Senator of the lot sets his mind on legislation. The hot air goes out of the balloon, and the janitor packs away the empty envelopes.

On the morning after election James M. Barnes, campaign manager and National secretary of the Socialist party, is at his desk in the dingy old barracks in Chicago, which the Socialists use as a National headquarters, at nine o'clock sharp. He has not sat up for the returns. Why should he? No election official exerts himself to get in the statistics of a minor party; and as for electing any one—that is a golden dream of the future. Barnes runs over his mail and settles down before a whole battery of indices to lay out the work for the next year. His organizers and orators, who have gone to the remotest corners of the United States, planting Socialist locals in places where the inhabitants still believe that Socialists wear bombs under their whiskers, begin to arrive that morning from the road. He gives them a short vacation while he matures his plans for their further movements. By the end of the second week in November a thousand Socialist locals will have held meetings, just as though the country were not in the state of recovery from a campaign; by the end of the month the orators and organizers will all be out again, teaching, converting, fighting. For the greater parties, as a body, do politics only in a campaign spasm of three months in four years, but the Socialist party, the militant faith of the radical working-class, does politics forty-eight months out of four years.

The Organizer Gets a Soapbox

Here, now, is a party formed to push a theory founded upon the most abstruse economic knowledge, a theory in direct opposition to the principles upon which the forefathers built the American commonwealth. Twenty years ago its adherents had to suffer popular scorn and police persecution. Ten years ago its opinions were hardly thought respectable. In the face of all that, the Socialists have risen from eighty thousand votes in 1900, the year when the present party was formed, to two hundred and fifty thousand in 1902, four hundred thousand in 1904, and four hundred and fifty thousand in 1908. This is no sudden landslide, like the rise of the Populist party; it is a growth. This slow progress, indeed, makes the rise of Socialism all the more significant. How came this growth to be? Apart from any inherent merit which the faith may or may not possess, it has come about through a system which makes the organizations of the older parties look like mob-fighting.

This is the machinery which National Secretary Barnes has to command.

"I Got the Last Man in My Room Into the Party the Week Before They Bounced Me"

How the Party is Financed

THE nucleus of the Socialist vote is the Socialist party, an organization nearly as close as a secret fraternity. No man may enter it until he is an out-and-out, fully-educated Socialist, willing to put his political conscience at the direction of the party, to pledge his straight vote to its hopeless candidates. This body bears a very small proportion to the total vote. In 1904, when Debs polled four hundred thousand, there were only sixteen thousand party members; by 1908 the membership had risen to fifty thousand.

This nucleus is organized, under the National Committee, in State sections and locals. A local comprises a smaller political division, as a city or a county. It may have many branches; in New York County, for example, there is only one local, but a branch in every Assembly District. The collection of the sinews of war is based on the same system—for one must pay to be a member of the party. Barnes, the talented organizer, devised two or three years ago a system of monthly dues stamps. Each State organization buys from the National Committee, at five cents apiece, a stamp for every member under its jurisdiction. These it sells to the locals at ten cents apiece. The local sells them to its individual members at a price ranging from twenty cents to fifty cents, keeping the difference between that retail price and the ten cents which has gone to the State and National organizations. The member must have a stamp affixed every month to his membership card or show the reason why.

The individual members, as I have said, are pledged to vote only the straight Socialist ticket. On the other hand, everything in party management is governed by referendum. The member has a straight vote, apart from the regular legal primaries, on every candidate, and he has the same voice in the election of the committeemen and National secretaries by whom the party is governed. The candidate, in his turn, must pledge himself to obey the wishes of the party, and must put his written resignation into the hands of the governing body as a lead-pipe cinch on his good faith. Barnes himself owes his position now to the suffrages of the party; when he was last elected there were four hundred nominations against him. However, he got his job originally by appointment, for they were not yet using the referendum on National management in those days; and it is an open secret that this quiet ex-cigar maker, with his talent for organization, would have been swamped by some more showy candidate had the referendum been then in force. Therein lies one weakness of the referendum system.

The System for Spreading the Propaganda

SUMMER and winter, in campaign time and out of it, the locals or branches meet every fortnight "for the transaction of business." As a matter of fact, there is always a great deal of business to transact. But the meetings are mainly an excuse to listen to oratory or "educational talks" from members or from the traveling orators and organizers. By this means, Socialist zeal is kept red hot. The propaganda, the extension of Socialist locals and the creation of new Socialists who will form locals of their own in time, is the main business of the National Committee. Besides special orators employed irregularly in times of agitation, the National Committee keeps a dozen regular organizers on the road all the time. These men are trained and educated Socialists; graduates, for the most part, of the work-bench or the plow. Still, they do have two university men on the staff and one ex-clergyman—a negro, employed to bring his race into the field. These men receive three dollars a day and a meagerly-calculated expense allowance. It is their business to stimulate growth and, especially, to extend the organization. Their main field of action lies in those corners of the country where "the dawn is breaking"—where a little interest in Socialism holds out promise of new members and locals.

The tips on unfallowed fields come mainly, in these days, from their two English daily newspapers, the Socialist of Chicago and the Call of New York. These papers have their own system, as elaborate and useful as that of the National organization. At every large Socialist meeting within their bailiwick their agents pass through the audience selling "post-card subscriptions." Socialists buy these to send to interested friends. The subscription lists of the two papers are entered on the card-index system in the Chicago headquarters, and one clerk does nothing else than classify them and compare them with the membership lists of the party. When she finds five or six non-members in some fresh locality she reports that Salt Springs or Painted Post looks like a good field. Barnes, laying out itineraries for his organizers, sees a chance to "route" Painted Post. A few weeks later the organizer is there, ready to start agitation. First he calls on the local subscribers to the Call or the Socialist. If he finds five or more of them committed to the principles of the party, ready to sign their votes away for the Cause, he gathers them together—rather too often, in the past, the meeting-place has been the back room of some saloon—and forms a local. A strict rule of the party forbids any local of less than five members. Whether he signs up his five or not, the organizer gets a soapbox, sets it up in the evening on a street corner and holds an out-of-doors meeting all by himself. Sometimes this meeting discovers the zealous, educated Socialist whom the card

The District Leader Gets in a Little Quiet, Personal Work

It Takes Eight Hundred Men Half the Night to Do This Work

index failed to list. Sometimes he cannot gather the necessary five, or he finds them not sufficiently "educated"—it is a matter for his private judgment. In that case he reports back the names of the faithful two or three, and they are listed on a special card index for the receipt of Socialist literature.

When Painted Post is not calling for an organizer the National staff is at the disposal of State Committees and locals for special meetings. This call is constant. The Massachusetts State Committee decides that Lowell or Brockton needs stirring up. It negotiates with the National Committee, and the National, taking into consideration the condition of the party in Massachusetts, sends back word that Jones is available at eight dollars a day. That will not pay his salary and expenses even on the modest and strict Socialist allowance: the National stands for the difference. The State Committee either pays the eight dollars itself or assesses the local for it; and the local, by charging admission to the hall meetings and taking up a collection at the street meetings, gets at least a part of the money back. It is pay, pay, pay for every member of the Socialist party; and when one considers that nine-tenths of the members are men and women working with their hands, one measures the real enthusiasm of these propagandists.

As an example of the manner in which they do pay, take the "Red Special," the campaign train of Debs which did so much to advertise the party in the last campaign. When Barnes conceived the daring idea of hiring a special train for the candidate, he had some trouble in converting his fellow-committeemen. The expense of it, they learned by consulting the railroads, would almost equal the campaign fund of 1904. But Barnes, through the Socialist newspapers and the regular weekly bulletin of the party, appealed for special contributions to this cause. The organizers and orators were all instructed to make mention of this fund. The total estimated expense of the Red Special was thirty-three thousand dollars. Before it started Barnes had received thirteen thousand dollars—from fifty thousand contributors! The sums ranged from the two hundred dollars, which J. D. Phelps Stokes gave, to thousands of five-cent items. When the Red Special was fairly on the road the locals, under whose auspices Debs spoke, charged admission to the meetings or passed the hat. Half of the money raised in this way went to the locals and half to the Red Special Fund. From this the Red Special Fund got ten thousand dollars. Debs and his campaign cabinet struck every man, woman and child who boarded the Red Special for subscriptions to the Cause. This brought fifteen thousand dollars more. When Barnes balanced his books he found that the Red Special Fund had left him five thousand dollars clear to open the new campaign. One local had made six hundred dollars' profit for itself out of one Debs meeting.

The Socialists' Literary Bureau

THIS propagandist activity is only one main branch of the party work, as the party expresses itself in its National Committee. The other is the distribution of literature. Socialism, when one scratches a little deeper than the surface, is not an easy thing to understand. Working as they do among a class necessarily rather short on book-learning, the propagandists must educate continually. The National headquarters is a clearing-house for literature—every kind of Socialist literature, from the complete works of Marx to the latest tract by the latest converted millionaire. They get and manufacture this literature cheaply. Socialist opinion, it happens, is especially strong among magazine writers and newspaper men. Jack London, Upton Sinclair, George Allan England, Robert Hunter and Joseph Medill Patterson are among those who have given free skill and training to the manufacture of tracts. This literature is kept at headquarters, to be sold to the locals or State branches as needed. The National Committee sells it at cost, with a slight addition to cover the expense of the office force engaged in distributing it. A private book house, run in connection with a Socialist magazine, has a rather more complete assortment of Socialist literature than has the National Committee; but this concern probably gets a small profit out of the sale. From these two sources the locals obtain those bales of books and tracts which are displayed at every Socialist meeting, and which are handed out free to prospective members wherever the party is militant.

He Begins to See Something in Capitalism

The National Committee is the army staff in the fight, the organizers and orators are the field generals, and the Socialist literature is the ammunition. The real firing line, however, is neither in the street-corner meetings nor in the assemblies of the locals. More than any other one movement in public life the Socialist campaign has been whispered abroad, not shouted. The work of conversion has been done at the bench, at the loom, in the stopes—wherever working men have a chance to talk while at work. "If the capitalists could muzzle their employees in working hours or enforce a rule of silence," said a fanatic, "we should be only half-way where we are now." The orator, in the "local" meeting or on the street corner, teaches arguments and modes of expression to the rank and file. Socialists are fearful talkers. No one will be offended at this remark of mine. They glory in it. And the new convert—who, from that time forth, scarcely looks at any intellectual proposition except through Socialistic glasses—talks, talks, talks the Coöperative Commonwealth and the Social Revolution to the men on the next bench. Robert Hunter says that he met in Chicago a Socialist pattern-maker who had been discharged for spreading revolutionary opinions in the shop. He met Hunter's indignation with a cheerful smile. "It's just as well," he said. "I got the last man in my room into the party the week before they bounced me. I was thinking of going on to Minneapolis, anyhow, for what would I have had to do?" Especially active are these propagandists of the party in times of strikes, when the condition of their fellow-workers forms a text. The National and State Committees, recognizing this, always apply special pressure of oratory and literature at such points.

The Committee's Emergency Work

THE Moyer-Haywood trial in Idaho supplies an extreme case. In addition to the fact that the accused men were "comrades," in addition to the fact that the present party, in its very articles of organization, pledges itself to stand by the working-class in struggles against capitalism, the Western Federation offered a rich field for propaganda. So the Socialist dailies and weeklies and magazines proclaimed unanimously and in advance of the courts the innocence of Moyer and Haywood, just as the anti-Semite journals in France proclaimed arbitrarily the guilt of Dreyfus, and special Socialist correspondents hurried from every corner of the country to help free the Federation leaders. Besides advertising the movement, besides getting for it the sympathy of many labor unions, this was a great help to the propaganda among the miners. The Western Federation is one of the three great National labor organizations which have declared out and out for Socialism.

No one who has not seen them at work can understand the amount of time, effort and money which the fifty thousand who form the nucleus of the party put into their politics. The extent of their campaign funds is the mildest indication of it; yet that alone is significant. A very few members, like Stokes and Hunter and Joseph Medill Patterson, are rich. Because a rich Socialist is a picturesque fact, the country has heard rather too much of these men and rather too little about such able—even if misguided—citizens as Barnes and John C. Chase and Victor Berger, who are bearing the real burden. The remainder are trade unionists or plain laborers, working at wages running from two to five dollars a day. Yet in the last National campaign they put up a National fund of more than ninety thousand dollars, besides the greater sum raised and spent by locals and State committees. Year in and year out each member pays at least three dollars annually in straight dues. And that is only a part of it. Not even the churches, with their legions of woman volunteers, get so much effective and intelligent free work. Take Victor Berger. He is the Socialist boss of Milwaukee. His is the one local of the party which can show much in the way of electing candidates—he has now one-third of the Milwaukee City Council and four members in the State Legislature. Wherefore, the "impossibilists," or strictly orthodox members of the party, are hissing the dread epithet, "opportunist," at him and condemning him for a heretic—but that is aside from the point. Each Sunday morning during the campaign Berger gets a Socialist circular, adapted to the needs of the moment, into every doorway and every flat-house letter-box of Milwaukee. It takes eight hundred men half the night to do this work; yet Berger has never paid them a cent for their services. The eight hundred get up at midnight if they are day workers, or report at quitting time if they are night workers. For six hours they trudge the pavements to promote the Cause. When the Socialists of Chicago decided that they must have a daily newspaper they bought the old plant of the Worcester Spy. The money had been raised by special contributions. After they got ready to take over the property they found that it was going to cost more than they expected; they passed the hat and got more special contributions. Still more special contributions furnished the funds to take it to Chicago. It arrived in bad shape. The presses and linotype machines had been "taken down," the type had been "pied" and dumped promiscuously into packing boxes. Skilled mechanics were needed to set up the machines and to sort the type. The Socialist members of the printing trades unions volunteered. For weeks compositors and pressmen on the Chicago morning newspapers quit their regular jobs at three o'clock in the morning and worked with the Daily Socialist plant until seven o'clock. The Daily Socialist organized its staff—short-handed, of course. The mechanics work the regular eight hours a day, because that is an item in the party creed; the intellectual tradesmen of the staff work all the time. A. M. Simons, the editor, moulds public opinion and directs policies until four o'clock in the afternoon; after that, for the rest of the day and the evening, he is a propagandist. Peyton Boswell, the managing editor—he is also city editor and even reporter when necessity calls—decided last October that he was not doing enough work. He has a theory that if he can make Socialists out of the school-teachers they will make Socialists out of the rising generation. So he started the Progressive Journal of Education, which he edits after four o'clock in the afternoon. William Mailly, once secretary of the party and now managing editor of the New York Daily Call, lives a life just as strenuous. Neither of these papers is a paying proposition as yet; both call on their subscribers, periodically, for the money to keep floating. And these editors work at salaries which they are ashamed to reveal.

Socialists are Fearful Talkers

The Zealot Who Walked From Brooklyn

THE National Committee employs about twenty-five orators, including its regular organizers, in campaign time. One borough of New York uses more than that. The rest are all volunteers, able Socialists from the rank and file, supplied by the locals. For this work they do not receive even their carfare. Last autumn, Morris Hillquit ran for Congress from the district covering the Jewish East Side of New York. He stood some show of election, and the Socialists threw in all their forces back of him. A "parlor" Socialist, who had come down from his country place to help out in this campaign, marked one volunteer orator for the fire of his style and the intemperance of his remarks on the capitalistic oppressor. In the final week this orator approached the millionaire. "I don't think that this street work is reaching all the voters," he said. "We should have house-to-house workers. Some wage-slaves never come out on the streets." "All right," said the other, "suppose you do that yourself—you'd be a fine first-hand talker." The orator hesitated before he answered: "The truth is, I haven't the strength. Some one else would do better. You see, I'm a machinist, and I'm on my feet all day. Since the campaign opened I have been walking to and from my work in Brooklyn so as to give my carfare to the Cause. My feet are so sore that I can't be sure of holding out on a job of stair-climbing."

What class of voters are they reaching by these methods? To tell the truth, rather a high class, measured by the standard of respectability and intelligence. The early members of the old Socialist Labor and Social Democrat parties which preceded the present Socialist party were mainly immigrants of the first or second generation. The theory was especially popular with the Germans, not so much because the Germans are revolutionary as because they have a leaning toward abstract theories and *doctrinaire*

(Continued on Page 32)

THE ART OF APPRECIATION

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

ONE of the best subjects for an appreciation is the President, who appreciates appreciations, and who, usually, invites the author to luncheon, which looks very well in the newspaper dispatches in the home paper. Also, the President has a pleasing habit of reading the books and articles of authors whom he summons to grace his table, and it is bully to hear him remark before the company: "As you, my dear sir, so strongly presented the case in your ——" book or article, as the case may be. *That* is worth striving for.

One of our best appreciators is William Allen White. This is about the way he does it:

THEODORE, THE TREMENDOUS!

By William Allen White

Author of Emporia Emotions, Messages From Me—Half-Hours at the White House, The Might of the Mighty

After all, it isn't so much what a man does as the way he does it that endears him to the American people, for whom I speak. Lulled by years of conventionalities at the White House, the people had taken their prudent Presidents as a matter of course. At heart, though—in their great, generous, human hearts, which I understand so well—they have grieved over this rigid observance of form and precedence and have desired something American there, something I am in a position to show them—now they have it—they understand, enjoy and love for the very Americanism of it.

A year or two ago I happened to be in Washington and had received my customary invitation to luncheon, having apprised the President of my presence in the city. While advising the President he slapped me on the shoulder and said: "Old Bill"—not William or Willie or Will or Bill, but "Old Bill"—"I want you to come to a musicale I am giving this afternoon."

I hesitated, for I knew musicales at the White House demanded frock coats, and I had no frock coat. We, of Emporia, consider the sack coat sufficient, for, after all, this is a sack-coat world. The sack coat will get as far as any other coat. Between the sack coat and the spike tail there is a gulf—although, after all, I would not think of wearing a spike tail in the afternoon—and the business suit may be considered the proper suit to do business in. It is the insignia of independence, the gonfalon of the go-ahead.

"But, Mr. President," I said, "I cannot come, much as I appreciate this distinction you are showing me. I have no frock coat."

Then I saw it. At that moment I discovered within me the knowledge of the thing that makes this man so great. I saw it. I realized it. It was shining in those eagle eyes, radiating from that intrepid face, haloed about that broad and impressive brow.

"Old Bill," he repeated, and I choked with emotion at his method of address, so kind, so considerate, so human—yes; that's it—so human, so perfectly *en rapport*, as we say in the French, I choked with emotion that this great man should thus honor me.

"Old Bill, I want you to come whether you have a frock coat or not. It is not the coat I care for; it is the man."

That was it. He wanted *me*, and I was proud and glad, and thought how well it would look in the Emporia Gazette to say the editor had been invited to a musicale at the White House. It was the Americanism of it that appealed to me. Here was a man who had no sartorial prejudices, who was slave to no conventions as old and as stupid as the hills. Here was an American, and I wept with joy, and thought it was my duty to my fellows to tell them of this act of true, sturdy citizenship; to call to them in a clarion voice not to be misled by the calumny of those liars and thieves and scoundrels in Washington and elsewhere, who do not think as the President does; to give the people their cue for deep and abiding exultation over the glad fact that, at last, now, this moment, we have a President who feels for The Whole People—feels for them, loves them, works for them, with a singleness of purpose I have not observed before. Nor have I found anything to compare with it in my exhaustive studies while connected with the Historical Section of the Emporia Enlightenment and Culture Circle.

His Silence Under Criticism

For, after all, it is the heart, more than the head or the hand, that breeds this feeling of ecstasy when gazing on the figure of The Man himself, or while contemplating the printed record of his divinely-directed activities. It is the heart—this heart—the Heart of the Man—that irresistibly draws us who know him best to him. It is his love of men, his broad and indulgent tolerance, his gentle and kindly manner, his lack of assertiveness, his modest deprecation of self, his tender and touching method of dealing with those who oppose him, his ardent desire to serve his fellows, his silence under criticism, his self-abnegation,

"Old Bill, I Want You to Come Whether You Have a Frock Coat or Not"

his masterly control of his emotions, his suffering in solitude when he is unjustly attacked, his spontaneous, simple, guileless nature, his compassion for those who err, all the forces of life in him, the blood, soul—particularly the soul—that go to make up this splendid, sacrosanct, superb American, that make us pronounce him The Man.

In the crucible of life, whence we all come, the fires of Fate are burning, burning. Some of us are bad, some good, few perfect. As each day's molten mass is let out and poured, each in its little mould, how many of us are found imperfect, flawed, misshapen, bubbly, when we cool! How often are we disfigured by envy, hate, malice, dishonesty! How often are we weaklings, mollycoddles, malefactors of great wealth, undesirable citizens! How often meretricious, misguided, malign! How few are martial, dominant, omniscient! But once in a while comes the perfect casting, without a flaw—The Man!

So The Man goes about his work, preaching to The People, calling to them, in clear and bell-like tones, to join with him, else they shall be damned by the disquieting and deplorable thought that they have not heeded the Voice of Wisdom, have not hearkened to the mandate of the Court of Last Resort. As I have watched him telling The People, with unique originality, that to be happy they must be virtuous, and that honesty is the best policy, my heart has swelled with exultation that it has been my inestimable privilege to know this President, to have advised with him, to have seen him go to battle in that armor of righteousness against which the lances of the enemy were shattered like reeds.

And now, after seven calm and fruitful years, he is leaving Washington, leaving the scene of his labors, leaving his stewardship. It does not seem just to The People. The scheme of things must be awry that will permit The Man to leave the lists with Knights of Darkness still unhorsed.

But he has done much to The People.* And on March fourth, next, when he steps aboard the train, bound for Africa, he will carry with him the loving regard of those countless millions of his fellow-Americans who have watched his career, who have realized, dumbly, perhaps—for, as a mass, we are pretty dumb, there being only a few of us, like myself, who have the fluency of speech a subject such as this demands, from its inherent right, not because of any affection on my part—dumbly, perhaps, have realized the inestimable benefits he has conferred on us, but always with abiding faith. Wherever he may be our hearts will throb with his, our souls will hunger for him, our lives will be consecrated to him—The Man.

It is but proper to state, in this connection, that, rather than cause comment that might reflect on my beloved friend, I borrowed a frock coat to wear at that musicale.

Personally, I am for the sack suit, but I did not want to subject him to criticism.

Farewell, Theodore, the Tremendous! Hail, and Farewell!

*It is probable Mr. White meant "for The People" here, not "to The People."

And Now, After Seven Calm and Fruitful Years, He is Leaving Washington

The Cyclone Census

TIMID people will be interested in certain figures of the United States Weather Bureau, which estimates the average individual's chance of encountering a tornado at one-sixteenth of one per cent in a century. This applies, however, to the central valleys of the West, where such perilous phenomena are most frequent.

To put the matter in more precise terms, this is the chance, per century, that any given square mile of territory will be swept by a tornado. If an area four miles square be taken, the expectation is only one per cent for a period of one hundred years, or, in other words, of one tornado in ten thousand years. On which account the Bureau is inclined to regard precautions against these "twisters" as hardly worth taking.

Precautionary expedients of the kind have taken various forms. Most familiar is the "cyclone cellar"—a hole in the ground with a lid, which is undeniably a good thing if a tornado does happen to come along. Another idea, seriously proposed, is to plant a forest to the southwest of a town (this being the direction from which such storms usually come), to obstruct the passage of the monster.

The latter plan is not approved. Attention is called to the fact that the great tornado which struck St. Louis in May, 1896, after passing with destructive effect through several miles of brick buildings, left the city with greater force than it entered. The strongest trees would have offered little more resistance to it than so many blades of grass.

Not long ago a small Western city hired a cannoneer to guard its southwest approaches with a couple of field guns, his orders being to fire upon and destroy any funnel-cloud that might come near. Disapproved again, because obviously ineffective. As for the latest scheme, submitted to the Bureau from a town in Missouri, where it was proposed to surround the place with a twenty-five-mile circuit of wires on poles, connected with an alarm to give warning, the decision is that it would cost much money and contribute not at all to safety.

The best method to adopt with tornadoes, says the Bureau, is not to worry. If one does come along, heading toward you, run to the left as fast as you can.

THE GOLD CONSPIRACY

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

He was Looking at the Vice-President and Grinning

I

THE day was one of the worst that Wall Street had seen in a generation, with two banks and three trust companies tottering on the edge of failure, stocks gone to smash, call money up to fifty per cent, and Panic coming over the horizon like a summer thunder-cloud.

But the night was like any other. The narrow, stony streets were empty and still; the big buildings slept very peacefully.

Peter Derwint, night watchman in the Primary National Bank, slept also. He dreamed that President Carter was demanding his resignation and at the same time choking the life out of him so he couldn't resign. Then he woke up, and was clutched by remorse. He had been asleep at his post! His head felt queer, too. He wondered, dejected, whether it was an effect of advancing age, or whether there was something the matter with him that he ought to see a doctor about.

He hoisted his aching body out of the second assistant cashier's armchair, rubbing his stiff hips, and looked heavily about. His glance took in most of the main banking office. The big, marble-pillared parallelogram was empty and still, getting its night's sleep. One point of life persisted, as the heart beats in a sleeping man—the clock, with a six-foot dial, embraced in the sculpture over the entrance. Turning his dull eyes thither, Peter saw it was half-past five. He had lunched sociably with Callaghan, as usual, at midnight. The last he could remember, it was half-past twelve. Five hours of it!

He looked to the southeast corner where the offices of the president and vice-president were. There sat Callaghan in an armchair comfortably tilted against the wall, his feet reposing in another chair. It was an unprofessional attitude for a watchman. But Callaghan was broad awake; he sociably waved his hand to Peter. The elder watchman felt that it did not become him to criticise.

Heavily and dutifully Peter started upon the round of the bank. Of course, nothing had happened. Nothing could happen. Steel bolts, impervious to anything less than dynamite, guarded the bank's treasure; every window was protected by brass bars as thick as a man's wrist; the whole establishment had an intricate system of burglar alarms. Touch one of those nerves anywhere, and down would come a load of armed police. Peter plodded on. Nothing, of course, had happened. Only ——

The watchman's jaw dropped, his limbs weakened and his nerves pulled hard, as though he had seen the bronze-and-marble slumber of the bank broken by the sudden twitch of a metal finger, the flutter of a stone eyelid.

While Peter slept a war-council of bankers sat at the Coupon Club. It adjourned, after one o'clock, to meet again at half-past eight in the morning. Attending that adjourned meeting, First Vice-President Rector did not get down to the bank until almost ten o'clock.

Coming along lower Broadway he passed two trust companies before which crowds of depositors had already gathered, herded into long lines by patient policemen, waiting for the opening of the doors to begin their run. The whole district seemed stirred up from the bottom. In Wall Street men hurried along the narrow roadway, dodged in and out of doors. In Broad Street the curb market had started up wildly; men were hastening into the Stock Exchange, behind whose placid sculptures one division of the day's battle would be fought.

Rector glanced up the twenty-story façade of the Primary National Building—two hundred millions of assets, immense prestige, a name that was a tower of strength from the Atlantic to the Pacific! Surely, this was a fort to defend, a ship to fight—and a stepping-stone for an ambitious man!

He started briskly up the broad marble steps. A customer, too nervous to sit in the anteroom, was waiting for him there. The two went in together. Then others came in a steady procession. Sitting in an armchair behind his desk, Rector did not need to look at the ticker to know that stocks were falling and a big trust company had closed its doors. Panic was in the air, and in the eyes of the men who, one by one, were admitted to his room.

The treasurer of Consolidated Belt and Buckle was explaining hurriedly why they must have two hundred thousand at once when Gregory, first assistant cashier, walked briskly into the room.

"May I see you a minute, Mr. Rector?" he said, cutting through the treasurer's earnest talk.

Rector glanced up. He knew that Gregory was not a man whose eyes dilated that way for nothing; and he led the way, through a side door, into President Carter's empty room.

"Something's the matter in the gold vault," said Gregory.

The vice-president frowned. It was not a time to be bothered with mechanical trifles.

"The seals on the safes are broken," said Gregory. He spoke as though he were out of breath; his eyes looked as though he had seen a ghost—and he was a competent man. Rector started for the door with a long stride, Gregory following.

The vault was on the south side of the bank—a great box of armor-plate, chilled steel, soft steel, steel rails and concrete, the door weighing four tons, fitted with bolts two inches through, fastened with a combination lock and two time locks. Built into the wall on each side of the vault were four large safes, or chests, also of steel and fastened with combination locks. Four of these safes should have been sealed with wax, as a sign that they had not been opened and that the contents, therefore, need not be recounted—and should have contained a million dollars each in gold coin. The seals were broken. The nickel-plated handles turned at a touch. The doors swung open, revealing blank emptiness.

Peter Derwint, Night Watchman in the Primary National Bank, Slept Also

During the six or eight minutes required for the first examination of the vault neither man spoke. Four million dollars in coined gold was gone. Two safes that contained over twelve millions in gold certificates had not been touched. The only sign of violence was the small litter of the broken seals on the cement floor.

In the first place, it simply couldn't have happened. Nobody could walk through steel walls and fly off with a carload of gold like that—any more than he could turn Broadway around over night and make it run east and west. In the second place, if it had happened, why hadn't the thief taken the twelve millions of gold certificates—which were just as good for all larcenous purposes and infinitely easier to handle? That was the first thing Rector said—somewhat stupidly:

"But why the devil didn't they take the gold certificates?"

"It's easy to trace the big certificates," Gregory answered, also stupidly.

Rector rubbed his hand across his brow. He wanted, especially, to start up his mental machinery—to get to thinking.

"Four millions," he said; "that's something like seven tons of metal. Why, they couldn't have taken it away. It must be around here."

Gregory rolled his eyes about the vault, as though it might be sticking to the ceiling. Rector stepped forward, stooped and picked a bit of paper from the floor. He had happened to notice it lying in the corner. It proved to be a piece of torn and crumpled pasteboard—evidently a business card of the cheapest sort. On the back were a series of marks in groups, four upright bars with a diagonal bar drawn through them. Somebody had been keeping tally on the back of the card. On the face of the card appeared, in dauby print, THE PROSPE——, and underneath that, in smaller characters, A. B. Jo——.

The rest was torn off. It was nothing that appertained to the bank; so it probably appertained to the robbers, a part, apparently, of their tally of the sacks that contained the gold.

When Rector returned to his room he was quite cool. The thing couldn't really have happened, and, since it had happened, why hadn't the robbers taken the gold certificates? It was a kind of grotesque joke. To suppose that a relay of porters and drays could have carried off seven tons of gold without attracting attention was preposterous. The metal must be somewhere about the premises—and in the torn card they had a clew.

Gregory had taken the two day watchmen whose discretion was most to be trusted and started upon a search of the bank premises. Also, he had set two clerks at work upon the city directory looking up A. B. Jo——, probably Johnson or Jones, who was connected with THE PROSPE——, which looked like THE PROSPECTUS or THE PROSPECTOR. The two night watchmen had been sent for.

Further than that Rector did not, at the moment, care to go. In this day of panic, to start a report that the Primary National had mysteriously lost a great sum in gold would be just about the same as closing the doors. Depositors had enough to be crazy over without an announcement that a great bank's gold reserve had suddenly disappeared. Perhaps because there was nothing else for him to do, he hung doggedly to the notion that the gold was still on the premises.

One after another, men entered his room, oppressed and shaken. To some he gave promise of support, in the name of the great bank, and they went away comforted. For some, whose need was pressing, he penciled his initials on the corner of an otherwise worthless piece of paper, and the paper saved them from ruin.

Soon after one o'clock President Carter came in, accompanied by two other directors. Rector joined them in the president's room. Carter had spent the morning in consultation with financiers, and would go, at two o'clock, to a meeting of the clearing-house. The banks, he said, would surely begin issuing clearing-house certificates, which sort of stage-money they would pass around in lieu of the real article until the panic was over; cash payments would be suspended, or greatly restricted.

Sitting at the mahogany table, the president's blanched head drooped, as though a ponderable load weighed upon him; his blue eyes looked dim, and Rector noticed that not only his thin hand but his head also trembled slightly. It came to the vice-president more sharply than ever that the old man was breaking up; this strain was too heavy for him. The bowed, old figure seemed to bring bodily into the room the air and stress of the fight; he was giving the best there was in him to damp down the panic and save the country. It had been in Rector's mind, as a matter of course, that he would tell the president about the situation in the gold vault. Now, that seemed to him a needless cruelty. He parted from Carter without mentioning it.

At a quarter of two Gregory came in to report. Every obvious place ab.. the bank premises had been thoroughly overhauled without discovering anything. The directory had yielded A. B. Joneses and A. B. Johnsons to spare; he had a list of them; but there was no apparent connection between any of them and a PROSPE——.

The vice-president was disappointed. "We must turn it over to the detectives, I suppose," he said gloomily,

"and take our chances that they won't tip it off to the newspapers—which would bring a run in no time. But what about the night watchmen?"

One of them, Callaghan by name, could not be found, Gregory explained. The other, Peter Derwint, said nothing unusual had happened during the night.

Rector frowned unhappily, and rather regretted that he hadn't, after all, told President Carter. It was absurd that they couldn't find seven tons of gold. And mostly in mere impatience at this stubborn absurdity he blurted out: "Send that watchman here!"

"Don't You See That I've Got to Know Just How You Robbed the Vault, and Who Helped You?"

Peter appeared, in dogged dejection. Nothing unusual had happened during the night, he said. But Rector noted the man's downcast eyes and fumbling hands. He bore down upon him, and presently had the whole shameful story. Peter had slept the night away! He didn't know what had been the matter with him; he'd never done such a thing before in all his twenty-odd years. At once it occurred to the vice-president that Peter had been drugged and that Watchman Callaghan was in the pay of the robbers.

"But you found nothing out of order?" Rector asked.

"Yes, sir," Peter replied humbly; "a back window was wide open."

Rector was out of his chair instantly, pushing Peter ahead of him. The window was one of three, at the rear of the banking-room, which looked down into a small, irregular, blind court. Massive brass bars guarded it, but Rector saw at a glance—what had not occurred to him before—that it would be easy enough for a man inside to pass the canvas sacks containing the gold through the bars to a person outside. He had been banking upon the apparent impossibility of getting the gold out of the building. His glance at the window widened the field of search to the adjacent buildings. Since Peter had found the window open, the treasure had, without doubt, gone out that way. And he had lost a lot of precious time!

The Primary National Bank Building, as many readers know, fronts Broad Street, looking east, and its flank is upon Money Lane, a narrow cañon running up to Broadway. On the south side of Money Lane, between the rear of the bank's edifice and the rear of the Gaunt Building—which fronts on Broadway—stand two ancient and dilapidated brick structures, numbers eleven, thirteen and thirteen and a half. The building comprising numbers eleven and thirteen is three stories high; that comprising number thirteen and a half is only two stories high, and about fourteen feet wide. The title to these old structures is involved in endless litigation, and they have fallen into decay. Nondescript tenants come and go. To these buildings Rector's mind instantly turned. He remembered especially that a little stationery shop had opened in the basement of number thirteen and a half several months before. Its back door was not a dozen feet from the window Peter had found wide open.

The trail smelled hot to him, and his nerves prickled with impatience. Striding back to his room, he stopped at Gregory's desk, told him to get a couple of the bank's policemen and be ready for a summons. Then he got his coat and hat. People were still waiting to see him, but he made an excuse—said he'd be back in a moment. He had lost a lot of time, and proposed to move fast now! Nevertheless, when he turned the corner from Broad Street to climb Money Lane he took care to walk leisurely.

The day was as dismal as the stock market—lowering, with spits of rain. Electric lights burned behind all the windows. He turned up his coat-collar and strolled on, exceedingly alert. A young woman preceded him, walking rapidly. He noticed her graceful figure and light, swift step. She turned into the basement of number thirteen with a quick, backward glance—possibly, Rector thought, at himself. He had other things to think of now, however.

Three steps led down to the door of the little stationery shop at number thirteen and a half. A counter ran crosswise of the room eight or ten feet from the door. Upon it lay the afternoon newspapers. A revolving case of shelves, before the counter, held the current magazines. Behind the counter, against each wall, were shelves containing a very modest stationery stock. At the rear was a small vault and a little desk, where sat the proprietor. He arose, as Rector entered, and came forward—a thin, commonplace, middle-sized man about thirty, with a sallow face, sandy hair combed pompadour, and a scant, sandy beard trimmed to a point, bespectacled, shabbily dressed, the very picture of a small shopman, anxious for trade. Rector barely noticed him. What he did notice with all his eyes was that the whole interior of the little shop, clear to the back door, lay open to inspection; a single sweeping glance exhausted it. Even the small vault was wide open. An unshaded electric bulb, hanging by a green cord from the ceiling, lighted the desk at which the stationer had been sitting, and the interior of the vault as well. Across the side and rear of the vault were shelves, upon which were disposed some large ink bottles, mucilage pots, a few pasteboard boxes, such as contain envelopes and the like articles. The shop was, perhaps, thirty feet long by twelve wide. There was only one place in it where any bulky object could possibly be concealed; that was under the short counter.

The commonplace stationer was standing behind the counter, his head a little to one side, peering deferentially at Rector through his spectacles, waiting to know his pleasure. The vice-president asked, at random, for last month's number of a popular magazine. The stationer plucked his beard thoughtfully, was afraid he hadn't any of that number left, would be pleased to order one, bethought him that there might be a copy under the counter, stooped and began rummaging there. Rector bent far over the counter and looked beneath it. There was some rubbish, but certainly no gold.

Going out, the vice-president felt downcast. Someway, he had been sure the gold was in the little stationery shop. Climbing the steps he looked over at the adjoining basement in number thirteen. It seemed tenanted. At least, a man stood in the open doorway, smoking a brier pipe. He appeared a youth in his teens, was blond, his hair and eyebrows a pale straw-color. His round, beardless face was an even, underdone pink, his mouth wide, his nose snub. An inexpensive and shapeless felt hat perched on the back of his head; his coat, vest and trousers were of different materials and well worn. As Rector caught his eye, he was looking at the vice-president and smiling, or, rather, grinning in a manner which struck the banker as personal and impudent.

The basement was dim and, so far as Rector could see, empty and dilapidated. He saw dimly, just back of the figure in the doorway, a woman's shape, and remembered the one who had walked up the street ahead of him and turned in there. He had, someway, not much interest in this empty basement, but the grinning face in the doorway struck him as familiar. He was trying, somewhat vaguely, to think where he had seen the man. In reaction from the eager mood in which he had left the bank, his mental tone was rather low. He proposed to have the whole premises, comprising numbers eleven, thirteen and thirteen and a half, thoroughly searched from cellar to roof at once; and he wondered where he had seen the fellow at number thirteen.

He was almost at the corner of Broad Street when it came to him abruptly, out of nowhere. He was handing a package to a youth, instructing him what to do with it; and the youth had a round, underdone pinkish face, wide mouth, snub nose, straw-colored hair. That man in the basement doorway was, or had been, a messenger of the Primary National Bank.

The vice-president turned squarely on his heel. All at once he was angry clear through. He had been made a fool of long enough. He proposed, at any rate, to find out what the bank's messenger was doing in that dingy basement. When he came opposite number thirteen the grinning tenant had disappeared from the doorway, and the door was closed. Thus for the first time Rector saw this sign lettered on the glass panel of the door—apparently with soap:

THE PROSPERITY COMPANY
A. B. Jones & Co.

He went down the steps as though he were going to catch somebody by the throat. The basement was dimly lighted by a single gasjet in the rear, which half revealed some opened, partly-broken packing-cases. Rector thrust open the door and strode in. A figure, unseen before, arose from the nearest packing-case, confronting him.

It was, evidently, the young woman who had preceded him up the street and of whom he caught a glimpse across the impudent tenant's shoulder. A very nice girl, Rector would have judged her, in any circumstances; now, he judged that she was a very badly-frightened girl; her pretty lips were parted, her blue eyes wide and fixed; her hand went up to her throat. The vice-president, almost mechanically, took off his hat and made her a bow.

"I am Mr. Rector, of the Primary National Bank," he said soothingly. He was not a prig, yet he supposed the first vice-president of the great bank must be a rather Jovian figure to a girl in a dingy basement. With pleasant vagueness he was always imagining a Jovian condescension to humble beauty. That was a sort of fixed concept of romance with him—and had been ever since President Carter's niece had so condescended to him that he simply couldn't stand it.

"You wish to see—Mr. Jones," she asked falteringly.

"Whoever's in charge," he replied genially, and smiled to reassure her. He could see that she breathed rapidly, and her round, blue eyes appealed. He supposed, possibly, that he rather overawed the poor girl.

"Not quite ready for customers yet?" he said, smiling, and glancing at the broken packing-cases.

"Not quite," she replied, smiling a little, and he had the pleasure to see that she was getting herself in hand. "If you could come back a little later," she suggested, in a moment, rather coolly. "I'm sure Mr. Jones——"

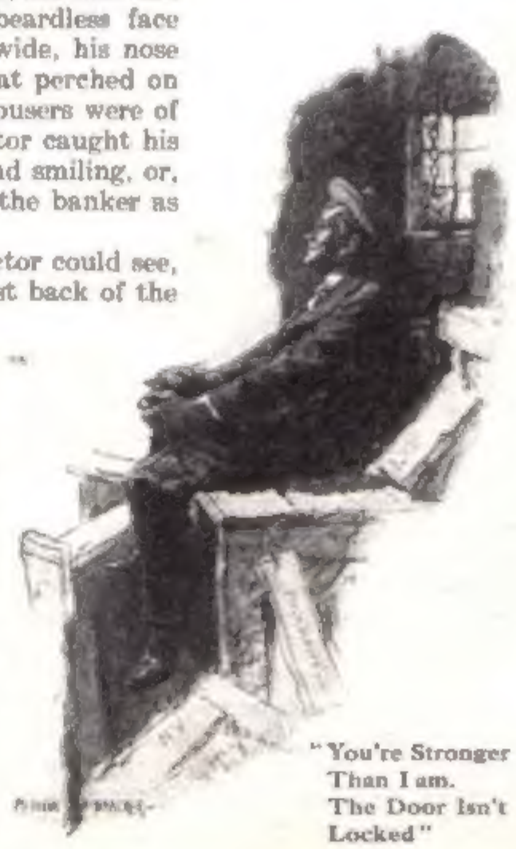
But the speech was cut short. The door to the back room opened, and the impudent tenant stepped out. Closing the door behind him, he favored Rector with an amiable grin. Noting the small back room from which the tenant came, Rector's pulses leaped. Obviously, the window of that room gave upon the blind court through which the gold had passed. Nevertheless, he waited a moment glumly—aware that the nice girl was slipping away—until he heard the front door close behind her.

In Jones he now recognized perfectly the bank's messenger. Perhaps the fact that this snub-nosed youth had taken orders from him as one of the humblest of his underlings subconsciously affected his attitude. At any rate, he went straight to the point.

"I'll have a look in that back room," he said very coldly.

The ex-messenger seemed surprised. He looked down at the floor and shuffled his foot.

"What would you be expecting to find there—if I may ask?" he said, after a pause, and with some hesitation—quite humbly, in fact.



"You're Stronger Than I am. The Door Isn't Locked"

Rector's eyes were turned forbiddingly upon the bowed head of the man who had taken orders from him. "The bank's gold," he said boldly. "It went out of the rear window, across the court and into that room. It's going back, too," he added.

Jones still studied the floor. "Well," he said; "well—you're a pretty good detective, Mr. Rector."

It struck Rector as a ridiculous thing to say—as though stealing four million dollars in gold coin were a game of blind man's bluff, to be played for fun. "I'm good enough to put you where you belong!" he declared hotly.

Jones was silent a moment; then he said meekly: "I hope you won't take any steps of that

(Continued on Page 44)

COLLECTIONS

By JAMES H. COLLINS
ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

THE DEAD BEAT AND THE NEAR BEAT

The Dead Beat's Clothes and Stage Presence May be Magnificent

ONE morning some years ago Sandy Macdowell came to work for the first time in the office where he is now credit and collection man. Sandy's house sells high-class merchandise on installment payments, through salesmen. Its customers are fairly well-to-do people—business and professional men, teachers and other salaried workers. Therefore its collections are made by mail, instead of through the collector who attends to that end of installment-selling among customers of smaller incomes.

Almost before he had his coat off the credit man then holding Sandy's future job tossed him a bundle of soiled file-cards.

"There—you profess to be wise on collections, Mister McDowd—didn't you say your name was McDowd? Just see what you can get out of that bunch."

The credit man's tone was hostile. This newcomer had been hired yesterday by the boss because he thought matters were not going well in the collection department. The credit man thought otherwise, and was distinctly militant. Sandy's solemn, Scotch face showed no resentment, however. Gravely correcting his name, he sat down and looked over the file-cards. There were more than two hundred of them, dog-eared, initialed, rubber-stamped and scribbled with comments. Many of the dates ran back several years. It needed little knowledge of collections to see that these were the office accumulation of overdue accounts and dead beats.

That was a pretty rough beginning, Sandy felt, but he went to work on them. Six months later he was credit man himself. His promotion came largely through what he had accomplished with that bundle of overdue accounts. Moreover, he had come to like handling slow-pay accounts and dead beats so well that he preferred them to any other work in the department.

When Sandy Macdowell Got on the Job

A FEW days' observation of the old credit man's methods revealed his chief shortcoming to Sandy. This chap had a perfect passion for form letters. His measure of work was the amount of mail sent off every night. He boasted that any inquiry raised in that business, however unusual, could be answered by one of his forms. For collections he had a special series that enabled him to clean up the day's work in an hour.

Now from customers who paid promptly each month on simple notice these forms unquestionably brought fine returns. Those sent to slow-pay customers, however, were not so effective. Where slow-pay shaded off into overdue they seldom brought anything. When an account became overdue in earnest the credit man had in reserve a set of form letters so caustic that the dilatory customer who got them all and read them was usually transformed into a downright beat. At this point the account would be turned over to an outside collection agency. What the latter couldn't collect came back. It was this bundle that Sandy got, along with all the slow accounts of later date.

Hardly one account in a hundred ever gives trouble in a business of this sort where proper care is exercised in granting credits at the time of the sale. Collection is a routine matter ninety-nine times in the hundred. But the moment an account does begin to fall behind it becomes exceedingly human and individual, for the customer has a grievance, or is in money trouble, or wavering on the line between honesty and the other thing, or just temperamentally odd. It was in these cases that the credit man's forms fell short. When an account called for a little mind-reading, or some sympathy and a short extension, or, perhaps, a well-managed threat, the forms simply had less and less bearing on the matter the farther they went.

On the outside, Sandy Macdowell doesn't look very human. For all ordinary affairs of life he wears a countenance as impassive as a cherub on a headstone. He is a Scotchman of the sort who unbends only at home, and who, when he seems to be genially thawing elsewhere, is really, as Mr. Barrie puts it, like a house with all the shutters closed and the door locked. The solidest customer in the world and the slickest dead beat would be treated alike by Sandy Macdowell. Before taking action he would make inquiries. One might go bad and the other reform—that appears to be his philosophy. Down underneath the crust, though, he has justice, sympathy and an insight into men and motives that loses nothing by skepticism. Toward the worst overdue account that ever came into his hands he would take this attitude—that the rascal will probably pay, all right, but he doesn't care to go on record to that effect.

Sandy's Dummy Collection Agency

SANDY'S first step was to unearth every scrap of correspondence in these old accounts. This he studied carefully. Where had payments stopped? Why? Was it the fault of the house? Was the customer dishonest? Or just short of funds? Or unbusinesslike in habits? What sort was he or she personally—above all, what calling and probable income?

In mail collections an important point is to get some statement from the customer who has fallen behind in payments. It is often difficult. When he had enough information in each case Sandy set out to get responses of some sort. First a courteous personal letter was written to each delinquent, reviewing the whole transaction, asking why payments had stopped. On these introductory letters Sandy pulled his hidden sympathy-stop way out. If the delinquent was a school principal, for instance, he was assured that Sandy fully understood the difficulties of the teaching profession. Likewise, he comprehended all the difficulties of medicine, law, accounting, manufacturing, trading. He was like that great Englishman with the bad memory, who always made it a point to ask the people whose names and positions he could not recall: "Well, and how is the old trouble?"

This brought replies from a large percentage of delinquents. Some stated grievances, or complained of defects in goods that the house could remedy. Others had meant to pay, they said, but were not going to be bullied into it, and were glad to note the house had changed its tone.

A second letter of the same nature brought more responses. Then a third was sent—this time by registered mail, and a shade more urgent. Delinquents were assured that the matter would not be dropped until it was given attention from their end of the line. This letter was registered, they were told, so the house might be certain it was received. That brought still more replies.

By this time fully half the tardy customers had been heard from. Many were paying installments again, others had set a date for beginning, others had complaints adjusted. A few—good as gold in the credit sense—preferred to pay several installments quarterly or "every little while," instead of monthly. That was arranged. Under the form-letter system such customers were being called dead beats by the time they had begun to think of the next payment.

To those who still remained silent Sandy now sent a regretful notice that their accounts would be turned over to the "Richard Roe" Collection Bureau within two weeks, unless they were heard from. This brought some more replies. Two weeks later, right on the nail, the silent ones were notified that "Richard Roe" now held their accounts, and settlement must be made with him.

Then came the creation of "Richard Roe's" Collection Agency. Sandy was its creator. It was a dummy institution, possessing little more than its stationery and office address. Sandy was general manager and conducted all correspondence.

Experienced collection men know that a snug percentage of overdue accounts will be paid upon the first letter from an outside collection agency; for it looks, then, as though something were really going to be done about the matter, and debtors avoid trouble by paying up. Sandy's dummy bureau was established for this moral effect, and also to obtain for the house fat commissions that had been wrung from the easiest accounts by outside collection agencies. Many an installment business maintains its own collection agency on this plan.

There was no sympathy or sweet reasonableness in "Richard Roe's" communications. He studied no old correspondence to find out the color of your eyes, and didn't care a rap whether teaching was hard, either. "Richard Roe" was a flinty, grinding person. His epistolary style ran to legal phrases and the unwritten threat. What "Richard Roe" wanted was money, and people who owed it to his clients all looked alike to him. His letters came a week apart, as inevitable as Monday morning, and as unrelenting as was the outside of Sandy Macdowell himself.

In a month many more slow debtors had been heard from and ranged on the profit side of the ledger. Then "Richard Roe" sent his final letter—an ultimatum. Within a week, unless the last stragglers were heard from, their accounts would be turned over to an attorney for legal process.

At this point Sandy interposed in his proper person and begged, as it were, for mercy. He wrote the delinquent, stating that "Richard Roe" notified him suit was about to begin. Sandy appealed to the debtor's better nature not to let this awful thing happen to him. There still remained a few days in which "Richard Roe" might be called off. After the expiration of the time-limit no power on earth could save the debtor.

That double emphasis on the final scare brought in practically all who had any remnants of honesty or good intentions. Twenty or thirty of the accounts were still outstanding, and with these it was largely a matter of judging which debtors could be sued with a fair prospect of collecting judgment. "Richard Roe" put half of them into attorneys' hands, forwarding Sandy carbon copies of the orders. These carbon copies Sandy, in turn, forwarded to the prospective defendants. A few days later he sent copies of attorneys' letters. For Sandy had the carbon-copy habit. In all such proceedings he faithfully sent duplicates of correspondence to the slow debtor. That enabled the debtor to look on and see the careful preparations being made to roast him alive.

The upshot of it all was to winnow down the original bundle of overdue accounts to perhaps a dozen, which were finally tucked away in a pigeonhole labeled "Dead Beats."

The amount of stuff sold every year in this country on installment payments is astonishing—books, pianos and organs, phonographs, furniture, safety razors, harvesting machinery and sewing machines, life insurance and instruction. It is possible to buy even a harp on installments. Were it not for the installment plan some commodities might not be sold at all, while thousands of persons would have to worry along without others.

"It Will be Clear to a Man of Your Cultured Tastes—"

Books as Furniture

PEOPLE buy books for two purposes—to read and as furniture. Those who buy books to read are relatively unimportant in the publishing trade. Few in numbers, the bookseller must wait for them to come in and buy one book at a time. It may eventually be necessary for publishers to combine and abolish the making of books for reading, because every year the business grows more hazardous. The one way to make money out of books is to sell them as furniture. When the book canvasser goes to customers the trade is reduced to profitable certainty. The perplexed publisher of a new novel wonders whether it was advertising that sold the last, or reviews, or the author's reputation—or what? While he wonders, the publisher selling furniture-books delivers two carloads at some village that has never before had a whole car of freight on its siding. That is the canvasser's work. The canvasser must be paid, of course. One book wouldn't pay him. So furniture-books come in sets. That means a higher price than anybody cares to pay in cash. That, in turn, brings in the installment payment and with it the collector.

When it comes to installment collections the loss through bad debts is surprisingly small, with good management. Some of the collection men with large installment houses say that ninety-five per cent of all accounts are collected successfully by mail alone. The dead beat is a constant factor, to be sure. But a good collection man understands how to deal with the dead beat. He is usually the credit man, too, and he doesn't deal with him at all if it is possible

to detect him and cancel the sale before the dead beat gets on to the books. In other words, not cure, but prevention.

The downright dead beat, a swindler by trade and predestination, ordering goods with the express intention of stealing them, is a factor in installment business amounting, perhaps, to one-half of one per cent. Very often he is an interesting figure. Installment houses always want references. He takes time to hunt up much better references than an honest purchaser, sometimes naming a bank at which he has for the moment an account, or even obtaining a left-hand rating with the commercial agencies. This last is done, for instance, by ordering, through mail or wire, goods sent to Jones & Co. at some small town. The commercial rating of J. J. Jones & Co. in that place is first-class, and credit men who do not know this particular scheme will likely fill the order, the goods being received by a swindler. When he comes in person the dead beat's clothes and stage presence may be magnificent. He is an exacting purchaser. This piano he is ordering sent to a flat (empty—he will move it away the same day and disappear) must be free from scratches, in perfect tune, and delivered promptly—if it isn't on hand to the minute he threatens to send it back. This type occasionally makes spectacular raids on the installment houses in a city, ordering from all within a few days, and disappearing with goods delivered. But experience, close supervision of credits, and exchange of information between installment houses keep down losses. Really, the installment houses need the professional dead beat—he keeps their credit men on edge. Like most swindlers, he works hard for little enough. To keep up a wardrobe, live in a good neighborhood, act the gentleman, and furnish fine references, all on the chance of making away with a set of subscription books; to sell them at one-quarter value, dodge the duns and judgments after that, and go to jail if he makes a technical error in the whole transaction—this is certainly a business with a vast amount of detail. Half the ability and industry would earn him a fine income in some honest line, like, say, selling subscription books.

Almost Before He Had His Coat Off

Men Who Can't Get Credit

ANOTHER kind of ingrained dead beat is found among the installment salesmen—the canvasser who disposes of half a dozen sets of books to confederates, sells them for a few dollars, divides the loot and disappears. Installment men in some lines say that the whole dead-beat problem can be disposed of by discrimination in the hiring of salesmen. If the latter are honest, their integrity, backed by good credit supervision, eliminates chances of loss. Some installment concerns keep no lists of dishonest purchasers—a list of doubtful salesmen is sufficient.

Two broad questions are asked by every installment house regarding the prospective purchaser: What is his calling? Where does he live, work, or do business?

The humblest wage-earner can get credit if his occupation is stable, and so can the salaried man in a good position. But migratory workers are held in little esteem by credit men, even though their earnings be large. "Never sell to waiters, porters, cabmen or anybody who takes tips" is the rule in one large Eastern bookhouse—it is held that tips demoralize character. Every credit man has his own classification, and so does every good installment salesman, for the credit man must approve all the latter's sales.

Into the editorial rooms of a New York daily paper there walked, not long ago, a fine, big, breezy chap of distinguished bearing. On his clothes alone he would unquestionably have passed the office-boys—for in New York it is possible to dress so impressively, along certain pronounced lines, that conductors will stop a car for you in the middle of a block. As an accessory to his clothes, though, this magnificent stranger carried a battered grip that was literally covered with foreign labels. Taken all together, he was evidently a globe-trotter of note, calling on the managing editor between steamers.

Really, however, the magnificent stranger was selling a set of travel books. That label-covered grip held his specimen volume, and also gave the proposition "atmosphere." On his way upstairs he encountered a mild man in worn clothes sitting at a desk—the Sunday editor, though the stranger knew it not. Some questions passed, the mild man expressed interest, and the salesman got out his specimen volume. Before it was opened the mild man asked the price. Looking sharply at him sideways, the canvasser evaded the query.

"Now, sir," he said, "you can readily see that ——"

"What do you ask for the set?" repeated the editor.

"Up to the present time," continued the salesman, "the only books on this subject have been scattered through the libraries of the world, inaccessible ——"

"I know that," persisted the Sunday editor. "What does it cost?"

"Well, we sell this library at one hundred dollars. Now, if you will let me explain, it will be clear to a man of your cultured tastes ——"

"All right—I'll take a set," said the editor.

The magnificent stranger shut his specimen volume, put it in his bag, and turned indignantly.

Buildings on the Black List

"IS THAT the way you buy things?" he asked, and when the Sunday editor innocently said it was, the canvasser left without a word further. This puzzled the Sunday editor. He wanted the books, and was ready to pay for them. Viewed from the installment selling point, however, a customer as easy as that, buying a set of books without a struggle, may well be regarded as a dead beat of some new and dangerous type—and that's what the magnificent stranger concluded he was.

The geographical classification of doubtful risks is interesting, too. Any good installment credit man's map of New York City, for instance, would astonish a person who had never examined one. Black circles are drawn around certain office buildings in which no credit is extended. These are chiefly old structures where landlords let small offices to anybody, requiring no lease or reference. Their tenants are a shifty lot. An office building has its definite span of life. When it is new the tenants are reputable firms and credit good. As it ages, newer buildings draw away the best tenants. Then a few doubtful ones move in. Then a few swindlers. When the last reputable tenants are driven out the credit man draws his black circle, which will stay until the building passes into another stage, and light manufacturing drives out the swindlers.

Some of the showy, new skyscrapers in New York have their black circles, because credit men distrust their small tenants. By sad experience it has been learned that a small tenant ought not to be in a building where rents are three dollars a foot. His only reason for going there is to secure an imposing office address for some questionable business. No legitimate line he can engage in on that scale will yield enough to pay his rent!

When it comes to actual collection of slow accounts, trouble is made, not by the dead beats, but by what might be called the "near beats." These are people who buy in good faith, pay part of the installments, and then fall into the doubtful class through misfortune, temptation or poor business habits. Pretty nearly all the human insight a collection man has will be needed here.

Any professional man is likely to give the collector trouble sooner or later. Almost without exception, professional men are good customers. Installment houses sell to them gladly, and turn them over to the collector for management.

The physician subscribes to a magazine for his waiting-room and takes an installment Balzac for himself. First payment is made. Then two more come by mail. Then the third, but a month late, and, after that, nothing at all. Perhaps the collection man is young. This is his first doctor. Suspicions are roused. He works on the case himself, sending notice after notice. No reply. Finally he sends his pet series of form letters. They are designed to wake the dead. The last letter calls the doctor a dead beat. Still no response whatever. Then the account is given to a collection agency that can send men in an endless chain—one man to see when the doctor will be in, another to call upon him and demand payment, another to call again, and so on, until the victim is tired out. Soon the doctor's payments are coming in regularly, less the agency's commission, and the young collection man regards that as a wonderful illustration of what organization will do.

Mamma Ate Half a Chicken, a Salad and Two Hard-Boiled Eggs Before Taking Her Medicine

Really, though, the doctor is easy money for the agency. What actually happens is something like this:

The doctor doesn't write many letters, and gives little time to his business affairs. Doctors are notoriously poor business men, for they do business with the world about as the world does business with them. The doctor is the first man the world sends for when it is in trouble, and the last man it sometimes pays. Sending his own bills quarterly, those notices do not startle him. The form series begins. On busy days the doctor throws his mail away, and so misses two-thirds. Finally the climax letter arrives, the young collection man's masterpiece, beginning in grave indignation, and, down at the bottom, calling the doctor a dead beat. The doctor is eating supper, having just come in. As he glances at the first two lines a little boy comes running.

"Oh, Doctor! Mamma was to take a teaspoon of belladonna, Doctor Smith said, and six tablespoons of whisky, and she ain't sure, because Doctor Smith is out, and the whisky is in a little bottle, you see ——"

"Yes, yes, Johnnie—go on."

"You see, she thinks she's taken six tablespoons of belladonna in one spoon of whisky."

"Well! well! If you get home before I'm there tell your mamma I'll be right over—now run along."

Springing on his bicycle he pedals away, stopping a jiffy to help himself back of the prescription counter at the drug-store. Mamma is screaming when he arrives, surrounded by neighbors suggesting mustard, white of eggs, and various simples. Fortunately, mamma ate half a chicken, a salad and two hard-boiled eggs before taking her medicine. The doctor picked up apomorphine at the drug-store. He injects some into mamma's arm, and puts a few tablets on her tongue for good measure. Belladonna is a deadly, paralyzing poison. Apomorphine is a dandy emetic and acts like lightning. A few minutes later mamma is out of danger—it is as though she had never taken her medicine backward, or eaten supper, either. When the doctor goes back to finish his own supper the young collection man's masterpiece has disappeared. When the outside collection agency's man comes round two weeks later the doctor is sorry that book business has given them trouble, and finishes his payments with no further delay because a collector comes each month for the money.

She Explained That Her Husband Had Lately Eloped

Had Troubles of His Own

SOME time ago the accountant of a large installment house, going West for a vacation trip, took along about fifteen hundred dollars' worth of overdue debts the firm had not been able to collect by mail. Stopping in Chicago, he intended to turn the batch over to a collection agency there with a reputation for dealing with dead beats.

"I've got half a day," he said to the agency man. "Suppose it'd do any good for me to call first on some of these people?"

"I shouldn't bother," replied the collection agent. "We'll start on the whole bunch tomorrow morning."

But the accountant did call on some of these debtors, chiefly to see for himself what sort of people dead beats really were. That afternoon he collected nearly five hundred dollars from customers who had some grievance to be adjusted. One personal visit from a good-humored chap on his vacation did the business.

In another instance a credit man, waiting at a small town between trains, visited, out of curiosity, a physician from whom, five years before, it had been impossible to collect a bill now outlawed. The doctor apologized for his neglect when reminded of the matter, and drew a check for the full balance. More—he added five years' interest.

This is the near beat at close range. Payments frequently stop because of misfortune. Investigation and extension is needed. A woman who for years had paid promptly for subscription books suddenly became dead to dunning letters. When visited she explained that her husband had lately eloped. She felt she could not afford to take up his debts, and surrendered the books. And so it goes.

THAT MULE, BLUFFER

Olympian Jove Tries to Turn a Double Trick

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

Uncle Limp Knew That Something was Going to Happen

OUT of the seed-house door Olympian Jove came crawling backward. His queer little twisted legs dangled downward like a pair of writhing angleworms. They felt around cautiously for the ground, a brown patch on the bosom of the trousers cementing their bond of union. The curve of those legs justified Bud Johnson's story oft-told: "De Lawd made Unc Limp out o' dis sticky blue mud, an' sot 'im up ag'inst de fence to dry. Dat's how come he so bowlegged."

When Olympian Jove gained a foothold he turned with a hatful of guinea eggs under his arm. He stirred among them with his finger and chuckled to himself: "I knowed I'd ketch up wid dat guinea ef she kept a-cacklin' "

His head was long, like a flabby football, wrinkled and leather-colored, with shriveled features set at the far end. Prominent ears stood out from either side as wings from a dirigible balloon. Quizzical little black eyes glittered, and lent a saving grace of humor to his fascinating features. For Uncle Limp *was* attractive. Nobody could determine whether he had descended from the monkeys, or whether in the process of evolution he was headed that way. His quick, apelike movements added to the resemblance. Seventy-odd years before his master had christened this youngster "Olympian Jove," which, being much too big a name for so small a negro, speedily degenerated into "Limp." In this year of our Lord, 1907, Uncle Limp was an ancient landmark of Reveille Plantation. He had outlived his usefulness, his brood of young deserted him, and the acres that he pretended to cultivate had dwindled steadily.

With his eyes on the eggs Uncle Limp started toward his cabin that fronted the public road. A dusty cloud attracted his attention out of which emerged a negro and a mule. "Dat's Jeems."

Jeems dashed up:

"Dere's two droves a-comin'. Mr. Stallings is on ahead; an' dem gipsies is behind 'im. Got three wagons. Mr. Stallings is most here!" Jeems rode on, turned into a gate and disappeared.

"Huh!" said Uncle Limp. "Hit's easy to trade wid a white man, but I ain't gwine to have nothin' to do wid dem gipsies. 'Nias! 'Nias!"

'Nias—a long-legged boy in a short-tailed shirt—came out of the cabin.

"'Nias, git up dar an' watch fer de drove."

The boy knew his duty; he climbed the tall fence-post and turned his eyes westward. Uncle Limp hurried into the cabin while the sentinel kept watch. Presently the boy sang out shrilly:

"Daddy! Daddy! Here dey come! Here dey come!"

The road ran perfectly straight at this point and they could see for half a mile in the direction of Sultana Plantation.

"Hit's a *big* drove!" the boy cried, and set the old man in a fidget.

"Git down, 'Nias! Git down an' help me rub Bluffer."

The little negro tumbled from his perch and joined his father in the pasture lot, where Uncle Limp began rubbing the minutest specks of dust from a magnificent black mule.

"Hurry! rub dat leg reel good. Han' me dat bridle—now de saddle. Run an' git up on yo' post ag'in!"

'Nias opened the big gate and propped it back. Then he climbed to his watch-tower, while Uncle Limp mounted the mule and rode behind the seed-house out of view of the public road.

"'Nias, you holler when de head leader gits to dat cottonwood tree."

The old man waited nervously; the mule pawed like a circus horse waiting his cue to dash into the ring. Both of them had played the game before.

The drove came on slowly, for a mule preserves his dignity even when traveling for sale. At their head rode a sunburned, black-whiskered centaur, a white man on a white horse. He turned around now and again in his saddle and called a long "Whoa-up! whoa-up!" to the mules behind him.

Uncle Limp peered around a corner and tingled with impatience. He watched them—as John Stark watched the Britishers at Bennington—until he could almost see the whites of their eyes. The big, white horse came abreast the cottonwood tree.

"Now, Daddy!" the boy shouted. Mule and man thrilled with sudden life. They darted through the gate, whirled swiftly to the right, and galloped up the road. Two hundred yards westward a drainage ditch cut through the road at right angles and emptied into the lake. A bridge six feet wide was sufficient to span it. At this point Uncle Limp planned to meet the oncoming drove, and he had calculated the distance to a nicety.

The black mule with the black rider went flying west. They met the white horse and the white man at the bridge. When the black mule's forefeet struck that bridge he wheeled, threw his head and tail up in the air, and dashed back the way he came. He disdained the gate, cleared a six-rail fence like a bird, then snorted and ran back to the fence again to see the driven mules go by. It was a grandstand play, pulled off in fine style.

Stallings halted abruptly. His poetic nature dreamed its Dream of Fair Mules, which had never yet been realized. Now it burst upon him—the most glorious light in the brilliant lexicon of muledom. Never had he seen an animal worthy of playing second fiddle to this vision of black loveliness.

"Hell-a-mile," he ejaculated; "that's a peach of a mule! Worth any two in this drove—and a hundred dollars to boot. Whoa-up!" He moved on and his docile followers crossed the bridge behind him. Stallings rode with his eyes straight ahead, but never for one minute lost sight of the prodigy in the pasture. Bluffer put his head over the pasture fence, threw his ears forward, sniffed and trembled—a sight for gods and men.

By the time Stallings came abreast of Uncle Limp the negro had climbed down to the ground and was jerking Bluffer's bridle. "Got a min' to bust you in de head wid dis club—you triflin', lazy, no-'count mule. Done got full o' grass an' wants to play."

Stallings rode up to the fence. "Hello, Uncle! That's a nice-looking mule."

"Yas, suh, boss, dis mule *looks* putty good, but he jes' like some o' dese high-steppin' town niggers. He ain't wuth killin'."

"What ails him, Uncle; is he sick?"

"No, suh, he feels entirely too good; dat's all what ails Bluffer. He loves to prance round an' cut up didoes; but when it comes to hard work, Bluffer passes. Got a good notion to kill 'im—jumpin' dis fence an' joltin' me all up. It's jes 'cause you was comin' along on dat white hoss, an' he wanted to show off."

"Is he a good saddler, Uncle?"

"Saddler? Lordy, Mister, dis is de mule what invented saddlin' "

"Let's see how he goes, old man?"

Uncle Limp turned and spoke as if to a petulant child: "Now, Bluffer, dis gent'man wants to see how putty you kin go. If dere's anything you *kin* do it's show off." Grumbling, growling and coaxing, Uncle Limp climbed into the saddle.

"Bluffer, lissen to me reel good; I ain't got no time to be foolin' wid a mule what wants to frolic—you jes' put yo' min' on saddlin'—nothin' else but saddlin'. Cap'n, dis mule jes' like a 'oman. D'ain't no tellin' what he gwine to do in de way o' playin'!"

With that he gathered his reins, rode out of the pasture lot, and put Bluffer into a canter. The sun glittered slantwise across the animal's glossy back; every limb moved with the perfection of rhythmic grace. He wheeled out of the big gate and turned away from Stallings. Two hundred yards east was another ditch and another bridge. Between the two bridges ran four hundred yards of level road, with a lake to the south, the plantation fence to the north. Bluffer drew up with a jerk at the bridge, just as cowboys stop their ponies on the edge of a precipice. He turned and came back in a long lope, a fox trot, then a running-walk.

Stallings gazed, and his mouth watered. "Hell-a-mile," he thought; "Gipsy Jack will be along presently, and if *I* don't buy that mule *he* will." So he began:

"Uncle, isn't that mule too quick and nervous for an old man?"

"Well, suh, he's tolerable strong; but the mos' worrisome trouble wid 'im is in plowin'. I'll git out in a piece o' new ground, an' instid o' marchin' like a hearse hoss to a funeral, all of a sudden he takes a notion to play; dat mule pulls an' jerks me amongst de stumps an' briers, until I feel like knockin' 'im in de head."

"I've got some steady plow mules," Stallings suggested, nodding at the drove which was browsing along the side of the road.

"Yas, suh, dey sho' is."

"Suppose you look through my drove and pick out one that'll suit you better. Get a quiet, easy-going mule and see if we can't strike a trade."

"Trade for Bluffer? Lordy, Mister, he's jes' like one o' my chillun. He war born in dat lot, an' when he mammy died, Mister Robert say to me: 'Uncle Limp, I got no time to be feedin' dat mule out of a suckin' bottle. Ef you kin raise him you kin have him.' I sho' had me a time wid Bluffer. When 'Nias had de colic, Bluffer sot in an' had de colic; ef 'Nias cotch cold, Bluffer mos' sneezed his head off; an' when 'Nias war teethin', nothin' would suit Bluffer 'cept *he* had to cut teeth. Dat boy an' dat mule is 'zactly de same age."

Stallings glanced at the white-eyed little negro—which did not help him in estimating the age of the mule. He could guess at mules better than he could at boys.

"Uncle, I see you haven't got through your plowing yet "

"No, suh; me an' Bluffer started to plowin' two or three times, but 'pears like he can't git his min' down to it. He got frisky-bones what wants to caper about. He sho' is one playful mule."

The old man turned Bluffer loose in the lot, and wandered among the drove, examining the trader's stock.

"Dat's a *nice* mule." He selected a sorrel, much smaller than the black, of a sedate and meditative character. "'Pears to me like dat ought to make a powerful good plow mule."

Stallings smiled. "Yes, old man, you picked the best mule in the bunch. Now, for a quick trade, I'll give that sorrel and fifty dollars to boot for the black. That's more money than you make in a whole year."

"Yas, suh, fifty dollars is a heap o' money, but I couldn't take no joy in it without Bluffer. Boss, is you got any chillun? If you is, you knows how 'tis 'bout havin' a frolicsome boy what's all de time gettin' into trouble. You cuss 'im an' beat 'im, an' den you goes off in de corner of de field an' laughs to yo'self 'bout dat boy's pranks. It keeps a man from gittin' lonesome. But I'se got too old to be foolin' wid Bluffer." Uncle Limp examined the sorrel; there were few men who knew more about mules than he.

"Here, 'Nias, fetch me dat bridle!"

Uncle Limp bridled up the sorrel, and cantered down the road—walked, loped, trotted. "Dis is a nice mule," he admitted. "Of co'se he ain't no sech mule as Bluffer, but he behaves quiet."

"Let's take a look at the black one," said Stallings.

Uncle Limp haltered Bluffer and led him out. Stallings ran his hand over his legs, slapped him in the flank, and remarked: "He'll do. You understand, old man, there's no sense in asking questions. Anybody will lie in mule-trading. I buy on my own judgment, and that's the end of it. I sell on the other man's judgment—with no come-back. A trade's a trade."

Uncle Limp eyed the sorrel. "Reckon I'll hafter risk it—I can't plow wid Bluffer."

Stallings produced a roll of bills, and skinned off fifty dollars, which he handed to Uncle Limp. "A trade's a trade." He got off the horse and called one of his drivers: "Here, Skads, change my saddle; I'll ride ahead on the black mule; you take the white horse and lead the drove."

Uncle Limp stood sorrowfully by while the strange negro put a Texas saddle and snaffle-bit on Bluffer.

"Oh, Cindy!" he called; "come out here and tell Bluffer good-by. I done sold him!"

Lucinda, a tall, angular, Indian-looking woman, with sharp features and sharper tongue, came out of the cabin.

"What's dat you say, Limp?"

"I done sold Bluffer," he answered meekly.

"Sold Bluffer! Whyn't you sell 'Nias? Whyn't you sell me? You got jes' as much right to sell Mister Robert. Look-a-here, Mister Man, you ain't gwine to take dat mule away from his home?"

"Sorry, Auntie; a trade's a trade; this is my mule."

Stallings rode on gayly, while Skads herded the drove to follow.

Uncle Limp crept inside the big gate and passed behind his cabin. There he selected a position which commanded

a view of the eastern bridge. Uncle Limp knew that something was going to happen. Something had always happened at that east bridge whenever he swapped Bluffer.

Stallings put the mule into a fox trot; he went well. He tried a walk; still better. Stallings smiled. Then he urged the mule into a long, easy lope, the joy of men who travel far. Stallings' face shone with benevolent approval. "He's worth four hundred dollars of any man's money."

Bluffer loped on until he came to the edge of the bridge, and there he stopped. He spread his legs, held his ears forward, and trembled in every nerve. Stallings petted him on the neck with his hand. "That's all right, old fellow." Bluffer didn't coax worth a cent. Stallings touched him lightly with a whip; Bluffer didn't move. Stallings struck him a sharp lick; the mule turned and came back. Stallings sawed on one rein until he got the mule around and set out at the bridge like a hunter for a leap. Bluffer wouldn't jump the bridge. The only thing on earth Bluffer would jump was that pasture fence.

Again and again Stallings tried it, by every wile of persuasion and every argument of force.

"Hell-a-mile! What's the matter with him?"

Then he began thrashing, and Bluffer warmed up. He showed Mr. Stallings a new trick or two not down in any of the books

"Here, Skads; lead this mule across the ditch." Skads might as well have tried to lead the Statue of Liberty.

Uncle Limp rolled on the ground and laughed behind the cabin; Cindy peeped through the window and laughed; 'Nias sat on the steps and grinned.

This performance was not new; but Bluffer always managed to throw in some excruciating novelty.

One man after another mounted and dashed at the bridge; they backed up to the bridge, they approached it sideways—but they never did cross that bridge. Then they experimented with the ditch, up and down, at every point. Bluffer stayed on his own side.

"I can't keep forty mules waiting all day," Stallings grunted. "Here, Skads, you ride back, and take this black devil through Sultana Plantation. Go around by Homewood and meet me tonight at No Luck."

Uncle Limp saw them change saddles on Bluffer. He knew what they were going to do. Everybody else had tried it, but the trick wouldn't work on Bluffer.

The drover stood on the bridge and watched Skads start off. Bluffer went like a shot—straight ahead. He passed the big gate, but quicker than thought itself he wheeled and cleared the pasture fence—just as he had done with Uncle Limp. Skads was game, but considerably jostled. He brought the mule out, and hit the big road again. Bluffer stopped at the western bridge. That was all there was to it—Bluffer stopped—not a comma, but a full stop. Between bridge and bridge he would go; farther than that he would not budge.

When Stallings saw the same performance reënacted at the western bridge he used all of the picturesque profanity in a mule-trader's vocabulary. He walked back from one direction, while the victorious Bluffer came from the other, dancing a merry jig. They met in front of the big gate.

Uncle Limp saw them coming and hurriedly hitched the sorrel to a plow. Diplomatic negotiations would be reopened and he must be prepared.

Stallings called to Uncle Limp as he was letting down the bars and starting to the field with his sorrel.

"Hold on, old man; what's the matter with this mule?"

"He's kinder frolicsome, jes' like I tole you. I useter have dat same trouble wid my chillun when I sent 'em to school; couldn't run 'em away from de place. Dey balks an' gits contrary."

"Bluffer didn't balk with you?"

"No, suh, an' I didn't try to ride 'im across no bridge."

Stallings put on his thinking cap. He got down and examined the mule very carefully. At first glance Bluffer's eyes seemed perfect; Stallings looked closer. He waved his hand in front of them; then took off his hat and made a motion as if he were going to hit the mule in the face. The animal never blinked. "Hell-a-mile, old man, this mule's blind, blind as a bat. He can't see the ground."

"Yas, suh; dat's how come Mister Murdock give him to me."

"You didn't tell me about it?"

"No, suh, you say you never ax' no questions 'bout ermin' of a mule."

"That sorrel has got good eyes," said Stallings.

"Sho' is; I looked at dem pertickler, 'cause you 'lowed to me dat you sold mules on de yudder man's 'sponsibility. Dat little sorrel got *good* eyes."

"I never examined the black mule's eyes."

"Didn't you? I thought, in co'se, you must know he war blind, 'cause no man what's got sense would swap Bluffer for dat sorrel an' fifty dollars if dere warn't *somethin'* de matter wid him. You passed de word dat a trade's a trade, an' I looked real good at de sorrel."

Stallings was caught. He could see his own negroes beginning to smile. "Here, boys," he said; "round up the drove and move on. If I don't catch up with you just go into camp at No Luck tonight."

Stallings wanted to get rid of his negroes; it wouldn't do for them to see him get the hot end of a trade, and laugh about it.

When they had moved on with the drove Stallings turned to Uncle Limp: "Old man, I can't do anything with that blind mule; can't even get him across that bridge."

"Dat sho' is de trufe," Uncle Limp observed; "I been swappin' him off an' swappin' him off, an' nobody ain't got him across dat bridge yit. 'Pears like I can't get shet o' dat mule."

Stallings couldn't make up his mind whether the comical old negro was grinning at him or not. Uncle Limp certainly had a grin coming to him—he was the first man who had ever palmed off a blind mule on Stallings.

These Expert Handlers of Horse-flesh Tied Bluffer With a Lot of Ropes

The proposition gagged Stallings, but he was forced to make it.

"There's no use beating around the bush. You did me up in the trade; that's all there is to it. How'll you swap back?"

"Mister, I doan' want to swap back. I ain't got no use fer dat black mule. He won't plow none, an' you can't ride 'im 'cept up an' down dis little piece of road."

Stallings laughed aloud; it was not a hearty laugh. "Oh, well, the joke's on me; I reckon I got about twenty dollars' worth of education—I'll give you twenty to let me off?"

"Mister, I ain't got no use for twenty dollars. What I wants is a mule, an' dat sorrel is de very one. I done got 'tached to her. Furthermo', 'Nias is tuk dat money to Mister Murdock."

Stallings whistled. His fifty was gone; he was up against it.

While the trader turned the matter over in his mind he gazed down the long stretch of road toward Sultana Plantation. Three canvas-covered wagons were passing the Sultana store. "Hell-a-mile," thought Stallings; "that's Gipsy Jack. I wouldn't have that scoundrel catch me in such a scrape for a thousand dollars." Before he said another word he had jerked his white horse out of the road and got behind Uncle Limp's cabin. He was as nervous as Zack Stallings could ever get. "Here, old man, talk quick, before that devilish gipsy gets here. You had the black mule and I had the sorrel. Give me my sorrel and take your black. That puts us where we started. You can keep the fifty dollars, and I'll ride. But you mustn't tell anybody."

"I ain't gwine to tell, Mister, kase dat'd spile my chances o' tradin' Bluffer." Uncle Limp thought a moment, then he inquired with childish earnestness: "Mister, please, suh, doan' fool a po' ole nigger. Sho' nuff, didn't you know dat Bluffer was blin'?"

"Hell-a-mile—no; I'd as soon buy a dead mule as a blind one."

"Den I'll hafter take 'im back. I'se a church deacon, an' I couldn't rest easy for thinkin' 'bout de time I give you de blind mule, an' you didn't know nothin' 'bout it. Get back in dere, Bluffer!" Limp went back with great reluctance, unhitched the sorrel from the plow, and led him to Stallings. "Dere he is, Mister. I sho' do hate to give 'im up."

"Don't mention it—a trade's a trade."

Then Stallings thought of something and began to smile—his first smile since Bluffer balked at the bridge. He caught the old man by the shoulder and pointed up the road at the far-away wagons.

"See those wagons? That's Gipsy Jack; he's a slick horse-trader, and I owe him a grudge. If you'll beat him out of twenty-five dollars on Bluffer I'll give you five extra to buy you a new hat."

Uncle Limp looked very dubious. "Boss, I'm skeered o' dem fellows wid de head hankerchers an' earrings like women. Dey ain't white men, an' dey ain't niggers, an' dey ain't Chinezers."

"They won't hurt you."

"Dunno, suh; I traded Bluffer to one of 'em named Miggie, an' I sho' did hafter hot-foot it to Mister Robert. Dat man was p'intedly mad—he cussed me scandalous."

"Never mind that; I'll hide here in your cabin and help you if any trouble comes up. I want to see the fun, anyway."

"Boss, you spec he'll like Bluffer?"

"Like him? Hell-a-mile, he'll go crazy about that mule."

Stallings made Uncle Limp hitch the white horse and sorrel mule in a canebrake, while he hid himself in the cabin. Uncle Limp's businesslike preparations amused him greatly—it was like watching a play from behind the scenes. The boy was on the fence-post; the old man on the black mule behind the house. At the boy's signal Uncle Limp dashed out, up the road, then wheeled, turned back, and the mule jumped the pasture fence. It was exactly as it had been before. Stallings laughed outright. "That would fool anybody."

The three canvas-covered wagons came slowly along the road. Gipsy Jack rode a wiry Texas pony in the lead. Two women walked, and one of them carried a child. Behind them came a motley group of horses, dogs and mules, a cow and a couple of nanny-goats.

Uncle Limp scanned the faces of the men, fearful lest he should see Miguel—who had cursed him "scandalous." Then he drew a deep breath of relief and turned to Gipsy Jack.

Gipsy Jack stopped just as Stallings did when he came up. Just as Stallings did, he suggested a trade, and the man behind the window got the worth of his fifty dollars by watching the innocent face of Uncle Limp. There was no variation in the stage business. Uncle Limp selected a bay mule and tried him carefully. There was no doubt about it, he selected a good mule, and tested him in wind and limb and sight and teeth. The mule was as sound as a dollar. Stallings enjoyed the joke when he saw the gipsy, who generally haggled over the last nickel, count out twenty-five dollars into Uncle Limp's hand.

At this point there was a hitch in the performance. Gipsy Jack introduced something which was not nominated in the program. Instead of putting a saddle on Bluffer he called back to the third wagon: "Miguel! Miguel!"

A lank, swarthy-cheeked man with a pair of big earrings climbed out of the rear wagon. Nobody had seen him before.

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Overexposure to the July Sun

HEADACHE THE MOST USEFUL PAIN IN THE WORLD

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON B. CADY

GREATNESS always has its penalties. Other ills besides death love a shining mark. Pain is one of them, and headache its best exemplar. If there be one thing about our bodies of which we are peculiarly and inordinately proud it is that expanded brain-bulb which we call the head Yet it aches oftener than all the rest of us put together. Headache is the commonest of all pains, which fact gives the slight consolation that everybody can sympathize with you when you have it. One touch of headache makes the whole world kin, and the man or woman who has never had it would be looked upon as a creature abnormal and "a thing apart." It has even become incorporated into our social fabric as one of the sacred institutions of the game of polite society. How could we possibly protect ourselves against our instructors in youth and our would-be friends in later life if there were no such words as "a severe headache"?

What is a headache, and why does it ache the head? This is a wide and hotly-disputed problem. But one fact, which is obvious at the first intelligent glance, becomes clearer and more important with deeper study, and that is that it *is not the fault of the head*. When the head aches, it is, nine times out of ten, simply doing a combination of scapegoat and fire-alarm duty for the rest of the body. Just as the brain is the servant of the body, rather than its master, so the devoted head meekly offers itself as a sort of vicarious atonement for the sins of the entire body. It is the eloquent spokesman of such "mute, inglorious Miltons" as the stomach, the liver, the muscles and the heart. The humblest and least distinguished of all the organs of the body can order the lordly head to ache for it, and it has no alternative but to obey.

To discuss the cause of headaches is like discussing the cause of the human species. It is one of the commonest facts of every-day observation, and can be demonstrated almost at will, that any one of a hundred different causes —a stuffy room, a broken night's sleep, a troublesome letter, a few extra hours of work, eating something that disagrees, a cold, a glare of light in the eyes—any and all of these may bring on a headache. The problem of avoiding headaches is the problem of the whole conduct of life.

Headache a Surface Pain

TWO or three broad generalizations, however, can be made from the confused and enormous mass of data at our disposal, which are of both philosophic interest and practical value. One of these is that, while headache is felt in the head, and particularly in those regions that lie over the brain, the brain has comparatively little to do with the pain. Headache is neither a mark of intellectuality nor, with rare exceptions, a sign of cerebral disturbance. Indeed, it is far more a matter of the digestion, the muscles and the ductless glands than it is of the brain, or even of the nervous system. It is, therefore, idle to endeavor either to treat or try to prevent it by measures directed to the head, the brain, or even the nervous system as such.

Secondly, it is coming to be more and more clearly recognized that, while its causes are legion, a very large percentage of these practically and eventually operate by producing a toxic, or poisoned, condition of the blood, which, circulating through certain delicate and sensitive nerve-strands in the head and face, give rise to the sensation of pain.

Thirdly, the tissues which give out this pain-cry under the torture of the toxins in the blood are, in a large majority of cases, neither the brain, nor the nerves of the eye, nor other special senses, but the nerves of common sensation which supply the face, the scalp, and the structures of the head generally, most of them derived from one great pair of nerve trunks, the so-called *Trigeminus* or fifth pair of cranial nerves. Strange as it may seem, the brain substance is comparatively insensitive to pain, and the acutest pain of an operation upon it, such as for the removal of a tumor, is over when the skin and scalp have been cut through. These poisons, of course, go all over the body, wherever the circulation goes, but they produce their promptest and loudest pain-outcry, so to speak, in the region where the nerves are most exquisitely sensative. When your head aches, nine times out of ten your whole body is suffering, but other regions of it are not able to express themselves so promptly and so clearly.

These newer and clearer views of the nature of headache dispose at once of some of the most time-honored controversies in regard to its nature. In my student-days one of the most hotly-debated problems in medicine was as to whether headaches were due to lack of blood (anæmia) or excess of blood (hyperæmia) in the brain. Few things could have been more natural for both the sufferer in, and the observer of, a case of throbbing, bursting headache, where every pulse-beat is registered as a thrill of agony, than to draw the conclusion that the pain was due to a huge engorgement and swelling of the brain with blood, resulting in agonizing pressure against its rigid, bony skull-walls.

The Irish Peasants' Headache Cure

ONE of the most naïve and vivid illustrations of this conception of headache is the remedy adopted for generations past, in this all too familiar and distressing condition, by the Irish peasantry. It consists of a band or strip of tough cloth, or better, of twisted or plaited straw, which is tied around the head and then tightened vigorously by means of a stick inserted tourniquet fashion. This is believed to prevent the head, which is aching "fit to split," from actually bursting open, and is considered a cure of wondrous merit through many a countryside. Ludicrous as is the reason which is gravely assigned for its use, it does, in some cases, greatly relieve the pain, a fact which we were entirely at a loss to account for until our later knowledge showed us that the pain, instead of being inside the skull, was outside of it in the sensitive nerves supplying the scalp. By steady pressure of this sort upon the trunks of these nerves, pressing them against the bone, they could be gradually numbed into a condition of anæsthesia, when naturally the pain would diminish.

In politer circles a similar misapprehension has also given rise to a favorite form of treatment. That is the application of cold in the form of the classic wet cloth sprinkled with *eau de Cologne*. The mere mention of headache calls up in the minds of most of us memories of a darkened room, a pale face on the pillow with a ghastly bandage over the eyes and a pervading smell of *eau de Cologne*. It was a perfectly natural conclusion that, because the head throbbed and felt hot and bursting, there must be some inflammation, or at least congestion, present, and that the application of cold would relieve this. The results seemed to justify this belief, for in many cases the sense of coolness to the aching head gives great relief; but this is apt to be only temporary, and in really severe cases makes the situation worse by adding another depressing influence—cold—to the toxin-burdens that are weighing upon the tortured nerves. The chief virtue in these cold cloths and handkerchiefs soaked in cologne was that you were compelled to lie down and keep perfectly still in order to keep them on, while at the same time they mechanically blindfolded you. Few better devices for automatically insuring that absolute rest which is the best and only rational cure for a headache have ever been invented.

There are Few Things the Head Resents More Keenly Than Loss of Sleep

We were not long in discovering that headaches, both of the mildest and the severest types, might be accompanied either by a rush of blood to the head, with flushing of the skin, reddening of the eyes, and a bursting sense of oppression in the head, or, on the other hand, by an absolute draining of the whole floating surplus of the blood into the so-called "abdominal pool," the huge network of vessels supplying the digestive organs, which, when distended, will contain nearly two-thirds of the entire blood of the body, leaving the face blanched, the eyes white and staring, and the brain so nearly emptied of blood as to cause loss of consciousness or swooning. Other headaches, again, will be accompanied by a fresh, natural color and a perfectly normal and healthy distribution of the blood supply. In short, the amount of blood in the head, whether plus or minus, has practically nothing to do with the pain, but depends solely upon the effect of the poisons producing it upon the heart and great blood-vessels.

A good illustration of the full-blooded type of headache is that which so very frequently, indeed almost invariably, occurs in the early stage of a fever or other acute infection, such as typhoid, pneumonia or blood-poisoning. Here the face is red, the eyes are bloodshot and abnormally bright, the pulse is rapid and full, the headache so severe as to become the first disabling symptom in the disease—all because this is the effect of the poison (toxin) of the disease upon the heart, the temperature and the surface blood-vessels. Fortunately for the sufferer, this head pain, like most others in the course of severe infections, is only preliminary, for as soon as the tissues of the body have become thoroughly saturated with the toxins, the nerves become dulled and semi-narcotized, so that they no longer respond with the pain-cry. As the patient settles down into the depression and dullness of the regular course of the fever, the headache usually subsides into little more than a sense of heaviness or oppression and vague discomfort.

Don't Gulp Down Some Capsule

Moral: It is a sign of health to be able to feel a headache, an indication that your body is still fighting vigorously against the enemy, whether traitor within or foe without.

On the other hand, many of our most agonizing and particularly our most persistent and obstinate headaches occur in individuals who are markedly anæmic, with a low, weak pulse, poor circulation, blanched lips, and dull, lack-luster eyes. The one and only thing in common between these two classes of "headachers" is that their blood and tissues are loaded with poisons. Whether produced by invading germs or by starvation and malnutrition of the body tissues makes no difference to the headache nerves. Their business, like good watchdogs, is to bark every time they smell danger of any sort, whether it be bears or book-agents. One of the most valuable services rendered us by our priceless heads is aching.

The Parts the Poison Plays

THIS view of the nature of headache explains at once why it is so extraordinarily frequent and so extraordinarily varied in causation. It is not too much to say that *any* influence that injuriously affects the body may cause a headache. It would, of course, be idle even to attempt to enumerate the different causes and kinds of this pain, as it would involve a review of the entire environment of the human species, internal and external. It makes not the slightest difference how the poison gets into the blood, or where it starts. A piece of tainted meat or a salad made from spoiled tomatoes will produce a headache just as promptly and effectively as an overexposure to the July sun or an attack of influenza. It is even practically impossible to pick out from such a wealth of origins two or three, or even a score of conditions which are the most frequent, most important, or the most interesting causes. The most exasperating thing about dealing with a headache is that we never know, until its history has been most carefully examined, whether we have to do with a mere temporary expression of discomfort and unbalance, due to overfatigue, errors in diet, a stuffy room, lack of exercise, or what-not, which can be promptly relieved by removing the cause; or whether we have to deal with the first symptoms of a dangerous fever, the beginning of a nervous breakdown or an early warning of some grave trouble in kidneys, liver or heart.

The one thing, however, that stands out clearly is that *headache always means something*—that it should be promptly and thoroughly investigated with a view to finding and removing the cause—never as something which is to be cured as quickly as possible, as the police cure social discontent, by clubbing it over the head, with some narcotic or other symptom-smotherer. Nor should it be regarded as a malady so trifling that it is best treated with contempt, and still less as a mere "thorn in the flesh," whose ignoring is to be counted a virtue, or whose patient endurance without sign a mark of saintship. Martyrdom is magnificent when it is necessary, but many forms of it are sheer stupidity. Don't either gulp down some capsule or "grin and bear it." Look for the cause. The more trivial it is, the easier it will be to discover and remove before serious harm has been done. The less easy you find it to put your finger upon it, the more likely it is to be serious or chronic, and the more necessary it is to remove it.

Once, however, we have clearly recognized that no headache should be treated too lightly or indifferently, it may be frankly admitted that practically the vast majority of headaches in which we are keenly interested—that is, the kind that we individually or the members of our family habitually indulge in—do form a moderately uniform class among the hundreds of varieties, and are in the main due to some six or seven great groups of causes. We have learned by repeated and unpleasant experience that they are very apt to "come on" in about a certain way, after a certain set of circumstances; that they last about so long, that they are made worse by such and such things, that they are helped by other things, and that they generally get better after a good night's sleep.

One of the commonest causes of this group of recurrent and self-limited headaches is fatigue, whether bodily, mental or emotional. This was long an apparent stumbling-block in the way of a poison theory of headache, but now it is one of its best illustrations. Physiologists years ago discovered that what produced not merely the sensation but also the fact of fatigue or tiredness was the accumulation in the muscles or nerves of the waste products of their own activities. Simply washing these out with a salt solution would start the utterly fatigued muscle contracting again, without any fresh nourishment or even period for rest. It has become an axiom with physiologists that fatigue is simply a form of self-poisoning or, as they sonorously phrase it, autointoxication. One of the reasons why we are so easily fatigued when we are already ill or, as we say, "out of sorts," is that our tissues are already so saturated with waste products or other poisons that the slightest addition of the fatigue poisons is enough to overwhelm them. This also explains why our pet variety of headache, which we may have clearly recognized to be due to overwork or overstrain of some sort, whether with eye, brain or muscles, is so much more easily brought on by such comparatively small amounts of overexertion whenever we are already below par and out of sorts. People who are "born tired," who are neurasthenic and easily fatigued and "ached," are probably in a chronic state of self-poisoning due to some defect in their body-chemistry. Further, the somewhat greater frequency and acuteness of headache in brain workers—although the difference between them and muscle workers in this regard has been exaggerated—is probably due in part to the greater sensitiveness of their nerves; but more so to the curious fact, discovered in careful experiments upon the nervous system, that the fatigue-products of the nerve cells are the deadliest and most powerful poisons produced in the body. Hence some brain workers can work only a few half-hours a day, or even minutes at a time; for instance, Darwin and Spencer.

A Piece of Tainted Meat Will Produce a Headache

When the Eyes are to Blame

A VERY frequent cause of these habitual headaches, really a subdivision of the great fatigue group, is eyestrain. This is due to an abnormal or imperfect shape of the eye, which is usually present from birth. Hence the only possible way of correcting it is by the addition to the imperfect eye of carefully-fitted lenses or spectacles which will neutralize this mechanical defect. To put it very roughly, if the eye is too flat to bring the light-rays to a focus upon the retina, which is far the commonest condition (the well-known "long sight," or hyperopia), we put a plus or bulging glass before the eye and thus correct its shape. But if the eye is too round and bulging, producing the familiar "short sight," or myopia, we put a minus or concave lens before the eye, and thus bring it back to the normal. By a curious paradox, however, it often happens that the headache due to eyestrain is caused not by the grosser defects, such as interfere with vision so seriously as absolutely to demand the wearing of glasses to see decently, but from slighter and more irregular degrees and kinds of misshapenness in the eye, most of which fall under the well-known heading of astigmatism. These interfere only slightly with vision, but keep the eye perpetually on the strain, on a twist, as it were, rasping the entire nervous system into a state of chronic irritation. Our motto now, in all cases of chronic headache, is, first examine the patient's habits of life, next his eyes.

Many forms of headache are really stomach-ache in disguise, due to digestive disturbances, the absorption of poisons from the food tube, whether from tainted, spoiled or decayed foods, as in the now familiar ptomaine poisoning, or from imperfect processes of digestion. The immediate effect, however, of diet in the causation of headache is not so great as we once believed. We have no adequate basis for believing that any particular kinds or amounts of food are especially likely to produce either headache or what we might call the headache habit, except in so far as they upset the digestion. In a certain number of susceptible individuals, however, it will be found that some particular kind of food, often perfectly wholesome and harmless in itself, will bring on an attack of headache whenever it is indulged in. Very frequently the disturbances of digestion which are put down as the *cause* of a headache are only *symptoms* of some general constitutional lack of balance, as eyestrain or neurasthenia, which is the cause of both these discomforts. Far fewer headaches can be cured by dieting than we at one time believed, and underfeeding is a more frequent cause than overeating

A Broken Night's Sleep May Bring on a Headache

What Happens in Sick Headaches

BY AN odd *bouleversement* the one type of headache which we have almost unanimously in the past attributed to digestive disturbances, the famous, or, rather, infamous, "sick headache," is now known to have little or nothing to do with the stomach in its origin. In fact, incredible as it may seem at first sight, it is the headache that causes the sickness—not the sickness the headache. Stop the pain of a sick headache in the early stage and the sickness will never develop at all. The vomiting of sick headache is an interesting illustration of vomiting due to disturbances of the brain and nervous system, technically known as central vomiting. Another illustration is the vomiting of seasickness, due solely to dizziness from the gross contradiction between the testimony of our eyes and of the balancing canals in the inner ear. The stomach or its contents have no more to do with seasickness than the water in a pump has with the plunger. Injuries to the head will bring on severe and uncontrollable vomiting, and the severer type of fevers is very frequently ushered in by this curious sign. As to what it means, we are as yet utterly in the dark, for in none of these conditions does the process do the slightest good, but simply adds to the discomfort of the situation. It would appear to be a curious echo of ancestral times, when the animal was pretty much all stomach, and hence emptying that organ would probably relieve two-thirds of his discomforts. Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that whenever our nervous system gets about so panic-stricken it promptly begins throwing its cargo overboard, in the blind hope that this may somehow relieve the situation. The bile that we bring up at the end of these interesting acrobatic performances and which makes us feel so much better—because we have now got the cause of the trouble out of our system—is simply due to prolonged vomiting, which has reversed the normal current and caused the perfectly healthy bile from our unoffending liver to pass upward into the stomach, instead of downward into the bowels.

This is Believed to Prevent the Head From Actually Bursting Open

In another great group of headaches natural poisons or waste products are not burned up or got rid of through the body sewers and pores as rapidly as they should be. For instance, the familiar headache from sitting too long in a stuffy room. Your well-known and well-earned discomfort is, of course, due in part to the irritating and often poisonous gases, dust and bacteria, which are present in the air of an unventilated room; but it is also due to the steady piling up of the waste products of your own tissues. These poisons are normally oxidized in the muscles, burned up and exhaled through the lungs, and sweated out through the skin—all three of which relief-agencies are, of course, practically paralyzed, or working at lowest possible level, while you are sitting at your desk.

The well-known headache of sluggish bowels is an obvious case in point; and one of the early signs of beginning failure of the kidneys, as in Bright's disease, is a headache of a peculiar type due to accumulation in the system of the poisons which it is their duty to get rid of.

There are few things the head resents more keenly than loss of sleep. The pillow is the best headache medicine. If this loss of sleep be due to the encroachments of work or of amusements, then the mechanism of its production is obvious. The fatigue poisons produced during the day and normally completely neutralized and burned up during sleep are not entirely disposed of and remain in the tissues to torture the nerves. The headache of insomnia, or habitual sleeplessness, on the other hand, is not, strictly speaking, caused by loss of sleep. Paradoxical as it may sound, the fatigue poisons, which in moderate amounts will produce drowsiness and promote sleep, in excessive amounts will cause wakefulness and inability to sleep. Insomnia and headache are usually symptoms of this overfatigued, or poisoned, condition, and should both be regarded and treated as symptoms by the removal of their causes, *not* by the use of coal-tar products and hypnotics.

Another common cause of headache is nasal obstruction, such as may be due to adenoids or deformities of the septum, or chronic catarrhal conditions. These probably act by their interference with breathing and consequent imperfect ventilation of the blood, as well as by obstruction and inflammation of the great air-spaces in the bones of the skull, closely underlying the brain, which open and drain into the nose.

The Cure for Most Headaches

IT MAY be remarked in passing that "sick headache," or *migraine*, though long and painfully familiar to us, is still a puzzle as to its cause. But the view which seems to come nearest to explaining its many eccentricities is that it is usually due to a congenital defect, not so much of the nervous system, as of the entire body, by which the poisons normally produced in its processes fail to be neutralized and got rid of, and gradually accumulate until they saturate the system to such a degree as to produce a furious explosion of pain. This defect may quite possibly be in one of the ductless glands or in some of the internal secretions, rather than in the nervous system.

Obviously, after what has been said of the world-wide causation of headache, to attempt to discuss its treatment would be as absurd as to undertake to advise what should be done for the relief of hunger, for "that tired feeling," or for a pain in the knee. The treatment for a headache due to an inflammation or tumor of the brain would, of course, be wide as the poles from that which would relieve an ordinary fatigue or indigestion pain. Besides, it is utterly irrational and often harmful to attempt *to treat any headache as such*. That is the open road to the morphine habit and drug addictions of all sorts. Remedies—and there are plenty of them—which simply relieve the pain without doing anything to remove its cause, merely make the latter state of that individual worse than the first. Headache is always and everywhere Nature's vivid warning that something is going wrong, like the shrieking of a wagon-axle or the clatter of a broken cog in machinery.

There is, however, fortunately one remedy which alone will cure ninety-nine per cent of all headaches, and that is rest. The first thing an intelligent machinist does when squeaking or rattling begins is to stop the machinery. This has the double advantage of preventing the damage from

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THE FLOATER

THE MAN WHO WORKS ON STEEL IN THE AIR

AT THE brink, where the red skeleton of the new office-building ended in weblike filaments against the sky, The Floater stood on an eight-inch iron girder. From the distant earth the treble chorus of the five-o'clock whistles came upward to his ears. His day was done, and with it the job.

The late winter gale from the lake, rioting above the roofs and chimney-tops, found him alone here and tried to buffet him from his icy footing, now beating fiercely upon him, again treacherously giving way before his weight as he leaned against it. He did not feel it, for his mind was far away.

He stood thus, meeting the wind, leaning to meet it, so that his head and shoulders thrust themselves over the edge. He was of medium height, so well proportioned that one must look twice to catch the mightiness of chest and shoulder muscles bulging against his coarse shirt. His bib-overalls were red-patched with iron paint and worn away in places where the iron had rubbed them. They fluttered tight against his rigid limbs, betraying the strength of swelling calf and thigh. His hat yawned where a hurtling, red-hot rivet had torn away the crown. It was jammed down on the back of his head so that a mop of curly, black hair hung down over his straight forehead. His face, big-featured with high cheek-bones, gray-eyed, was lined from nostril to lip end and between his heavy brows. The face was young, but the lines were deep; they were at once reckless and determined, the lines of a fighter. They spoke of alertness and of sudden decision; above all, of recklessness. On the street that face would be too rough; the lines would show too much. Up here it was handsome. In one hand, hard like the iron it gripped, he held his heavy forge-wrench. He stood thus, on the uttermost edge of the framework which his hands had helped to raise, a statue against the drifting smoke-wreaths.

Leaning slightly forward against the buffeting lake gale, he looked as though he might be listening to something from far away, as though on the completion of this gaunt, red framework which thrust itself up into the teeth of the storms, he might be hearkening to catch the call of his work coming whence it needed him. Unconsciously he was.

For he had helped to build a dozen cities. His hands had gotten their first hardness in the erection of a Chicago skyscraper. They had grown gnarled wrenching girders into place two hundred feet above a New York street, and had fought along with those who lifted Baltimore from her ashes. He had driven home the red-hot rivets that clinched the framework where ten proud domes cut the sky in distant places. Where the work was, he went.

The Floater they called him. The name was generic. Of structural ironworkers there are two classes—those who stay at home, and those whose traveling union cards are always in their pockets. He was one of these wanderers. The conditions of the trade, which booms in one city while it may be comparatively slack in others, demand this army of free lances. They are part of a larger army, thousands strong—some mechanics, some mere laborers—whom industry must have, whom restlessness makes ready to supply the ever-shifting need. This restlessness had seized him. On the building top he was listening to a cry from the West.

Across the Continent for a Job

HE HAD first heard it one afternoon several months before in Cincinnati. He was working then on a factory warehouse. A man had come from below with the news of the San Francisco earthquake.

"The whole town's shook down, an' what ain't is burnin'," said the man.

"Lots of work there next winter, hey?" said The Floater.

"Ever there?" asked the other. "Happy Jack was, two year ago. Wages is good but the buildin' trades council is tight. They've made a regular island out o' the place. He says a travelin'-card don't give you a look in. But now it'll be different."

"Yes," said The Floater, "it'll be different now."

Then he had moved. The intangible thing that called him whither he was needed—perhaps it was the same thing that calls the picture from the artist, or industry's great project from the master-mind—a strange something which stirred him from within—had made him leave Cincinnati that summer. He had found Chicago, and toiled there through the coming months. The call had reached him, though. He hearkened eagerly to news of wages and work out there among the ash-heaps by the Pacific.

"Six dollars they're payin' an' seven, I hear," a red-faced man told him in Rafferty's crowded barroom one night.

"Donohue went this morning with Archie Campbell's crew," said another at his elbow. "I'm off tomorrow."

BY FRED R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY R. L. PALEY

"An' the town's dirty wit' work," clamored a bent-shouldered little Irishman with reddened eyelids. "Things is boomin'; the wreckin' gangs is gettin' ——"

"None o' that in mine," he announced. And so he had watched them go, one after another, to where the riven walls thundered into the desolated streets, and stone and concrete hurtled down about their ears as they hooked the chains into the snarled girders. In the end, now, the call had grown too loud. He had to answer it. He did not know why. He might have laid it to the wages, but wages made little odds to him who never saved. He might have thought, had he given it any thought, which he did not, that the climate out there was pleasanter. But climate was little to him whose shirt yawned over his chest to the lake gale. He did not try to reason it out. Standing there on the ice-clad girder, gripping his forge-wrench in his hard hand, leaning out against the gale with an exaltation born of animal strength and perfect muscles at his mind's command, he felt his blood leap at the thought of what lay before him, the strange, the untried. That was it—his work demanded that from him; a series of new problems to be conquered by quick decision and big muscles in midair; it made him look eagerly for the unexpected, to welcome it. And so, when he left the building that evening, the building he had helped to raise, he left it with no backward glance, with no thought of this accomplishment which his hands had helped to bring about.

The Job of the Raising Gang

"I'M OFF fer 'Frisco," he told them at Rafferty's that night.

"Here's luck," said the bartender.

"Here's luck!" shouted an ironmoulder who was spending his week's wages expeditiously.

And, "Here's luck!" two others from the just-finished job told him.

He answered them. His pocket jingled as he withdrew from it an iron-blackened hand to slap a dollar on the bar. It jingled again. And again, whenever they slackened their spending enough to give him interval, the hard hand came forth, silver-laden. For first that money must go. Some way that was requisite. One who toils recklessly and laughs on a rocking girder, where the sparrows grow dizzy, cannot have too much calculation. Nor can a soldier of fortune in Industry's army save. He played as bravely as he worked, with as little thought of consequences. And to him who wrestled with iron columns where the smoke-wreaths thinned, to steal a ride on a fast freight train was play. He need not hold back dollars—not for the railroad company. His wages went that evening, all of them but five dollars, which were in his pocket when he left Chicago a few hours later, astride the bumpers between two rocking box cars.

In San Francisco he found building going on everywhere. Of his trade the city was demanding and getting a mighty work. The business section was rising from among the ashes and brick piles in bare, black and red frameworks which the brickmasons and concrete-workers clothed as fast as the ironworkers left them. The morning after his arrival he was at work in a raising gang in Archie Campbell's crew.

Of structural ironworkers there are the raising gang and the riveters who follow them upward as the building rises. The derrick arms swoop down upon the metal beams, grip them in the heavy drays and carry them down into the basement where the concrete piers are already hardened for the column foundations. Then the derricks take this metal and carry it piece by piece to its place. In the raising gang are the pusher, two helpers and the connectors. The pusher and his two helpers work on the ground, hooking up each beam into the derrick's chains. When the derrick has carried the beam to its place the two connectors fit it to its mates, bolt it there and leave it. Later, these parts are plumbed by wire and turnbuckles. Then the riveters make the connections permanent by driving home the red-hot rivets.

This was a seventeen-story office-building. The Floater was a connector in one of the raising gangs. Each iron beam came to him and the other connector, end for end as it belonged. To see that the beam was thus properly hooked up was the duty of the pusher, who also signaled to the hoisting engineer to guide its upward course. In the ends of each beam were the rivet holes. These must meet the corresponding holes in the columns against which it rested. One by one these parts came to The Floater and the other connector, who watched the derrick bear them close, then signaled for halting when the metal mass lay swinging a few inches from its resting-place. Almost at once they signaled again and the part slowly settled. As it settled they guided it, an unwieldy bulk which often tilted and caught and seemed to exercise a diabolical intelligence as they sweated, wrestling it into place. They plunged the handles of their forge-wrenches into its rivet holes as it approached and used them for levers, to alter its course or to pry it loose from an impediment. Sometimes they kicked it away from what had caught it; sometimes they wrenched at it with their hands. Always it was a fight. And so they bolted the parts one to another from the basement upward, rising story by story, higher and higher with the building's skeleton. Ordinances demanding flooring and ladders were disregarded, as they often are in iron construction. They toiled with nothing save the narrow beams between them and the ground. They rode from story to story on rising beams, gripping the derrick chains, fending off the metal load from threatening girders and columns with their feet. Or they climbed on the iron columns, gripping the flanges with their hard hands from without and pressing against them from within with their knees, calloused from years of this work. They climbed about on the iron-like flies. They walked narrow girders with absolute certainty. Sometimes they ran their length. And often they leaped from beam to beam as squirrels leap in high branches. Always, mounting higher, they forgot their height or ignored it.

From the tenth story on they toiled above the roofs of adjacent buildings and the sea-wind whistled free about them. It made their work more difficult, helping the iron masses to fight against them there in midair. They scowled as they wrestled with swinging weight and the gale behind it, and the lines in their faces deepened at times to ugly furrows. This was what they liked, the element of fight, the solution of new problems in each battle.

They were setting a column on the fifteenth story one morning. The Floater, climbing from the story below, gripped the edge of the girder at the floor level with his gauntleted hands, then swung his feet clear. For a moment he hung thus, sustained by his rigid arms, two hundred feet above the roaring street. His muscles tightened like great cables; his body writhed; he threw one leg upward and drew himself astride the girder.

Beneath him, far down on the one side, foreshortened men passed in endless procession along the sidewalk. The stream of traffic moaned in the stone roadway like a torrent in a cañon bed. And clang of car gongs echoed upward between the flanking walls to his ears. On the other side was the building's iron web, along whose strands men crawled flylike. From the depths of this tangle came the clank of the concrete-mixers, the shrill, ear-splitting signals of the hoisting engines, and above them all, like the roll of rapid-fire guns, the staccato beat of the pneumatic riveting-hammers. For a moment he rested, feeling, as a man does unconsciously, the different things which bring joy with his chosen calling—the noises of the street remote beneath him, the noises of the work welling upward about him in strange confusion whose parts he could pick out; the hard, cold press of the iron on his limbs, hardened to its rigidity until the resistance had become like a caress; the cuff of the wind against his face, and the sway of the iron framework to its beating. A peculiar exaltation came to him from these things which should have brought fear, and with it the exaltation of a coming struggle.

Getting the Columns Into Place

BENEATH his swinging feet the hoisting engine gave two sharp cries; they came to him in faint diminuendo. The crane which leaned out above his head swayed and the great block rattled. Slowly finding its way with strange certainty among the beams about it, a long, black, iron column mounted steadily toward where he sat. The other connector rose from the girder he was striding, and ran like a rat along a beam that spanned the gulf between them. He reached the girder next that on which The Floater sat, and stood there, his forge-wrench in his heavy-gloved hand. The wind fell upon him like a live thing; he clutched his hat which it had seized, and jammed it down upon his head, then reached into one of his pockets, brought forth a black plug of tobacco, and bit deeply into it. As he replaced the tobacco the black column passed them. Now it hung poised above their heads.

It hung poised, slanting toward perpendicular in the chains of the derrick which grasped it above its middle, so that the base hung lowest. And it swung sullenly in the chains, a huge, black mass of metal, inert but full of terrible menace. As it swung there, a few feet above their heads, the wind sung through the taut chains and the frame of the great building swayed slightly. The Floater rose, alert, and stood on the top of the girder. Far down, the

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FLAVILLA

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE Green Mouse now dominated the country; the entire United States was occupied in getting married

In the great main office on Madison Avenue, and in a thousand branch offices all over the Union, Destyn-Carr machines were working furiously; a love-mad nation was illuminated by their sparks.

Marriage-license bureaus had been almost put out of business by the sudden matrimonial rush; clergymen became exhausted, wedding bells in the churches were worn thin; California and Florida reported no orange crops, as all the blossoms had been required for brides; there was a shortage of solitaires, traveling clocks, asparagus tongs; and the corner in rice perpetrated by some conscienceless captain of industry produced a panic equaled only by a more terrible *coup* in slightly-worn shoes.

All America was rushing to get married; from Seattle to Key West the railroads were blocked with bridal parties; a vast hum of merrymaking resounded from the Golden Gate to Governor's Island, from Niagara to the Gulf of Mexico. In New York City the din was persistent; all day long church bells pealed, all day long the rattle of smart carriages and hired hacks echoed over the asphalt. A reporter of the Tribune stood on top of the New York Life tower for an entire week, devouring cole-slaw sandwiches and Marie Corelli, and during that period, as his affidavit runs, "never for one consecutive second" were his ample ears free from the near or distant strains of the Wedding March.

And over all, in approving benediction, brooded the wide smile of the greatest of statesmen and the great smile of the widest of statesmen—these two, metaphorically, hand in hand, floated high above their people, scattering encouraging blessings on every bride.

A tremendous rise in values set in; the newly-married required homes; architects were rushed to death; builders, real-estate operators, brokers, could not handle the business hurled at them by impatient bridegrooms.

Then, seizing time by the fetlock, some indescribable monster secured the next ten years' output of Teddy-bears and go-carts; the sins of Standard Oil were forgotten in the menace of such a national catastrophe; mothers' meetings were held; the excitement became stupendous; a hundred thousand brides invaded the Attorney-General's office, but all he could think of to say was: "Thirty centuries look down upon you!"

These vague sentiments perplexed the country. People understood that the Government meant well, but they also realized that the time was not far off when millions of go-carts and Theodore-bears would be required in the United States. And they no longer hesitated.

All over the Union fairs and bazars were held to collect funds for a great national factory to turn out carts and bears. Alarmed, the Trust tried to unload; militant womanhood, thoroughly aroused, scorned compromise. In every city, town and hamlet of the nation entertainments were given, money collected for the great popular go-cart factory.

The affair planned for Oyster Bay was to be particularly brilliant—a water carnival at Centre Island with tableaux, fireworks and illuminations of all sorts.

"Ich Weiss Nicht Was Soll es Bedeuten Dass Ich So Traurig Bin——"

Reassured by the magnificent attitude of America's womanhood, business discounted the collapse of the go-cart trust and began to recover from the check very quickly. Stocks advanced, fluctuated, and suddenly whizzed upward like skyrockets; and the long-expected wave of prosperity inundated the country. On the crest of it rode Cupid, bow and arrows discarded, holding aloft in his hand a Destyn-Carr machine.

For the old order of things had passed away; the old-fashioned doubts and fears of courtship were now practically superfluous. Anybody on earth could now buy a ticket and be perfectly certain that whoever he or she might chance to marry would be the right one—the one intended by destiny.

Yet, strange as it may appear, there still remained, here and there, a few young people in the United States who had no desire to be safely provided for by a Destyn-Carr machine.

Whether there was in them some sporting instinct, making hazard attractive, or, perhaps, a conviction that Fate is kind, need not be discussed. The fact remains that there were a very few youthful and marriageable folk who had no desire to know beforehand what their fate might be

One of these unregenerate reactionists was Flavilla. To see her entire family married by machinery was enough for her; to witness such consummate and collective happiness became slightly cloying. Perfection can be overdone; a rift in a lute relieves melodious monotony, and when discords cease to amuse one can always have the instrument mended or buy a banjo.

"What I desire," she said, ignoring the remonstrances of the family, "is a chance to make mistakes. Three or four nice men have thought they were in love with me, and I wouldn't take anything for the—experience, or," she added innocently, "for the chances that some day three or four more agreeable young men may think they are in love with me. One learns by making mistakes—very pleasantly"

Her family sat in an affectionately earnest row and adjured her—four married sisters, four blissful brothers-in-law, her attractive stepmother, her father. She shook her pretty head and continued sewing on the costume she was to wear at the Oyster Bay Venetian Fête and Go-cart Fair.

"No," she said, threading her needle and deftly sewing a shining, silvery scale on to the mermaid's dress lying across her knees, "I'll take my chances with men. It's better fun to love a man not intended for me, and make him love me, and live happily and defiantly ever after, than to have a horrid old machine settle you for life."

Hatless, Sleeves Rolled Up, Balancing a Paddle Across Her Shoulder

"But you are wasting time, my dear," explained her stepmother gently.

"Oh, no, I'm not. I've been engaged three times and I've enjoyed it immensely. That isn't wasting time, is it? And it's *such* fun! He thinks he's in love and you think you're in love, and you have such an agreeable time together until you find out that you're spoons on somebody else. And then you find out you're mistaken and you say you always want him for a friend, and you presently begin all over again with a perfectly new man——"

"Flavilla!"

"Yes, Pa-*pah*."

"Are you utterly demoralized?"

"Demoralized? Why? Everybody behaved as I do before you and William invented your horrid machine. Everybody in the world married at hazard, after being engaged to various interesting young men. And I'm not demoralized; I'm only old-fashioned enough to take chances. Please let me!"

The family regarded her sadly. In their amalgamated happiness they deplored her reluctance to enter where perfect bliss was guaranteed.

Her choice of rôle and costume for the Seawanhaka Club water-tableaux they also disapproved of; for she had chosen to represent a character now superfluous and out of date—the Lorelei who lured Teutonic yachtsmen to destruction with her singing some centuries ago. And that, in these times, was ridiculous, because, fortified by a visit to the nearest Destyn-Carr machine, no weak-minded young sailor-man would care what a Lorelei might do; and she could sing her pretty head off and comb herself bald before any Destyn-Carr inoculated mariner would be lured overboard.

But Flavilla obstinately insisted on her scaled and fish-tailed costume. When her turn came, a spotlight on the clubhouse was to illuminate the float and reveal her, combing her golden hair with a golden comb and singing away like the Musical Arts.

"And," she thought secretly, "if there remains upon this machine-made earth one young man worth my kind consideration, it wouldn't surprise me very much if he took a header off the Yacht Club wharf and requested me to be his. And I'd be very likely to listen to his suggestion."

So in secret hopes of this pleasing episode—but not giving any such reason to her protesting family—she vigorously resisted all attempts to deprive her of her fish-scales, golden comb, and rôle in the coming water fête. And now the programs were printed and it was too late for them to intervene.

She rose, holding out the glittering, finny garment, which flashed like a collapsed fish in the sunshine.

"It's finished," she said. "Now I'm going off somewhere by myself to rehearse."

"In the water?" asked her father uneasily.

"Certainly."

As Flavilla was a superb swimmer nobody could object. Later, a maid went down to the landing, stowed away luncheon, water-bottles and costume in the canoe. Later, Flavilla herself came down to the water's edge, hatless, sleeves rolled up, balancing a paddle across her shoulder.

As the paddle flashed and the canoe danced away over the sparkling waters of Oyster Bay, Flavilla hummed the threadbare German song which she was to sing in her rôle of Lorelei, and headed toward Northport.

"The thing to do," she thought to herself, "is to find some nice, little, wooded inlet where I can safely change my costume and rehearse. I must know whether I can swim in this thing—and whether I can sing while swimming about. It would be more effective, I think, than merely sitting on the float, and singing and combing my hair through all those verses."

The canoe danced across the water, the paddle glittered, dipped, swept astern, and flashed again. Flavilla was very, very happy for no particular reason, which is the best sort of happiness on earth.

There is a sandy neck of land which obstructs direct navigation between the sacred waters of Oyster Bay and the profane floods which wash the gravelly shores of Northport.

"I'll make a carry," thought Flavilla, beaching her canoe. Then, looking around her at the lonely stretch of sand flanked by woods, she realized at once that she need seek no farther for seclusion.

First of all, she dragged the canoe into the woods, then rapidly undressed and drew on the mermaid's scaly suit,

which fitted her to the throat as beautifully as her own skin.

It was rather difficult for her to navigate on land, as her legs were incased in a fish's tail, but, seizing her comb and mirror, she managed to wriggle down to the water's edge.

A few sun-warmed rocks jutted up some little distance from shore; with a final and vigorous wriggle Flavilla launched herself and struck out, holding comb and mirror in her hands.

Fish-tail and accessories impeded her, but she was the sort of swimmer who took no account of such trifles; and after a while she drew herself up from the sea, and, breathless, glittering, iridescent, flopped down upon a flat rock in the sunshine, from which she took a careful survey of the surroundings.

Certainly nobody could see her here. Nobody would interrupt her either, because the route of navigation lay far outside, to the north. All around were woods; the place was almost land-locked, save where, far away through the estuary, a blue and hazy horizon glimmered in the general direction of New England.

So, when she had recovered sufficient breath she let down the flashing, golden-brown hair, sat up on the rock, lifted her pretty nose skyward, and poured forth melody. As she sang the tiresome old Teutonic ballad she combed away vigorously, and every now and then surveyed her features in the mirror.

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten
Dass Ich so traurig bin ——"

she sang happily, studying her gestures with care and cheerfully flapping her tail.

She had a very lovely voice which had been expensively cultivated. One or two small birds listened attentively for a while, then started in to help her out.

. . . . . .

On the veranda of his bungalow, not very far from Northport, stood a young man of pleasing aspect, knickerbockers, and unusually symmetrical legs. His hands reposed in his pockets, his eyes, behind their eyeglasses, were fixed dreamily upon the skies. Somebody over beyond that screen of woods was singing very beautifully, and he liked it—at first.

However, when the unseen singer had been singing the Lorelei for an hour, steadily, without intermission, an expression of surprise gradually developed into uneasy astonishment upon his clean-cut and unusually attractive features.

"That girl, whoever she is, can sing, all right," he reflected; "but why on earth does she dope out the same old thing?"

He looked at the strip of woods, but could see nothing of the singer. He listened; she continued to sing the Lorelei.

"It can't be a phonograph," he reasoned. "No sane person could endure an hour of that fool song. No sane person would sing it for an hour, either."

Disturbed, he picked up the marine glasses, slung them over his shoulder, walked up on the hill back of the bungalow, selected a promising tree, and climbed it.

Astride a lofty limb the lord of Northport gazed earnestly across the fringe of woods. Something sparkled out there, something moved, glittering on a half-submerged rock. He adjusted the marine glasses and squinted through them.

"Great James!" he faltered, dropping them; and almost followed the glasses to destruction on the ground below.

How he managed to get safely to earth he never knew. "Either I'm crazy," he shouted aloud, "or there's a—a mermaid out there, and I'm going to find out before they chase me to the funny-house!"

There was a fat tub of a boat at his landing; he reached the shore in a series of long, distracted leaps, sprang aboard, cast off, thrust both oars deep into the water, and fairly hurled the boat forward, so that it alternately skipped, wallowed, scuttered and scrambled, like a hen overboard.

"This is terrible," he groaned. "If I *didn't* see what I think I saw I'll eat my hat; if I did see what I'm sure I saw, I'm madder than the hatter who made it!"

"You and I are Destined for Much Trouble When We Marry"

Nearer and nearer, heard by him distinctly above the frantic splashing of his oars, her Lorelei song sounded perilously sweet and clear.

"Oh, bunch!" he moaned; "it's horribly like the real thing; and here I come headlong, as they do in the story-books ——"

He caught a crab that landed him in a graceful parabola under the bow, where he lay biting at the air to recover his breath. Then his boat's nose plowed into the sandy neck of land; he clambered to his feet, jumped out, and ran headlong into the belt of trees which screened the singer. Speed and gait recalled the effortless grace of the kangaroo; when he encountered logs and gullies he rose grandly, sailing into space, landing with a series of soft bounces, which presently brought him to the other side of the woods.

And there, what he beheld, what he heard, almost paralyzed him. Weak-kneed, he passed a trembling hand over his incredulous eyes; with the courage of despair, he feebly pinched himself. Then for sixty sickening seconds he closed his eyes and pressed both hands over his ears. But when he took his hands away and opened his terrified eyes, the exquisitely-seductive melody, wind-blown from the water, thrilled him in every fiber; his wild gaze fell upon a distant, glittering shape—white-armed, golden-haired, fish-tailed, slender body glittering with silvery scales.

The low, rippling wash of the tide across the pebbly shore was in his ears; the salt wind was in his throat He saw the sun flash on golden comb and mirror, as her snowy fingers caressed the splendid masses of her hair; her song stole sweetly seaward as the wind veered.

A terrible calm descended upon him.

"This is interesting," he said aloud.

A sickening wave of terror swept him, but he straightened up, squaring his shoulders.

"I may as well face the fact," he said, "that I, Henry Kingsbury Gray, of Pebble Point, Northport, Long Island, and recently in my right mind, am now, this very moment, looking at a—a mermaid in Long Island Sound!"

He shuddered; but he was sheer pluck all through. Teeth might chatter, knees smite together, marrow turn cold; nothing on earth or Long Island could entirely stampede Henry Kingsbury Gray, of Pebble Point.

His clutch on his self-control in any real crisis never slipped; his mental steering-gear never gave way. Again his pallid lips moved in speech:

"The—thing—to—do," he said very slowly and deliberately, "is to swim out and—and touch it. If it dissolves into nothing I'll probably feel better ——"

He began to remove coat, collar and shoes, forcing himself to talk calmly all the while.

"The thing to do," he went on dully, "is to swim over there and get a look at it. Of course, it isn't really there. As for drowning—it really doesn't matter. . . . In the midst of life we are in Long Island. . . . And, if it *is* there—I c-c-can c-capture it for the B-B-Bronx ——"

Reason tottered; it revived, however, as he plunged into the waters of Oyster Bay and struck out, silent as a sea-otter, for the shimmering shape on the ruddy rocks.

Flavilla was rehearsing with all her might; her white throat swelled with the music she poured forth to the sky and sea; her pretty fingers played with the folds of burnished hair; her gilded hand-mirror flashed. She gently beat time with her tail. So thoroughly, so earnestly, did she enter into the spirit of the siren she was representing that, at moments, she almost wished some fisherman might come into view—just to see whether he'd really go overboard after her.

However, audacious as her vagrant thoughts might be, she was entirely unprepared to see a human head, made sleek by sea-water, emerge from the floating weeds almost at her feet.

"Goodness," she said faintly, and attempted to rise. But her fish-tail fettered her.

"Are you real!" gasped Gray.

"Y-yes. . . . Are you?"

"Great James!" he half-shouted, half-sobbed, "are you *human?*"

"V-very. Are *you?*"

He clutched at the weedy rock and dragged himself up. For a moment he lay breathing fast, water dripping from his soaked clothing. Once he feebly touched the glittering fish-tail that lay on the rock beside him. It quivered, but needle and thread had been at work there; he drew a deep breath and closed his eyes.

When he opened them again she was looking about for a likely place to launch herself into the bay; in fact, she had already started to glide toward the water; the scraping of the scales aroused him, and he sat up.

"I heard singing," he said dreamily, "and I climbed a tree and saw—you! Do you blame me for trying to corroborate a thing like *you?*"

"You thought I was a *real* one?"

"I thought that I thought I saw a real one."

She looked at him hopefully.

"Tell me, *did* my singing compel you to swim out here?"

"I don't know what compelled me."

"But you *were* compelled?"

"I—it seems so ——"

"O-h!" Flushed, excited, laughing, she clasped her hands under her chin and gazed at him.

"To think," she said softly, "that you believed me to be a real siren, and that my beauty and my singing actually did lure you to my rock! Isn't it exciting?"

He looked at her, then turned red:

"Yes, it is," he said.

Hands still clasped together tightly beneath her rounded chin, she surveyed him with intense interest. He was at a disadvantage; the sleek, half-drowned appearance which a man has who emerges from a swim does not exhibit him at his best.

But he had a deeper interest for Flavilla, her melody and loveliness had actually lured him across the water to the peril of her rocks, this human being, this man creature, seemed to be, in a sense, hers.

"Please fix your hair," she said, handing him her comb and mirror

"My hair?"

"Certainly. I want to look at you"

He thought her request rather extraordinary, but he sat up and with the aid of the mirror scraped away at

(Continued on Page 47)

"Three or Four Nice Men Have Thought They Were in Love With Me, and I Wouldn't Take Anything for the—Experience"

Why the New Theatre is New

RESTORING PLAY-ACTING TO ITS OLD ESTATE

Winthrop Ames

By JOHN CORBIN

OVERLOOKING Central Park from the west and occupying an entire city block, a theatre is rapidly rising—by far the most beautiful and imposing edifice of its kind in the English-speaking world. It is being built by an association of citizens of New York, prominent among whom one finds the names of Vanderbilt, Morgan, Mackay, Kahn, Gould and Astor; and their purpose, as they have announced, is to cultivate our drama as an art, independent of merely commercial considerations. They call their theatre the New Theatre; but the idea it represents is older by far than our nation

At the latest anniversary of the founding of Harvard the freshmen bore a transparency with the legend: "250 years the University has waited for Us!" For these freshmen of the New Theatre the world has waited even longer. The reason why the New Theatre is new is at once curious and painful

Of all modern races ours was the first to produce great comedy, great tragedy and great drama—and great acting of all three. Throughout the world Shakespeare has been recognized for centuries as the transcendent genius of mankind. Yet of all modern races ours is the only one which has, until now, failed to foster the drama as a means of uplifting the people and providing them with wholesome enjoyment. To find out why this is so we shall have to look back at the very movement which paved the way for those college freshmen. The selfsame Puritans who made our educational system one of the most efficient in the world dwarfed our gigantic drama in its cradle.

Under Elizabeth and James, the movement which centred in Shakespeare had arisen and developed all its mighty force. The leading theatres enjoyed the protection of nobility, even royalty. Shakespeare's company, beginning under the patronage of the celebrated Earl of Leicester, was always the most popular, as well as the ablest artistically; and under James it became the King's Players. A trivial record, which time has mercifully spared, gives us a vivid picture of the royal patronage of the drama. In a procession which accompanied the King from the Tower of London to Westminster, Shakespeare and eight of his fellow-players marched in scarlet cloaks—each cut out of four yards and a half of cloth paid for by the royal exchequer. To the modern mind this picture of the mightiest of human intellects in the train of one of the most fatuous provokes an ironic smile. Yet the promise it holds out is a glorious one—the promise of a national protection of the drama.

The Subsidized Theatres of Europe

IN FRANCE, a generation later, a similar promise was made—and fulfilled. Molière, like Shakespeare, was a man of the people, and gave his genius to the nation as a whole. And, like Shakespeare, he gained recognition from the state in the person of his sovereign—the "*Grand Monarque*," Louis XIV. In France the art of the drama became more and more highly prized, more and more carefully cherished. It has always been welcomed as one of the most efficient means of education—of civilization. Out of Molière's company grew a great national institution, the Comédie Française, which has not only kept alive the traditions of its father, but also fostered every new dramatic movement of value. The only break in its history came with the French Revolution, and six years later it was reëstablished by Napoleon, as First Consul. Through Empire, Commune and Republic it has stood unshaken.

When modern Germany first asserted its genius, under Frederick the Great, it accepted Shakespeare as its model in drama; Lessing, Goethe and Schiller revered him and imitated him. But for its theatre Germany had to go to the House of Molière. Austria, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, even Russia, each has now a theatre modeled on the Théâtre Français.

With us, the brief triumph of the Puritan has meant, in the drama, the age-long triumph of the Philistine. In 1642, at the outbreak of the civil wars that led to the beheading of Charles I, the Puritan Parliament forbade all "publike stage playes" as "too commonly expressing lascivious Mirth and Levitie" The actors tried to assert the right of their calling; and the result was a parliamentary order proclaiming them "rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars." Any one found witnessing a play was fined five shillings. The actors were punished by flogging. Finally, Parliament authorized the magistrates to pull down galleries and seats. The House of Shakespeare was wrecked by his own nation, of which he is the greatest glory.

A pamphlet of the time, written by an actor who shows himself to have had an artistic appreciation of his calling, informs us that "that nurse of barbarism and beastlinesse, the Bear Garden," was allowed to continue its bloody sports as usual. To the Puritans bear-baiting was the lesser evil. But in the end they suppressed it also. Macaulay remarks that what offended the Puritans was not the suffering of the bears, but the enjoyment of the spectators. There was never a wittier saying, nor a truer one. In three centuries we have scarcely come to realize that the public love of amusement may be one of the most powerful means of enlightenment that the arts of civilization and humanity may be made as enjoyable as the arts of "barbarism and beastlinesse"

With the Restoration, in 1660, plays were again allowed But in the generation that had passed the dignified and noble tradition of Shakespeare had almost perished. His plays were revived only fitfully, and in a mangled and vulgarized form. The ruling tastes of Charles II and his court were those of France, where they had been living in exile. Molière was then in the height of his career; but Louis XIV had not yet made of his "House" a national institution. And Charles was not at all a "*Grand Monarque*." All he had learned in France was modish levity and dissipation. The heart of the nation was still Puritan; and, far from learning to esteem dramatic art, it now found reason to abhor it more deeply.

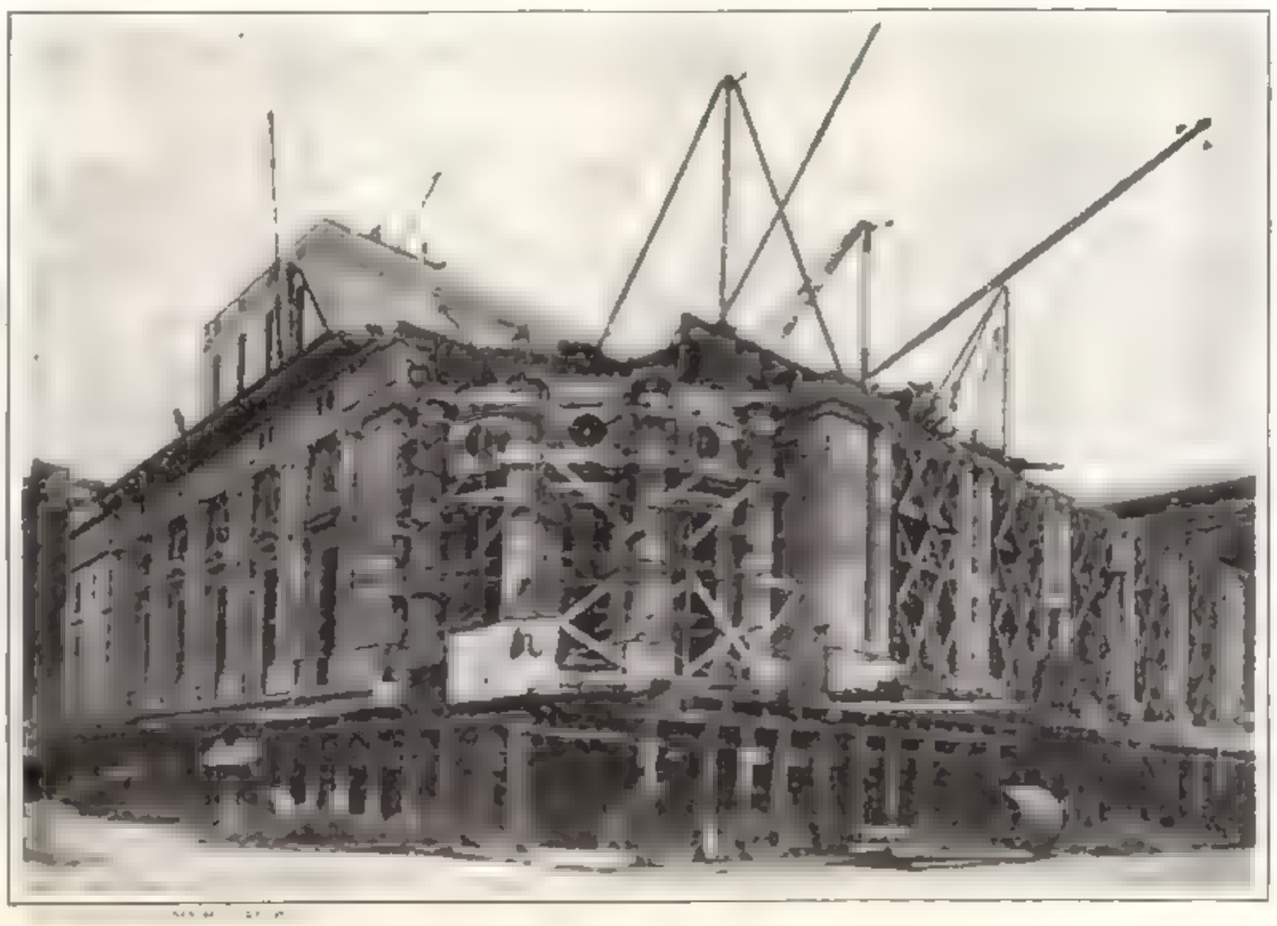
A Hopeful Outlook for the American Drama

TO-DAY the tradition of Puritanism is still so strong that it is not possible, either in England or in America, to gain any national support for the theatre. Decades ago, with the Théâtre Français as a text, Matthew Arnold wrote: "The people *will* have the theatre; then make it a good one. The theatre is irresistible; organize the theatre!" Artistic leaders everywhere now recognize the force of his plea. Again and again efforts have been made to induce Congress and Parliament to found a national theatre All have been quite futile. A politician has nothing to gain in advocating dramatic art; he has much to lose through the prejudices of his constituents.

We are not, it is true, quite as narrow as our forefathers. We liberally endow libraries, museums of science, of painting and of sculpture, schools of music and of architecture. But the drama is the Cinderella of our arts. In the ashes of what it once was it sits neglected. Still, in our hearts we despise what makes our hearts rejoice. We cannot understand that the drama is the greatest and most powerful of the arts *because* it is the most popular. To Shakespeare as a poet to be read in solitude, or painfully philologized in the university, we give severe and formal homage. But Shakespeare as a dramatist we leave to the far from tender mercies of the commercial manager

If it is the nature of fire to burn and of water to wet, so it is the nature of a play to be played. Being written for actors and the stage, it never develops its full power to sway our minds and hearts except in the theatre. But how often do we see Shakespeare thus alive and vital? To-day there is in England only one Shakespearian actor of the first rank, Forbes Robertson, and he is distinguished only in a single play, Hamlet. In America we have only Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe. In Germany and Austria, thanks to their timely imitation of the House of Molière, every city of note has its artistic theatre, in which all the great plays of Shakespeare are kept constantly before the public—precisely as those of Molière are kept before the public in France. In Stuttgart, Munich and Dresden, no less than in Vienna and Berlin, Shakespeare lives to-day in the lives of men as he has never lived among his own people since the Puritans flogged actors and wrecked the theatres. And it is mainly as a result of this that the art of writing plays and acting them has reached a far higher plane on the Continent than with us

How, then, is our drama to bring to our nation its messages of love and of laughter, of beauty and of tears? Only by the private efforts of public-spirited men. The American citizen must do for himself what in France and Germany has been done by royalty. Ideally, the movement to organize the theatre should begin with the masses. In New York the celebrated People's Institute has long been working toward the foundation of a People's Theatre. But it is no nearer than ever to the realization of its great ambition.



To insure excellence and stability requires, besides intelligence and ambition, many millions of dollars. The project is far beyond the means of the People's Institute.

Meantime, several efforts have been made by the well-to-do. Fifteen years ago it was generally believed that there were plenty of good plays being written—that they were kept from the public by the ignorance of the commercial managers. An association of New Yorkers started what they called The Theatre of Arts and Letters. The life of this enterprise was much shorter than its name. All but two of its productions were flat failures, and these were from men who had already been recognized by the commercial stage—Brander Matthews and Clyde Fitch. Mr. Fitch's offering, a one-act sketch, he later developed into The Moth and the Flame. The Theatre of Arts and Letters was a sincere effort to elevate the stage; but, in the phrase of a critic of the time, its elevator broke.

Those who have had experience with the unproduced playwright know only too well that few pieces of real merit fail sooner or later to be produced—and probably none of any real popular appeal fails. A popular play is a gold mine, and gold mines do not lie around loose on Broadway. The boot is, in fact, on quite the other foot. The past two decades have seen a phenomenal increase in the number of playhouses. This has been in part due to increasing popular appetite for the theatre and in part to the rivalries of opposing factions of managers. The one great need has been for plays to keep the theatres open. An enormous number of crude and vapid efforts see the footlights yearly. Perhaps the most important function of the metropolitan critics has been to contribute the "deep damnation" necessary to their "taking off." The managers call them the Death Watch; but those at whose expiration they assist are, as a rule, enemies of art and of the public.

The fate of this theatre changed the character of the advance, but did not check it. Ten years ago the foremost English critic of the drama, William Archer, delivered a lecture here advocating a National Theatre on the lines of the Théâtre Français. Since then it has been recognized that the backbone of any artistic advance must be a stock company, playing not only new plays but the great classics of all time.

Five years later an association was formed among the leading New York playwrights and their friends which labored to promote what they called a National Art Theatre. They made eloquent speeches at public dinners. They issued an official organ for the promulgation of their ideas. But they also failed to get the necessary financial backing. By and by the National Art Theatre Bulletin was seen no more. Some one asked one of the leaders how they were getting on. "Oh, very well," he answered. "For example, we've done all the talking."

But the world did not stop thinking and hoping. In New York a movement was slowly taking form toward what was more modestly called a New Theatre. In Chicago the idea was pushed more vigorously. For a while it seemed that here also the West was to prove more advanced than the East. But the founders quite failed to realize the magnitude of their task. Their entire capital was some thirty thousand dollars. They had only a makeshift theatre, and they could not afford to secure actors of the first rank. They could not even afford time. Many good actors whom they might have secured were tied up by contracts with commercial managers. The director began with rather raw recruits, and was unable before the opening to drill them into an efficient company. Moreover, he was unfortunate in the plays he and the founders chose. There was a considerable proportion of "advanced" and "literary" pieces from the Continent, the tone of which was not only foreign but depressing, even morbid.

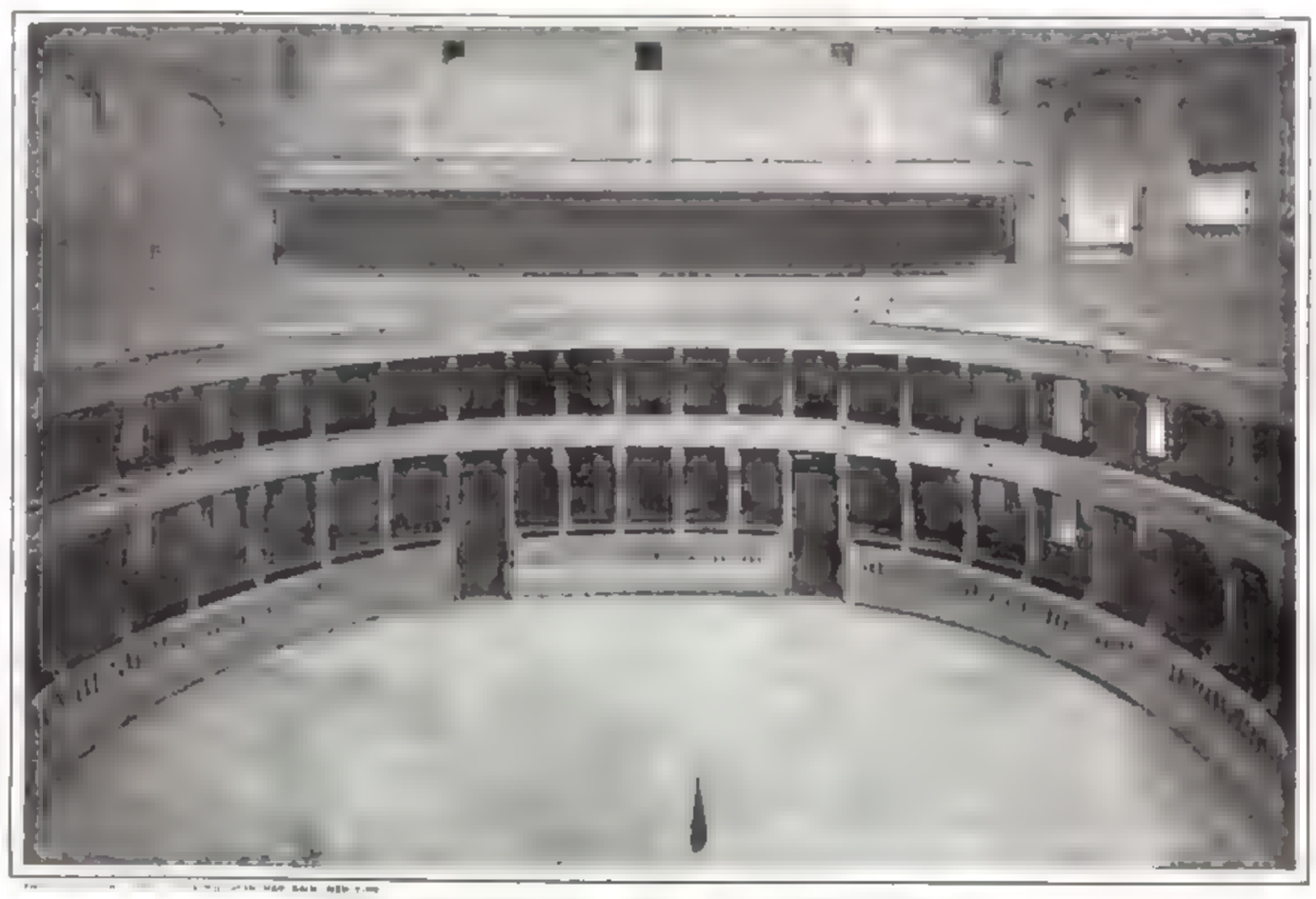
The Right Man for Director

THE founders themselves seem to have been the first to realize the failure of their New Theatre. They gave their tickets to their friends, who gave them to the cook, who gave them to the butcher's boy. When the butcher's boy saw what was offered he shrieked and fled. The most prominent seats in the house were empty night after night. A blight was cast on the whole enterprise which killed it before the season ended

The promoters of the New Theatre in New York had foreseen the futility of these various attempts and held aloof from them. Together with complex and far-reaching benefits, they realized there were almost equally complex and far-reaching difficulties. Especially they knew that to insure success not thousands were needed but millions. Yet they never ceased pointing out the artistic sins of the commercial system and urging the advantages of a well-organized stock company.

There was already in New York a valuable object-lesson. The German-speaking population is larger than in any city of the world except Berlin, and possibly Vienna, and it supports a German theatre of the type familiar in all the cities of the Fatherland. Here Shakespeare, Schiller and Goethe are played turn about with the latest problem play, light opera and farce; and much of the stage management and acting is superlatively good. For a decade and more a number of critics used the German theatre to club a sense of the situation into the heads of the public. Our managing editors often demurred at giving it so much space. To them what happened in the dingy little playhouse far downtown was scarcely news at all. But we never stopped, short of a positive command. Little by little the German theatre became a familiar delight to the leaders in fashion and intelligence.

The director, Heinrich Conried, became widely known as the most artistic manager in the country. The fact was that he imported his actors from the artistic theatres at home—even the acting versions of his plays, down to the minutest stage direction. Far from creating the German theatre, he merely transplanted it. But no emphasis was laid on that. When the Metropolitan Opera was in need of a director, Herr Conried, though neither a musician nor a musical impresario, was chosen.



Interior of New Theatre. Carrere and Hastings, Architects

Herr Conried began life as a scene-shifter in the magnificent Hofburg Theatre of Vienna, and alone among the business men of the American dramatic world had a knowledge of and a reverence for the majestic traditions that had grown out of the House of Molière. He had always warmly advocated and passionately believed in the possibilities of an English theatre on similar lines. It is probable that when he accepted his operatic post he regarded it partly as a means toward the founding of the New Theatre. Certainly it was he who induced the gentlemen who for years have given New York its opera to embark in a similarly princely enterprise in behalf of the drama. The playhouse which he projected, and which is now rapidly rising, will cost in the neighborhood of two million dollars.

He was not destined to become its first director. The success of Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House showed that Mr. Conried's reputation as an alert, artistic manager had been exaggerated. Moreover, his health gave way. His, however, is the credit—the eternal credit, be it hoped—of setting the enterprise afoot on the only scale likely to bring success.

The next candidate for the directorship was Mr. Granville Barker, a young Englishman whose productions are said to be the most artistic of their kind in London. And now a new difficulty materialized. Mr. Conried's plans for the theatre were on the classical proportions of the Hofburg Theatre and the Français. But since these houses were built the drama has become realistic—smaller in scale and more intimate; the companies at both of them are complaining that for the more modern plays they require a smaller auditorium. Mr. Barker is the most modern of the moderns—the exponent of Ibsen, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck and their English followers. In London he is known as "Shaw's boy." His idea of a stage is a drawing-room with one wall knocked out—toward the audience seated in another drawing-room. When he saw the imposing proportions of the New Theatre he fled back to London in dismay.

Clearly, both Mr. Conried and Mr. Barker were, from the point of view of the ideal of the foundation, extremists. The problem was to get a manager and a theatre which would give both the classics and modern plays without loss to either. Somehow Shaw and Shakespeare must be reconciled. But where was the director to be found capable of accomplishing this?

Experimenting in Artistic Management

THE New Theatre idea was also at work in Boston. No single fact is more hopeful than this, that in all our cities the leaders in the world of art harbor an old and deep dissatisfaction with the prevailing conditions in the drama. The head of the Boston movement was Mr. Winthrop Ames, and so far as was known he was the only man in the English-speaking world capable of carrying the enterprise to success.

In Boston, his position, as regards both wealth and family, is precisely that of the New York founders. As a Harvard undergraduate he made a special study of the drama; and after graduating he returned to exhaust the dramatic instruction offered by the university. Yet, though his interests are primarily artistic, he is least of all academic or faddish. He has no theories about the unproduced playwright, no desire to force the plays of the Continent upon the American public. His definition of a classic is Goethe's—a play which, after a hundred years, remains alive and welcome to the public. If you ask which he prefers, Shaw or Shakespeare, he answers, "Both!"

Though several times a millionaire, he had no idea of throwing away money on an inexperienced manager—even though that manager were himself. He has the ancient Yankee idealism—and also the ancient Yankee shrewdness. Before founding a theatre to the glory of antiquity and posterity, he wanted to know how tickets are sold, what theatrical printing costs, how to buy costumes and scenery, and how to make them most effective in the mingling of white lights with blue and amber. He wanted to know how to engage actors, how and when to "fire" them. He wanted to learn how to make capital instead of chaos out of the vanity of a leading actress and the conceit of a leading man. He wanted to know what it is in the writing of a scene that makes it act well, and just how far you can trust the heart of an audience and its intelligence. And so, instead of rushing into artistic management, he and one or two associates rented a cheap theatre in an unfashionable part of Boston, the Castle Square, and started a popular stock company of the well-known type.

For four years he submitted to the heartbreaking régime of matinée and evening performances and a weekly change of bill. His productions ranged from Our Boys and Caste to The Merchant of Venice and Hamlet. When he gave an actor a Shakespearian part to study he gave him a selection of the best critical interpretations to read. He did not always give his public what he liked best, but, as far as he knew how, he gave it the best it was prepared to enjoy. He made the Castle Square the most artistic house of its kind in the country—and he made it pay expenses. Then, having learned about all such work had to teach him, he gave it up, purchased the site for a theatre to cost in the neighborhood of a million, and with an expert theatrical architect traveled for a year among the latest and best theatres of Europe, making exhaustive notes on the construction of no less than sixty-six of them.

There was only one fly in his amber. The good people of modern Boston have more of the Yankee parsimony than of the Yankee idealism. They were rather backward in subscribing for seats, and sometimes when they had

(Continued on Page 41)

A TWOFOLD REFORMATION

"Of All Her Legion of Nieces an' Nephews, Charlie it was She Liked the Best"

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

"AND there were reasons enough why they liked Aunt Breckenridge," said the Colonel, stopping at his first cigar because it was Sunday evening. "She was one of the finest old war-horses of good works and straight theology that ever charged a line of false doctrine, or snorted high challenge under the battlements of Beelzebub. Nor did she snort in challenge, either, so much as in *contempt!* Sirs, if the Adversary had ever ventured to come up against *her* she'd have had him off the premises an' breakin' for cover mighty quick.

"I reckon, too, that havin' neither husband nor children it was only nature for her to act the way she did and give the most of her time to lookin' after her nephews an' nieces. She was good to them, too. She couldn't treat them well enough. If she bossed them it was for their own best interests. An' when you stop to consider how naturally perverse an' wrong-headed the younger generation always is, she had a most wide-extendin' charity.

"It was charity, moreover, in both senses of the word. Maybe for her misfortune the dear old girl had been left a little prope'ty of her own—the old place an' a few thousand dollars in ready money to keep it fenced with. And that ready money she regarded, as a matter of co'se, as somethin' just intrusted to her to give away! I reckon it was about the readiest ready money ever disseminated south of Covington. When one of her brother Cal's girls married, it went without sayin' that she, Aunt B, was to be allowed to set her up in clothes an' furnishin's. And as fast as Clay Conkey's or her sister J'n Ann Townley's boys could follow each other over to Richmond to law or medical school, why, as nothin' but her right an' privilege in the matter, *she* supplied the money. As she might have said herself, 'If I didn't supply it, who would? For none o' the rest o' them *have* any.' And for the same reason, or lack of it, by degrees they all got to have the feelin' that what Aunt B had was sort of naturally inexhaustible.

"Well, no need to say that that couldn't go on forever. And in the end even *she* had to come to see it—when neither her bankbook nor her little, old, red lacquer cashbox would let her see anything else. But she wasn't confessin' her shame to the world. What she did was to go up to Lexington under color of standin' godmother to another Bixby babe, and put a mortgage on her prope'ty! Of co'se you couldn't say that she really knew what she was doin'. As she saw it, she was honorin' those Lexington trust people to permit them to advance money—pa'ticularly so comparatively triflin' a sum—on that place of hers. Wasn't it straight-descended Breckenridge land, to say nothin' more about it?

"And that started her again with almost as much as she'd had any time in the last two years. Granted, she'd have to pay back a little, with interest, every three months or so. But, sho', with all the rest clear, no cause to worry whatever! Inside three weeks she was doin' what she'd been honin' to do since New Year's—settin' her nephew, Charlie Breckenridge, up in business again.

"I've said that she had a most wide-extendin' charity. And what she'd been doin' for this Charlie boy might well have been put in as exhibits 'A,' 'B' an' 'C' in standin' proof of that. When he was a little shaver he'd been what you'd call a limb. Many an' many's the time he'd run for Aunt B's to save himself a lickin'. And, grown up, he was a bigger limb! He had the brains of his family, an' good nature enough for all outdoors. But for gettin' along without work, an' stirrin' up natural old Satan ——! By this time, too, he was past twenty-five, but no more responsible than as if he'd never got into long trousers. If he'd been through for law at Richmond, nothin' had ever been able to get him to practice. You'd said he'd only learned *his* law so as to experiment in the ways there was of puttin' himself on the wrong side of it. Oh—savin' that he was always a gentleman, of co'se—he was sho' the Breckenridge black sheep. And no one knew that better than Aunt B did herself. But no matter. Of all her legion of nieces an' nephews, Charlie it was she liked the best. And, as said before, inside three weeks she had his sign out.

"It was supposed to be a land office business he'd opened up, this time. And along then, too, there was consid'able of a boom in town, because of the two new railroads connectin' above there, on the river. It should have been a right good time for cuttin' up and sellin' land. But this here worthless Charlie, it seemed like he needed all the lands that come into his hands to sow more wild oats on. I calculate that for every township map an' roll of surveyor's paper in that stand-up desk of his, there was never a day when there wasn't fifteen dead bottles in the cupboard under it. An' as for any business cards he might have around, they were never less than two inches deep beneath the sort with the round corners an' the white-faced kings an' queens on them.

"Yet the thing that Aunt B couldn't in no wise stand for was this. More because his dad had accused him of doin' it than for anything else, Charlie had taken to carryin' a line of lottery tickets. I don't know as he ever sold a whole one all the time he had them. And it just kept him busy rememberin' to send them back on time, if he wasn't to have to buy 'em in himself. But he let on that he was makin' a heap of money out of that agency work of his. And I reckon, too, he paid himself in the fun he got out of gettin' Aunt B layin' into him over it.

"Mind, I want you to know that he was most mighty fond of her. Certain as Sunday evenin' came, up there with the old dame you could be sure to find him spendin' it. Never was a girl in town got grip enough on him to switch him off from that. He used to call it his private way of goin' to church. . . . But, any time Aunt B didn't begin about the lottery business of herself, he'd manage to think up some way to set her goin'!

"'Aunt,' he'd say, sittin' back from table with a face as long as an experience meetin', 'I've been doin' a lot of thinkin' lately, about what you were sayin' last time I was here, and I made fist to borrow a Bible an' look up what Agag an' Shimei an' Abimelech have to say about lottery sellin'; and, Lawd, I hate to tell you for fear of hurtin' your feelings. But, Aunt, they're all of them dead again' you. So far as I can study it out there's nothin' those lads were more given to, from Genesis to Jerusalem, than the drawin' of lots Look at the way they divided up the land of Israel. Look at the Levites: didn't they get up a reg'lar out-an'-outer of a lottery, with old King David to draw for 'em? Take Joshua, too, didn't he cast lots, down in Shiloh? An' then, why, there was old Lot himself ——'

"By that time Aunt B she'd be under a steam pressure of a thousand to the inch. An' 'Charlie Breckenridge!' she'd let go. 'Ain't you—ain't you askared for yourself? Not only arguin' for lotteries, but fetchin' your arguments from the Scriptures! I tell you, my lad, you— you you wouldn't dast to do it in a *thunderstorm!*'

"An' Charlie, he'd go back to town tickled enough to hold him for another week. Maybe, too, next Sunday, he'd let her take him to church in earnest. And then all the Jeremiah in her would

"'Not Only Arguin' for Lotteries, but Fetchin' Your Arguments From the Scriptures!'"

get tangled up in the motherly tender. I reckon her heart was about as fine an' simple an old root-knot of bittersweet as was ever grown in that part of Kaintucky.

"An' so it went on till one day it came that for the best of reasons the lottery business didn't look as funny to Charlie. He'd gone down river to help entertain a gentleman from Bowling Green. And there'd been consid'able of a man time. The result was that he didn't get back to his office till next day afternoon. And one of the first things his eyes lit on when he did get back was a little package of tickets—three in part and one uncut—that should have been returned South to headquarters at latest by the first mail that morning; and not havin' been so returned, beyond any doubt whatever they'd be checked off against Charlie's account as sold. Even at his agent's price he stood to lose somethin' like seventy dollars. And for the next half hour he sat rubbin' up his back hair an' lookin' sho' foolish. If he sold lottery tickets he'd never before kept any out for his own use. He knew a sight too much about the chance you get with them

"I say he sat there lookin' sho' foolish for the next half-hour. But there was Tilson blood in him. 'If a man kin git into a hole there's your proof that he kin git *out* of it ag'in,' as old Grandy Tilson used to say himself; an' Charlie was the dead spit of him. And by the end of the hour a grin begins to work out around his left eye, an' 'Why, ya-as,' he says, 'Sho'! Ya-as, of co'se! Now I remember about these here tickets. Seemed like I must have had some idea in keepin' them around this way. These here tickets are the tickets I got to sell to Aunt B!'

"And, leavin' himself unshaved, he puts on a black stock, takes the road out of town, an' climbs the hill to the old place, head down an' arms draggin' just about as if he'd been followin' a hearse.

"She met him half-way down the piazza An' 'Charlie!' she says, 'whatever in the nation has been an' taken you?'

"'Aunt,' he says, 'I reckon I been served my notice to turn over a new leaf.'

"Well, by this time Aunt Breckenridge, she's had a lot of experience of Charlie. An' 'Whatever it is,' she tells herself, 'I'm not goin' to let him *fool* me.' An' she gets out her specs an' adjusts 'em, an' takes a good, long, heart-searchin' look at him.

"But he stood it as if he hadn't noted that she was lookin' in his direction.

"An' then—'Son,' she says, 'tell me right out what it was—a dream?'

"'Supposin' I told you I'd seen the ghost of Armless Solomon?' he says.

"An', Lawd, anybody that saw the ghost of Armless Solomon!—Shucks, it was doubtful if they was goin' to get even the *chance* to repent!

"'Oh, I wish it had been a dream,' he says; 'an', before I cant another bottle—before I turn another card——'

"'*Charles!*' she says, spreadin' herself out over him like a benediction. '*Charles!*—even if you *are* a-foolin' me——'

"'I know,' he says, 'I'm goin' to be powerful laughed at——'

"'Laughed at! Laughed at!' she says. 'Let 'em laugh! Be proud an' rejoice to hear 'em laugh!'

"'An' as for those cussed lottery tickets,' he says, 'if I ever tetch another of them! Of co'se I'll have to sell what I got on me now, but once they're gone an' quit with——'

"Well, when he'd said that—an' when her mind had seized the fact that he had those tickets right there with him—if anything on earth was sure, it was sure that they were never goin' to see outside daylight again.

"At first she was for havin' him hold them right in a candle an' burn them for a cleansin' sacrifice. But——

"'But, no—oh, Lawdy, no,' he tells her, 'he can't do that. He owes Hickson for those clothes he's sittin' in,' he tells her, 'an' Willis three months' keep for that black Johnnie horse of his. As a mere matter of payin' his debts—in common honesty,' he says, 'he's forced to realize on them.'

"An' then there was only one thing for it. Her eyes had begun to turn toward that little, red lacquer strong-box of hers already. An' yet the time had come again when she felt she couldn't rightly afford it.

"She wasn't sayin' nothin' to any one, of co'se; but in another month it did sho' look as if she was goin' to be pinched for ready money as bad as ever. There'd been times when the thought of that was makin' her nothin' less than *nervous*.

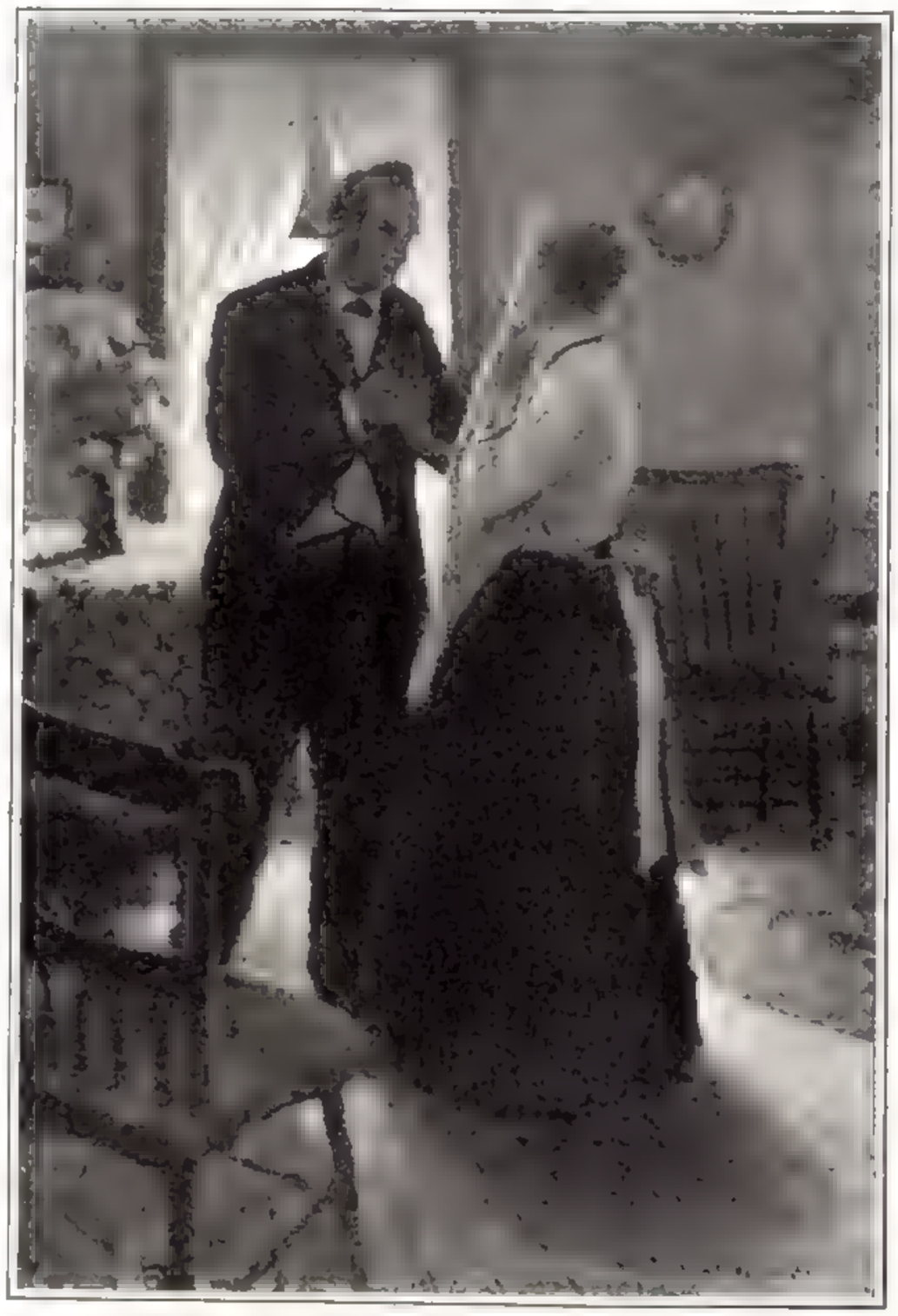
"'Why, Aunt,' says Charlie, 'you look at me as if I was expectin' *you* to buy those tickets.'

"'An' so I will,' she says, 'if there's no other way of managin' it. But the Lawd knows there's reasons enough why I hadn't ought to do it. Aw, now, lovin's, you *ain't* a-foolin' me?'

"And if he puts hand on heart over it, that's only because, as I've tried to make plain, like everybody else, he'd naturally got into the way of thinkin' of Aunt B as if she had the money of Hetty Green. This, too, in his favor: he lets her see only that whole ticket and one of the parts, they bein' enough at retail to cover what he's due to pay in at wholesale on them all. . . .

"Once they were hers, of co'se she was right for burnin' them now herself. Yet no, on second thoughts, she won't. A new Charlie's goin' to date from that day afternoon. An' she leafs them away among some old love-letters of hers that nobody knew she had, to be a remembrancer for all time to come.

"And Charlie, he goes back home that night tellin' himself that takin' into account size, quality an' completeness, as a joke on the old girl he reckons he has a right to feel that he's established a new record. He does make up his mind to get that seventy back to her somehow.



"'Oh, Charlie Boy, You Find Me Sittin' in a Heap o' Trouble!'"

But he well knows that it's the *do* that's goin' to bring her up just a-rarin'. When, next Sunday, or maybe the Sunday after, he'll break it to her, he can see her just rise mouth open, an' lose her specs in her rush to get at him, an' wool him till neither of them can speak any more! 'An', to think,' he'll tell her, 'how it'd look if anybody else heard of you buyin' lottery tickets!' He'll have to tax her another fifty for not lettin' it get any further!

"Yet that next Sunday came, an' the Sunday after, and she didn't just seem to be in the right condition o' mind for it. Week after, too, she went up to see the Lexington Bixbys again. An' the next, she said she didn't know as she felt right well. So Charlie had to decide that he'd have to hold that joke from her a little longer.

"He was still holdin' it from her when, one Tuesday mornin', he opens his Despatch. An' there, spread out over two top columns, were the figures for the last drawin'. He reads 'em—reads 'em again—and his fingers begin to get the shakes so he can hardly get his memo book out of his pocket. . . . Aunt B hadn't drawed the capital prize, but she'd drawed the second, for fifty thousand—and with her whole ticket, at that!

"Well, he don't know where that puts him. It's long enough before he can even get his mental breath for it. But he was game when he did. He just ketches himself one clip on the jaw, an', 'This was due you!' he says; 'it was due an' overdue. An' I reckon the question now is how to get at the blessed old girl to make her keep it. The first an' most dang'ous thing is to get her safely told!'

"And with that, right away for Aunt B's he starts. 'Blim blam you, too, for your smartness, Charlie Breckenridge!' he says, his feelin's gettin' away from him in a sort of final groan as he makes her gate. 'How d'you know but what you could 'a' *used* some of that fifty thousand?'

"He hadn't any chance to tell her, not at first. He could see in a minute that Aunt B had been cryin'—an' cryin' for a day an' a night!

"'Why, *Aunt*,' he says—'*Aunt!*'

"An', 'Oh, Charlie boy,' she answers him, 'you find me sittin' in a heap o' trouble!'

"'Trouble! In a heap o' trouble! Now, whatever trouble was it possible for Aunt B to get into?'

"'Oh,' she says, 'they'll all of them know soon enough, an' I reckon I might as well start with tellin' you. Two or three years ago, up at Lexington, I had to go into some little business dealin's—some business dealin's over raisin' money. An' at the time it was all just as straightforward, an' as simple. But now—oh, darlin', one o' their people was up here yesterday, an' if you could have heard how he talked to me! Oh, if what they say ain't just lettin' on——'

"Tchck! Not much lacks for her to be gettin' right hysterical.

"'Aunt!' says Charlie, 'what you—what you gettin' at? A little more an' I'll think you been puttin' a mortgage on yourself!'

"'An', my dear, darlin' boy,' she says, 'I reckon that's just what I been a-doin'! Some of it your prope'ty, too, as set down legally in my will the week I got it! Oughtn't that to keep them from tetchin' it, *alone?* But you know about law, an' maybe I'd best just let you see their papers for yourself.'

"An' out of her red lacquer box she brings what don't need to be unfolded to show itself for a mortgage. It was a mortgage, too, that, as values were in that end of the town, was good to swallow the old place just in one first gulp! So a second time that day Charlie sits there tryin' to get back his mental breath.

"And, of co'se, that reminds him of what he'd lost his breath over the first time, an' what he'd come up there to tell her in the beginnin'.

"Well, there was just one thing to do, to sit an' hold her old hands so she'll have to listen, an' tell her it all, right now. . . .

"An' when he's finished, for a minute it leaves them both without a word.

"'Oh, Charlie—Charlie, son!' she cries, an' just lets the tears run. 'Oh, you ain't a-foolin' me *again*, now—just because you find me ketched this way?' An', 'Oh, I don't reckon I ought to take it. I don't reckon I can!'

"An' then, when he tries to say somethin' to put a laugh into it, for if he can't laugh he's sho' goin' to do somethin' else—'Oh, son, it ain't anything to joke about,' she says; 'it's somethin' to pray over.'

"And down there she goes on her knees, and, her hand clutchin' cold to his, she takes him with her. And, as soon as she can speak for cryin', she starts in to tell just how it'd been about that mortgage. . . .

"'She'd only intended it as a tempo'ary matter, along of her havin' to have a little ready money just for the time bein'. When J'n Ann's Elizabeth had gone an' married up that way, it'd ketched her never lookin' for it. An' she'd had to have a little, too, for Bent's boy to pay his fees an' get him a few clothes so he could go to college *lookin'* a Breckenridge. An' then she'd had to have so much more for Charlie, there beside her, to set him up in his land office; because he hadn't felt himself just fitted for the law, an' so he'd never really had a chance before'

"An' that fetched Charlie. If his fun, an' Aunt B's belief in him, meant such hours for her as *this!* . . .

"'An' it wasn't,' Aunt B's goin' on again—'it wasn't as if she'd been careless an' free an' spendthrift with that money, an' puttin' it on herself. She could just show how she'd used every cent of it. An', oh Lawd,' she says, just hungerin', 'if You been an' *fixed* that lottery business just to come in this way an' help me out—if, now, it'd be all right for me to take half an' make Charlie here take the other half?'

"Well, when Charlie gets to his feet again he's still most almighty shaken; there's a change in him that extends

(Concluded on Page 36)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 75 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 13, 1909

The Puzzle of the Stockholders

QUITE interesting in what it does not disclose is the list of railroad stockholders which the Interstate Commerce Commission has prepared. Some of it is perfectly plain.

The 86,401 shares of Pennsylvania standing in the name of H. C. Frick mean that Mr. Frick owns so much stock of that road. Anybody who knows his A B C's can read that.

To read further requires an increasing degree of skill. For example, 1,076,130 shares of Burlington stand in the name of a New York trust company. This means that the stock is owned by the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific railroads. E. H. Harriman is the owner of record of 1,056,950 shares of Southern Pacific, which, of course, means that the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company is the legal, and the Union Pacific Railroad the actual, owner. The 702,125 shares of Rock Island registered in the name of a New York corporation really belong to a New Jersey corporation.

Thus, in many cases, persons of some little experience, by merely glancing at the name in which the stock is registered, can tell at once to what other man or concern it really belongs. The more erudite can go further, discovering Mr. Rockefeller in the harmless disguise of John Smith, and Mr. Morgan under the innocent legal fiction of George Robinson. Some few men there are, perhaps, who could take the whole list of railroad stockholders, as they appear of record, and, with time and study, assign the principal holdings to their actual owners with approximate accuracy.

The result would be useful to the assessor, but probably would serve no other public purpose. On the other hand, it would be decidedly injurious to those writers who like to set down, in tabular form, just how many hundreds of millions of various stocks this and that nabob owns.

The Guilty With the Innocent

FOR an innocent man, who is able to engage competent counsel, our system of criminal law is the most favorable in the world. It is also about the most favorable in the world for a guilty man who is able to engage competent counsel. The "contentious method," which in England, and still more in the United States, leaves the trying of the case to opposing barristers, the court's function being simply to act as umpire between them, gives every opportunity to the accused. Add to this our almost unlimited right of appeal, upon both substantive and technical points, and the conviction of an innocent man becomes as nearly impossible as human wit can make it. If the only object of society were to insure that no guiltless man be convicted, the system would be practically perfect.

Of course, society has an object on the other side—namely, to insure that guilty men are convicted; and on that side the grave weakness of our system appears. For some time the Dreyfus affair has been a standing example of what may happen when the court itself practically does the trying of the case; and several English instances have been held up as a warning that to limit the accused's right of appeal may result in punishment of the innocent. On the other side of the account may be set down our scandalous "unwritten law" cases, both North and South, and our lynchings, which are often defended, especially in the South, on the ground that society cannot tolerate the intervention of the contentious lawyer, with his unlimited cross-examinations, postponements, demurrers and appeals.

Lawyers often say that we cannot have such complete security for the innocent without the accompanying measure of security for the guilty. On that point, perhaps, lay opinion is not so certain. Security for the innocent cannot be absolutely perfect when murder goes unpunished.

Seasoning the Senate

THE Senate seems to be approaching something in the nature of a crisis. Burton supplants Foraker. Root sits on Platt's doorstep politely waiting for the moving-van. Depew has had notice to quit. Cummins takes Allison's seat. New men are coming in, and threatening to come in, on every hand.

Now, it is a fundamental rule of the Senate that the new man shall have nothing to do. That body doesn't consider him a real Senator until he has served several years. Before that, he is merely taken on probation and assigned to the Committee on Icebergs, which sits in the coal-bin on the first warm Tuesday after Lent. At the beginning of his second term he is permitted to take off his overalls and attend regular meetings of the committees on Fire, Water and Police; but he must stay under the table except when voting. In anywhere from eight to twelve years, when he has become properly saturated with precedents, senatorial courtesy, property rights, doubts as to whether it's constitutional, and other embalming fluids, he is regarded as duly seasoned and qualified to take a hand. Before then he may ride in the Capitol elevators, frank his mail, make speeches, wear a frock coat and enjoy other incidental perquisites of the office; but he cannot be admitted to the real works.

What will happen to this senatorial system when the weight, both of numbers and ability, is decidedly on the side of the new men? Will Messieurs Hale, Cullom and Aldrich run all the important committees, while eighty-odd other Senators are modestly conducting the committees on Pomade, Archery, Boll-Weevil, Delicatessen and Osteopathy?

Safety in Speaking the Mind

TO SAY, in print, "C——s F——x was absent from the H——e of C——s Tuesday, being dead drunk," was regarded by our journalistic forefathers as somewhat more polite and decidedly more safe than to say, "Mr. Fox was very indisposed after dining on Tuesday." Printing names right out in full rather shocked a public that was used to seeing the most outrageous billingsgate heaped upon its public men in the transparent disguise of dashes and asterisks.

Some time before the dash device went out of vogue England gave over trimming the ears of a convicted libeler. Since then, journalism, on the whole, has grown bolder. No libeled gentleman has been put to the trouble of deciphering himself from a string of asterisks. Not only was his name printed in full, but, usually, his home and business address and the names of several of his relatives. Identifying the corpse, so to speak, was exceedingly easy. Punishment for libel, meanwhile, has grown milder and much rarer.

In a modern American penitentiary a man "doing time" for criminal libel would be almost as great a curiosity as a pirate from the Spanish Main. And vicious writing, in English, has notably decayed since the days of Junius—no matter what an involuntarily retired Senator may tell you to the contrary.

These reflections are naturally brought to mind by the Panama Canal squabble. We feel safe in predicting that nothing of a revolutionary character will finally issue therefrom. Our jails, we opine, are not about to become populous with careless editors. The law and the practice of libel will not be essentially changed. Whatever editorial person desires to take a crack at the President will do so unafraid.

The Green Men of Europe

THAT man lived in caves on this planet and ate bears a hundred thousand years ago has been demonstrated by certain anthropological discoveries in Switzerland—at least to the satisfaction of a very learned reporter who seized the interval between covering a fire and a political convention to investigate and record the fact.

No doubt it is true. The man was of an olive-green complexion, with a facial angle of forty-five degrees, and wore, mostly, whiskers. When comfortably full of raw bear he indulged a large philosophical look, before and after, and decided, upon irrefutable scientific and historic grounds, that olive-green men, having a facial angle of forty-five degrees and a general resemblance to locomotory buffalo robes, were the last word and ultimate, perfect flower of creation—infinitely superior by natural law to mere sky-blue men who lived in trees, ate nuts, and grew hair so meagerly that it would take three of them to stuff a parlor set.

It was a commonplace of scientific knowledge only the other day that yellow men couldn't think properly because the convolutions of their brains were not favorable to that process; there were some wrinkles which would inevitably short-circuit them every time they tried to run their thought-plant at a high efficiency. But since the Russo-Japanese war we have modified our conclusions as to the yellow men's constitutional inability to think hard.

Probably orange-colored men, whose skulls in size and shape closely resemble summer squashes, will one day dance on our graves, as we dance on the graves of unknown predecessors. To suppose that we merely happen to be on top for the moment is conducive to modesty and tolerance. Where it is all so largely a matter of suppositions, anyway, why not choose the more virtuous one?

Why Women Shouldn't Vote

FEMALE suffrage is a splendid subject for argument, because argument leaves it exactly where it was before. Good and wise persons of both sexes differ about it, but neither the pros nor the cons arrive at their position by any process of reasoning.

We have the highest respect for some of those who oppose female suffrage; but we have never yet seen a single respectable reason against it. They say women cannot bear arms. True, to manage a coat of mail, a shield and a lance in a side saddle would be awkward. But most women ride astride nowadays, and we should like to pit a company of them, in neat Directoire armor, with Merry Widow helmets, against an equal number of conservative divines who stick to the military argument. Bearing arms is a very small part of the duties of citizenship in the United States—quite insignificant, for example, when compared to bearing children. If martial capacity is the test, a prize-fighter ought to have four votes to a college professor's one.

The hearth to which female suffrage introduced political strife would suffer no new affliction; it would have been abundantly acquainted before with strife in some other form. A man and wife who pulled hair over politics could have no safety save in total baldness.

The real ground of opposition is that female suffrage is new. Generally speaking, the thing has never been done that way before. Conservative tempers instinctively shrink from it.

Robinson Crusoe and Society

ALREADY people and travel are going back to Messina. No doubt the city will be rebuilt. Some stumps and roots of a social organization exist under the ruins. They will grow again.

In this weather it is profitable to reflect that a man cannot exist at all except as a member of a social organization. Put down alone, unsupported by society, but with free access to all the natural resources of Pennsylvania or Illinois, he would perish of cold and hunger. Robinson Crusoe, in a very mild climate, was able to support himself because he had brought certain social resources in the form of tools, weapons, food and seed along with him. There is scarcely an inhabited house in this latitude that one unassisted man could build in a lifetime.

Individualistic philosophy, as a matter of fact, is absurd except in a South Sea island, where fuel and clothing are merely luxuries, and breakfast food, in convenient packages, may be plucked from trees. Nowhere else can a man live except as a member of society and by some form or degree of coöperation. People would not work in powder factories if they could support themselves individually.

Bringing the Banks Together

THE Canadian banking system is much admired in this country by theorists and by certain metropolitan financiers; but, whenever its adoption is urged, some ten thousand country banks rise to protest.

Our country bank is decidedly a local institution; local men own and operate it with an eye single to local conditions; it is chock full of the town's spirit. A branch bank, on the other hand, would belong to New York or Chicago. To its directing mind—regarding Jasonville impersonally as merely one of several hundred units—it would be a matter of complete indifference whether the new canning factory located there or at Thompsontown, ten miles beyond. That our independent country bank is, on the whole, the more useful institution seems to us incontrovertible.

But our country institution cannot any longer be a bank unto itself alone. It must increasingly become, not just the Jasonville Bank, but a unit in the banking system of the United States. The drawing together of smaller banks through voluntary district and State clearing-house associations, as in California and elsewhere, is a sign of the necessary coördination.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

An Indiana Apollo

JUST at present the United States Senate hasn't a single, solitary Apollo to its name. The State Department, in a manner of speaking, has it all over the Senate along those lines, for the State Department has Robert Bacon, and Robert Bacon, as is known of all men, makes the original Apollo look like a composite photograph of William Howard Taft and Charles Warren Fairbanks when it comes to manly beauty. Moreover, the State Department is entitled to chuckle at the predicament of the Senate, for Robert Bacon is going to be Secretary of State for a few minutes after Mr. Root resigns, which event will occur when Mr. Root has securely clamped himself to his new job of successor to Thomas C. Platt.

Quite a number of competent people have been Secretaries of State since we first began to have them, and Mr Bacon will seep in among them and remain there eternally. It certainly is worth quitting the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. to get one's name in a list like that, and that is what Mr. Bacon did, which shows, also, that we are advancing some; for never before in this or any other country was a former partner of J. P. Morgan Secretary of State.

Still, Mr. Bacon thriftily accumulated some millions before he quit, and although he will be successor to Jefferson and Madison and Seward and Webster and Blaine and Evarts and Clay only from 11:56 A. M. until 12 M. of the Roosevelt Administration, he is pulchritudinously there with the looks, wherein, as has been remarked, the State Department has the chuckle on the Senate.

But, listen: Not for long. Even though Robert Bacon were to remain as Secretary of State, which he is not, because Philander C. Knox has thrown the net over that place for himself, being well aware of the identities of the distinguished statesmen who have had the place, and in whose company his own name will appear in every almanac from now to doomsday, the Senate would be in position after March fourth, next, to adjure Mr. Robert Bacon to get hep to the pleasing fact that it, the hitherto Apolloless Senate, had laid one in.

For such is the truth. Reaching out to Indiana, the Senate, determined to have no such blot on its escutcheon as the lack of an Apollo; and, fully cognizant of the verity of the claim that among its ninety-one other members it has about every other kind of a human male exhibit, has tapped Benjamin Franklin Shively on the shoulder and has said: "Oh, you Apollo, come and join our select little company! We need you in our business."

And Benjamin Franklin Shively is coming—coming in the celebrated rôle of Apollo, which he has played with great success for many years. He is coming on the keen jump, coming across the prostrate form of John Worth Kern, who is sobbing softly through those famous whiskers the saddest of political words: "They double-crossed me; that's what they did."

It takes but one look at Shively to ascertain that he is an Apollo, the Apollo of Indiana, now to be the Apollo of the Senate, to go from retail to wholesale Apolloing as soon as he is sworn in, to extend his scope, to widen his horizon, to become the cynosure of all eyes instead of such eyes as inhabit South Bend, his former field of operations.

There is no doubt about it. Benjamin Franklin Shively deserves every paean that has been sung about his manly grace of feature, form and figure, and he has been the inspiration of the poets of his native State for many, many years; not that he is so old, but that he began being an Apollo at an early age. Massive in form, imposing in carriage, a sort of an enlarged Apollo, but none the less that. One might as well take all the hurdles when it comes to picturing him as he will delight the Senate, so here goes: See, what a grace is—Mr. Shakespeare said "was," but this is about a live one—seated on his brow: Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself; an eye like Mars, to threaten and command. There, *now* do you understand?

He has Been the Inspiration of the Poets of His Native State for Many, Many Years

Plodding for the Presidency

OF COURSE, the above specifications may be held by students of mythology as not being in accordance with the accepted blueprints of Apollo, but that is neither here nor there. The students of mythology may carp or not, as they choose. The original Apollo didn't live in Indiana, and the inhabitants of that imperial commonwealth are entitled to their own views as to what exactly constitutes an Apollo. They have settled on Shively and that is all there is to say. He is it.

Washington knew him through three Congresses, the Fiftieth, the Fifty-first and the Fifty-second, and for half a term in the Forty-eighth, when he was elected to fill a vacancy. Washington remembers him fondly, remembers his flashing eye, his tossing mane, his rich and rolling voice. Now that he comes again, this time as a Senator, Washington will welcome him. We need new scenery in the Senate. Some of the present lot has been on exhibition for a long time.

When he retired to South Bend, after his third full term in the House, to await the propitious event that has just propitiated him, he knew exactly what he wanted to do. Taking his well-thumbed copy of the Constitution of the United States, he drew a heavy black line under paragraph one of Section III, Article 1, which says: "The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State," and so on. "One of those jobs for me," said Mr. Shively firmly, and through all the years he faltered not. Twice when they were electing Senators in Indiana, but not Democratic Senators, he took the minority nominations, and thus maintained his position in the public eye. This time there was a chance for a majority nomination, and he took both chance and nomination.

Various other jobless Indiana Democrats aspired to go to the Senate. Shively was not the only statesman who had been waiting patiently for a Democratic legislature in a Senatorial year. The leading candidate appeared to be Kern, who had not long before collaborated with Mr. Bryan in Mr. Bryan's pleasing specialty entitled: "Plodding for the Presidency." Mr. Kern had contributed the whiskers to the ticket. Still, he felt that now there was an opportunity to get something he should have it. He pointed tearfully to a long career as a tried and true Democrat, speckled with nominations for office when he didn't have a chance on earth of connecting with the pay-roll, and asked if it was not up to the Indiana Democrats to give him something he could get.

It was stated that Mr. Kern had the good will of most of the Democrats of the State. They all wished him well, all but a small body of them who had managed to bulge into the legislature. They balloted most of a night, but along in the gray dawn they elected Shively and left Kern to wail his wail of the double-cross; which really showed a lack of knowledge, on Mr. Kern's part, of Indiana politics. They teach the double-cross in every Indiana political school.

Shively has been in politics ever since he was a boy. He had a leaning toward Greenbackism when he was a young man, but recovered. He was "regular" when Bryan ran for President in 1896 and remained so, for all the time his glittering eye had impaled that prize he thought the future held in store for him. He is an able citizen. He taught school early in life, worked on newspapers for a time and has been successful at the law. He is an orator of much power and magnetism, with a good grasp of public questions, and he will add a great deal of strength to the Democratic side.

But that is a narrow view to take of it, a partisan view. What he will most add to the Senate will be that one lacking touch, that one bright spot of beauty needed. Time has dealt gently with him. Now, in his fifties, he still retains those seemly characteristics that celebrated him when he was here before and that made him Indiana's unanimous choice as her one and only Apollo. A proud State should Indiana be, a proud State, indeed, for, after March fourth, next, the guides will say: "That man over there in the back row on the left-hand side is Mr. Shively, the handsomest man in the Senate"; which will be the truth, although Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, may protest.

An Outrage Upon His Anatomy

"SPEAKING about ingratitude," said a Texas man, "I am reminded of a tramp who came into our fair city one day suffering intensely. He was discovered by some of our many humanitarians, taken to a hospital and his case diagnosed as appendicitis.

"The doctors cut him open, took out his appendix, and he was saved. After he was well he went to a lawyer and wanted to sue the city for ten thousand dollars damages, on the ground that he had not authorized the elimination of his appendix, which, he said in his complaint, 'was a treasured and revered portion of my anatomy.'"

Unhorsing the Kings

WHEN the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, visited this country with his imposing suite, one of the places to which the Russians went was out West for a buffalo hunt. The hunt was held in South Dakota, and Colonel Hatch, of the Army, was assigned to take the party in charge and do the honors.

Russians, except the Cossacks, are none too good when it comes to horsemanship, and this information was conveyed to Colonel Hatch, with the request that some mild and gentle steeds be procured for the visitors for the hunt. Hatch did the best he could with the army mounts and the cavalcade started from Fort Robinson.

The leaders rode slowly. It was a long and imposing procession. Just as Hatch was congratulating himself that everything was going nicely his orderly rode up from the rear, saluted, and said: "Beg pardon, Colonel, but one of them kings has fell off."

A Circus Hat

DAVID B. HILL, former Governor of and Senator from New York, has a secluded hatter somewhere in the State who makes his high hats after elaborate plans drawn by Mr. Hill many years ago, and not changed since.

One night Governor Odell, of New York, was giving a reception in Albany, and President Roosevelt, then elected Vice-President, met Mr. Hill on the steps of the New York Executive mansion.

Roosevelt wore a black rough-rider hat and Hill had one of his peculiar aky-pieces.

"Senator," said Roosevelt, "you should wear a hat like this one that I have on. They are much easier on the head, preserve the hair and are altogether better than silk ones."

Mr. Hill looked at the coming Vice-President. "My dear sir," he said, "I haven't worn a hat like that since I went out of the show business."

He Knew Johnny Carroll

ORT WELLS, of Chicago, who is traveling around the world just now with George Ade, the humorist, was in London last Christmas. Ade had gone out. It was a rainy, foggy, soggy, cold, dreary day, and Wells was miserable.

He wandered for hours around his hotel trying to find a friend and not succeeding, and, finally, landed at an American bar, where he sat gloomily before a tiny cannel-coal fire.

There were no others in the barroom except the barmaid. She tried to cheer up Wells.

"Rather nawsty today, sir," she said.

"Rotten," Wells replied.

"Don't look much like a Merry Christmas around here, does it, sir?"

"I should say not."

"Cawn't you do something to cheer up a bit? We might have a little singsong. Do you know any carols, sir?"

"Sure," sighed Wells; "I was in the American Ice deal with Johnny."

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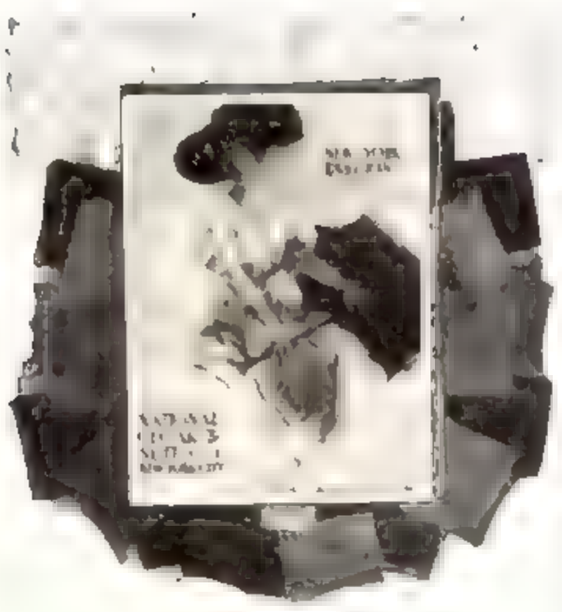

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A WAITING PATRIOT

Washington Impressions of a Willing Worker Who is Expecting a Job

II

I MOVED from my fifteen-dollar-a-day suite in the big avenue hotel in a hurry I found a nice, quiet place (the landlady said) in a boarding-house in a side street, and settled down to learn what was going on and to prepare myself for my new duties after March fourth. I discovered there were a lot of people at my boarding-house who were there with the idea of getting something from the new Administration, and more who had hopes of grabbing something before the bell rings from the Administration that is going out. I kept rather apart from these people because I was in a different position, with a place practically fixed for me, and I didn't want to mix with a mere bunch of office-seekers too much.

However, I didn't want to overlook any bets, and I called on the Congressman from our district and left my card for our Senators. Our Congressman didn't warm up much, and the Senators were too busy to see me, but I figured that would all come out right when they learned of my pull with Mr. Taft, and it didn't worry me much. I found that my friend of the first night knew what he was talking about when he said it answered all purposes to live somewhere else and drop into the big hotels and sit around the lobbies. Nobody knew whether you were a guest or not So, between visits to the Capitol and a few walks around to see the sights, I spent most of my time in the leather chairs or standing in the lobbies. It put me in touch with people from all parts of the country and made it seem as if I was already in the game. It was great, too, much better and more important than working along out home, and I was glad I had made such a success in politics. Now and then I got into conversation with some man from our State who was here on business or politics, and frequently with chaps who, like myself, were waiting for things to happen.

The Red Fire Finish

I see a good deal of my friend of the first night who has the French spoliation claim. He comes from Georgia, and has been in Washington, during the sessions of Congress, for twenty years. I don't just exactly know how he lives, but he always has a good-looking dress suit to wear nights and in the daytime seems prosperous, although I noticed his shoes were rather worn and that his gloves and ties appear to have been in service a long time. His name is Charles H. Feather—an odd name, I thought—and he is pretty smart.

I talked with him frequently. He posted me on what is going on. "You see," he said, a few nights after I got here, while we were sitting in the Willard lobby, "the windup of this Administration is different. I have seen several Presidents go out of office in my time, and the expiring days of their Administrations were peaceful and calm, marked, here and there, with appointments of lame ducks to office and efforts to care for friends who had fallen outside the breastworks. It is not like that with Teddy. He abhors that peaceful and calm thing. He is going out with all the red fire there is burning, whooping it up to the last breath, firing off skyrockets every minute and letting go thirteen-inch guns by night and day. I'll bet he will hit somebody a crack in the eye just before he steps out on the platform with Big Bill Taft clamped to his arm, on Inauguration Day, and it wouldn't surprise me a bit to see him throw off a few pronunciamentos when he is riding back to the White House (on the left side of the carriage instead of the right side, where he was when he rode up, signifying he is an ex-President instead of a President), just to keep his hand in.

"This bunch of jellyfish up on the Hill began to find their spines after election when it was sure Roosevelt would be with us no longer than March fourth. They had been muttering for four years, but there wasn't one in the lot who had the nerve to say a word out loud so long as Roosevelt had more than a few months to

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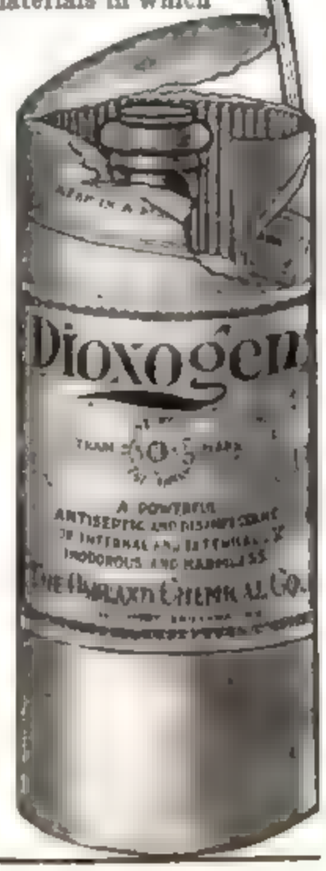

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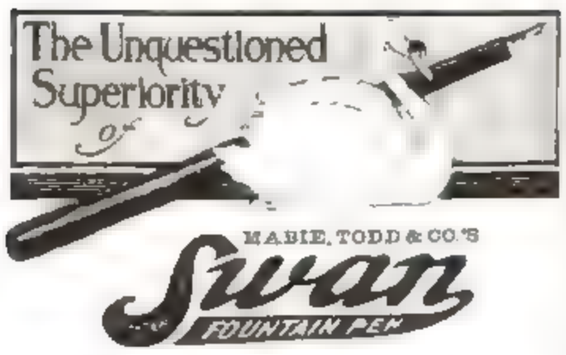

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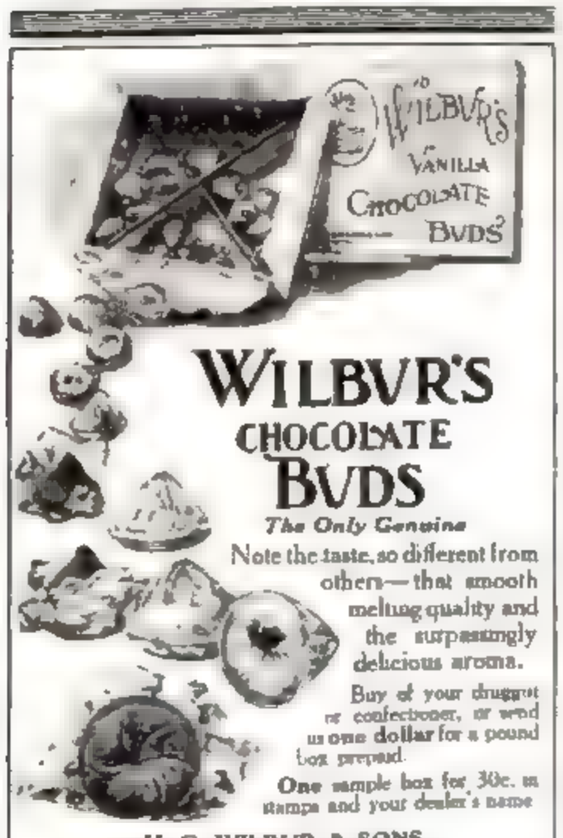

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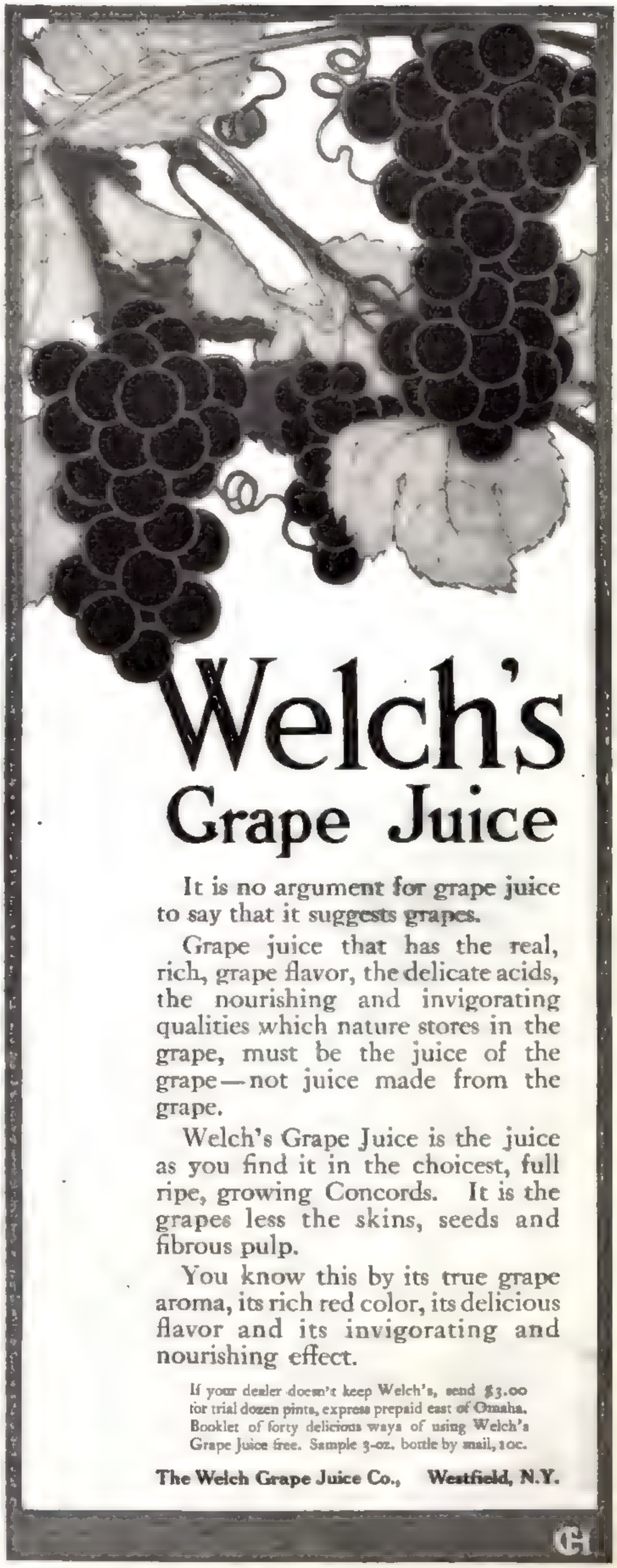
serve. He could have sent in fifty messages a year ago, saying what he did about Congress in this one that has made the muss, and they would have put it down as a Presidential eccentricity and let it go at that. Now that his star is setting they have become as brave as lions and have suddenly discovered fourteen ways they can be insulted. They are quoting the old the-king-is-dead-long-live-the-king gag, and every time the name of the President is mentioned most of them hop up and down and say naughty things about him. They consider him water over the dam, and that accounts for this sudden access of courage. They have taken this sort of thing for six years and six months without an audible murmur. Now it is different. It is only a few weeks more, and they are howling up and down the aisles of Congress, and yelling imprecations, and organizing spanking committees, and shouting everything from 'Impeach him!' to 'Liar!'

"It is a simple proposition: Congress can't get any more out of the President, and the President can't get any more out of Congress, so both of them are out in the open, telling their real names and letting go thoughts that have been kept hermetically sealed for years for obvious reasons of policy. It was a sort of a shock to the President, for he has been the Big Noise for so long it took him quite a spell to understand that there was any person or body of persons who would say him nay. He had looked on Congress in its true light, as a lot of men who hated him and were afraid to say so. Naturally, he hated Congress, and when it came to the last lap of his merry-go-round he decided it would be well enough to let go a few parting compliments for this body of lawmakers, just by way of final compliments, confident that Congress would say nothing, openly, and he would get away with it, as usual.

"But he forgot one thing—that was that he is going out of office on March fourth. He forgot that these men up there on the Hill, being politicians and knowing the enormous power of the Government, had pocketed their pride and worked him for what they could. He forgot they had been getting sorer and sorer year by year, and were only waiting for a chance to turn in and beat him to a pulp. So in full arrogance of his power, jauntily as he would say 'Dee-light-ed!' to a bunch of visiting schoolma'ams, he whipped across one on the secret service and the horrible outrage that Congress had perpetrated in restricting the operations of that body of sleuths to the field provided by law. He had been using the secret service for all sorts of investigations. I am told that in the course of his various investigations the President has had up to four thousand men at work at one time, all on the secret service rolls. These, and other detectives, gave him his opportunity to find out what every person in the country is doing. Thus, in protesting against this limitation of the use of the secret service men he didn't stop with the protest, but said to himself: 'Oh, well, I'll just hand them one parting knock for luck,' and he stuck in that sentence about the reason Congress wanted to limit the operations of the secret service was because Congress was afraid the secret service men might investigate Congress. It really didn't amount to much. It was what is known as a stinger—what we used to call a grind in our college days.

"However, it was enough. Congress, laboring for all these years with accumulated hatred of the autocratic, despotic, oh-you-serfs attitude of the President, blew its head off. Here was a chance for a come-back. Here was a chance to tell the President of the United States, officially, what almost every man in Congress had been thinking and saying, unofficially, for years. Congress rose up on its hindlegs and bayed. Shall this body remain supine under this vicious, this unwarranted, this untrue attack on its integrity, its individual and collective honor, its character and its everything else? Not on your everlasting life, particularly as Roosevelt will be an ex-President in a few months anyhow, and there is nothing to be lost by handing it back to him, with such venom as could be put in.

"Do not think our President is not on his job every minute of the day. When he heard that the House was to proceed with his castigation on a certain Friday he pulled off one of those tricks which have made him famous as the greatest master of the art of publicity and of the strategy



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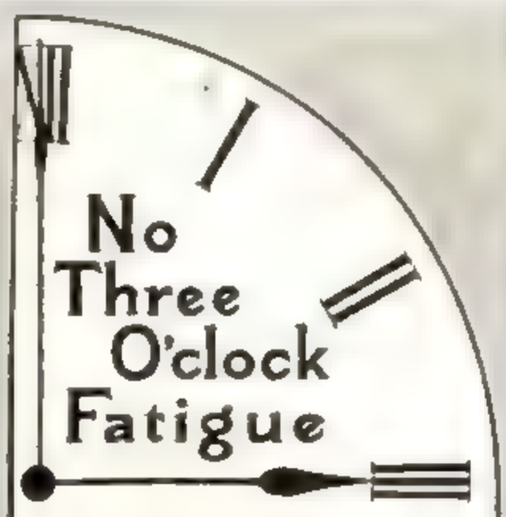

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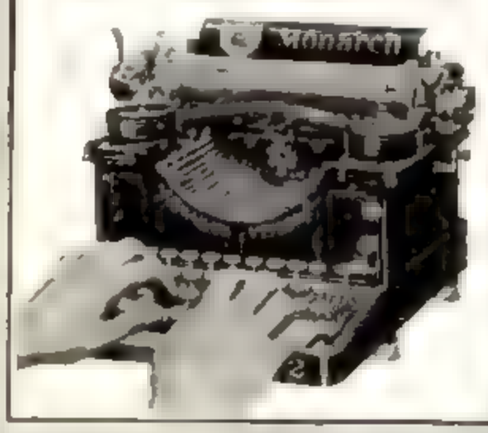

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of scattering the enemies' fire in the known world. In order that the newspapers would not devote all their Washington space to the rumpus in the House, and knowing that, for sheer news value, the attack part of the speeches would be far more prominently printed than the defense part, he determined to get on the front pages himself, and he released his message to the Senate, with the Tillman collection of letters and photographs, for publication on the same morning as the speeches in the House would be published. The stuff had been originally marked for release for a later day, but the President knows his way around. The undivided interest of the country next day was not concentrated on the castigation he got in the House. Nay, not so. Half of the attention of the country was concentrated on the Tillman letters and the President's remarks thereon, whereupon T. Roosevelt handed one to the Senate, to Tillman, to the House and to everybody in the mess.

"Following hard on this, while the House was still fomenting wrath and cussing him volubly, and while the Senate was considering what to do, because, not only was the Senate up to its neck in the secret service investigation business and its consequent ramifications, but, also, the President had told that greatest deliberative body in the world to go chase itself when it demanded some information about certain Executive action, holding it was none of the Senate's dod-gasted business, and the greatest deliberative body in the world was rubbing its combined forehead and sputtering: 'Well, well! What will he do next?' the President showed the Senate, the House and everybody else what he would do to get back in the lime-light by hopping out gaily one morning at 3:40 o'clock, riding horseback to Warrenton, Virginia, and back again, some ninety-eight miles, in a sleet storm, ostensibly to prove to the paunchy naval and army officers, who have been required to ride ninety miles in three days or get the sack, that it was no hardship for their Commander-in-Chief to ride almost a hundred miles in one day.

"I have watched T. Roosevelt operate every year of the seven he has been in Washington, and I know that any person, any Congress, or any set of statesmen, politicians or publicists who think they can pry him out of the lime-light have another guess coming. It is not in the cards. He has the center of the stage and he is going to hold it until the curtain comes down on March fourth, next. He has used the secret service, used all the other kinds of detectives the Government employs, such as agents of the Land Office, agents of the Department of Justice, Post-Office inspectors, special agents of the customs, internal revenue sleuths, detectives for the Bureau of Corporations and all the rest, used them to a fare-you-well, and he has more assorted kinds of information tucked away in his files than even Congress dreams. Furthermore, he will not hesitate to use it."

"But," I said, "how do he and Mr. Taft stand?"

"That is another thing that is coming off," Feather replied. "Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft are now, publicly, great friends, but Mr. Taft is showing an inclination to pick out his own Cabinet and to do things his own way, and Mr. Roosevelt cannot understand that. Mr. Roosevelt wanted Mr. Taft to put Loeb in his Cabinet. Mr. Taft demurred, although he could not find a better man than Loeb, so far as experience and ability go. Roosevelt could not understand it. Stories have been printed about the impending strained relations, or the present existence of them, but they have been denied by both sides. However, Mr. Roosevelt has said he did think Taft shouldn't begin the Taft Administration before the Roosevelt Administration is ended, and, probably, Mr. Taft thinks that Mr. Roosevelt shouldn't try to run the Taft Administration before it begins.

"Taft must shake himself out from under the Roosevelt influence or he will always be held as a sort of a twelfth carbon-copy of a President. I understand one way he intends to show it is by canning all the present Cabinet. I am told he intends to make a clean sweep, or that, in any event, not more than one or two will hold over. One may. I do not think any more can. That is good politics for Taft. He has got to be a substance, not a shadow."

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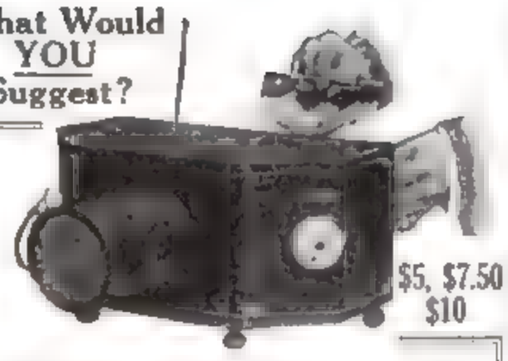

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Gentlemen—The 50 gallon Ajax Chemical Engine sent by you on approval reached us last Thursday in good condition. As I desired to know what we might expect to get from the engine in case of necessity arising for actual use at a fire, I decided to test it at once. This we did on Saturday when we built a pile of very inflammable material and a big cone of packing boxes filled with every kind of scrap stuff that would burn readily, and around this we placed dry rushwood and against this placed boards, making a cone over 12 feet high by 10 feet in diameter. Then we drenched the whole with kerosene oil for a half hour before lighting the pile.

The men, none of whom had ever handled a chemical engine of any kind, did not know when the pile was to be lit, nor were any allowed to go near the place where the engine was stored until the alarm was sounded. We lit the fire at 7.17 and allowed it to burn until the entire mass was in a fierce blaze, and at 7:25 I fired the pistol and the men left the pool room where they were engaged in a game, went to the engine house and brought the engine to the fire—4½ minutes were taken in doing this and in 2½ minutes more the fire was out. Total time in answering the alarm, bringing the engine a full City block in distance, and extinguishing fire, was 7 minutes. This test consumed less than ⅓ of the capacity of the engine.

After some trouble we started the fire again but the material would not burn readily with the chemical on it, and we could not get as good a fire, but the engine only looked at it this second time, and the fire was out again.

We then directed the stream across the field and found your claim of throwing a stream 80 feet is not an idle boast. It did fully that for us, and on the last part of the charge where we would naturally suppose the pressure would be at its weakest point. Nothing but praise is now heard from even the fogies who thought chemical was wrong and water the king. We feel safer with the AJAX with us.

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Respectfully, W. J. HIBBERT,

Treasurer Fire Department, and Chr. Purchasing Committee

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Recent Industrial Bonds

THE bond market is sometimes a fair reflection of industrial conditions. When times are good the great industrial corporations need money to meet the requirements of increasing business, and issue bonds. In times of depression they refrain from issuing bonds, for the reason that the prevailing rates for money are so high that it is next to impossible to float bonds. The condition of the money market, however, is always the basic regulator of the investment market. When money is abundant and cheap, as it has been for some time, there is usually a good demand for bonds, because people can get a larger return from such securities than they can get from money loaned out. Hence, at such times, new issues of bonds make their appearance.

It is opportune to turn this week to some recent issues of industrial bonds, not only because they afford opportunities for the profitable employment of money, but also because this seems to be a season for the purchase of this particular type of security. The industrial bond is a man's investment, because it is more or less speculative. Its value depends upon the state of business, and, since most industries have good and bad seasons, it follows that the price of the bond fluctuates. Women should not, as a rule, buy industrial bonds because of this same fact. But for business men who are not made nervous by shifting market conditions the industrial bond usually offers a chance for a fair profit on the principal, and affords at the same time a very satisfactory return.

Few industrial bonds attain the place in the investment field occupied by the United States Steel Corporation Sinking Fund 5s, which are regarded as a standard investment security and are held by both men and women. Some institutions are purchasers of industrial bonds of the very best type, for the reason that the face interest rate is high and adds materially to the investor's income. The usual interest rate on such bonds is five per cent, but sometimes it is six per cent.

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American Agricultural Chemical Company First Mortgage Convertible 5s, due October 1, 1928. These bonds are dated October 1, 1908. The interest is payable April and October. The authorized issue is twelve million dollars. The bond is secured by a first mortgage on all real estate and plants owned by the company, which now operates twenty-five factories for the manufacture of fertilizer, glue and allied products. Five phosphate mining properties are also covered by the mortgage. The bond is convertible into six per cent cumulative preferred stock of the company, par for par, accrued interest and accrued dividends to be adjusted at the time of the conversion. This bond may be had at 98½ and interest, which would make the yield about 5.30 per cent.

United States Rubber Company Collateral Trust Sinking Fund 6s, due December 1, 1918. The interest is payable June and December. These bonds are part of an authorized issue of twenty million dollars, of which five million dollars are not to be issued now. The proceeds of the issue are used to refund an issue of Funding Notes and an issue of Debentures, and to increase the working capital generally of our largest merger of rubber interests. The bonds are secured by a deposit of shares in subsidiary companies having a par value of $44,426,300, and also by the pledge of

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mortgages on extensive properties. This bond at last sale brought 102½ and interest, which makes the yield about 5⅝ per cent

Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company First Mortgage 5s, dated November 1, 1908, and due December 1, 1923. The interest is payable June and December. These bonds are secured by a first mortgage on all real estate and plants owned by the company and a pledge of capital stock of various subsidiary companies, including the Southern Cotton Oil Company. The company is an extensive manufacturer of acids, chemicals and fertilizers. On the day this article was written this bond sold for 93 and interest, which make a yield of about 5¾ per cent.

Although not technically industrial, it might be interesting to add to this list two foreign bonds which have come to figure in American bond transactions. Both relate to industrial development or to development that makes industry possible.

The first is the United States of Brazil, State of Sao Paulo 5 per cent Treasury Gold Bonds. They are dated January 1, 1909, and are payable 1919. They are guaranteed unconditionally by the Federal Government of Brazil and the interest is payable January and July. A feature of these bonds is that they may be had in denominations of $100, $250, $500 and upward. These bonds are a direct obligation of Sao Paulo, the principal State of Brazil. The security is varied. The interest payments and semi-annual redemption of a portion of the loan are provided for by a coffee export tax of five francs (about a dollar) a bag. The bonds are additionally secured by a first lien on seven million bags of coffee valued at approximately $77,000,000, owned by the State of Sao Paulo and now in warehouses in New York and European ports. This bond may be had at about 95½ and interest, which would make the yield about 5⅛ per cent

The second foreign bond is known as the Sinking Fund 4½ of the Institution for the Encouragement of Irrigation Works and Development of Agriculture. In other words, it is a Mexican Government irrigation bond, with principal, interest and sinking fund guaranteed by the Mexican Government. It matures November 1, 1943. It may be had in denominations of $100 and upward. Interest is payable May and November. The proceeds of the issue, which aggregates $20,000,000, are used for Mexican internal development. The bond may be had at about 92½ and interest, which would make the yield about 4.95 per cent.

Closely allied with industrial bonds are coal bonds, which have not hitherto been taken up in this department. When carefully selected they offer a good chance for investment, although many of them have the speculative feature which is attached to most industrial bonds.

Some Disadvantages of Coal Bonds

One very important fact to be remembered in buying a coal bond is that the company issuing it is selling a product that is being taken out of the ground and is, therefore, constantly diminishing in quantity. The company must not only have an ample sinking fund for the redemption of the bonds, but must have other undeveloped territory for mining. The same should be true of timber companies that bring out bonds. One of the chief objections against coal bonds is their lack of marketability. This is one reason why the best type is sometimes bought by institutions and then salted down for the interest they bring.

One type of coal bond is represented by that of the Somerset Coal Company First Mortgage Sinking Fund 5s, due in 1932. This company provides for a sinking fund of three cents for every ton of coal mined. This bond may be bought for 94½ and interest, which would make the yield about 5.35 per cent. Another and more active type of coal bond is presented in the Tennessee Coal and Iron General Mortgage 5s, due in 1951. This is practically an obligation of the United States Steel Corporation, which controls the property. This bond sells for 105 and interest, which makes the yield approximately 4.60 per cent. At the present price it would offer little or no chance for profit as to principal. It would simply be an income producer. Another coal bond of the active type is the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company Sinking Fund 5s, due in 1943. The last

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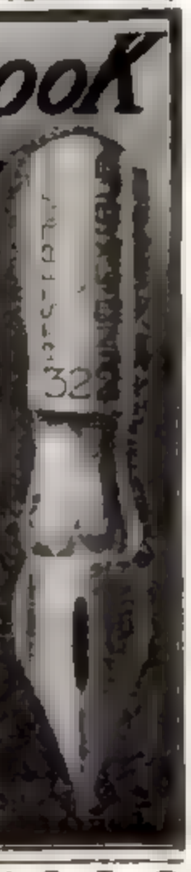

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sale was at 95 and interest, which would make the yield about 5.25 per cent.

This bond article would not be complete without reference to a recent ruling of the New York Stock Exchange which concerns every investor. This ruling, which went into effect January 1, 1909, is that all interest-bearing bonds must be traded in on the Exchange at "and interest" prices. The only exception is income bonds. Heretofore, bonds were traded in on the Exchange at "flat" prices. The "flat" price, as already explained in this department, is the price that includes the interest from the time of the last interest date up to the time of the sale of the bond. The "and interest" price is the selling price, to which must be added the accrued interest from the last coupon date to the time of sale. The buyer gets this interest back when the next coupon comes due.

Every investor ought to know how to get the "and interest" price from a "flat" price. Let us take a five per cent $1000 bond whose interest dates are January and July. It sold on April 1 for 92 flat. There is three months' accrued interest on this bond, or $12.50. Reduced to points (every point in a thousand dollar bond is $10), this is 1¼ points. To get the "and interest" price you simply deduct the accrued interest in points from the flat price. In this concrete case it would leave 90¾, which is the "and interest" price. In the booklet entitled "Bond Interest Tables," which many bond houses give away as an advertisement, you can find computed accrued interest on bonds from one day to six months.

SYSTEM IN POLITICS

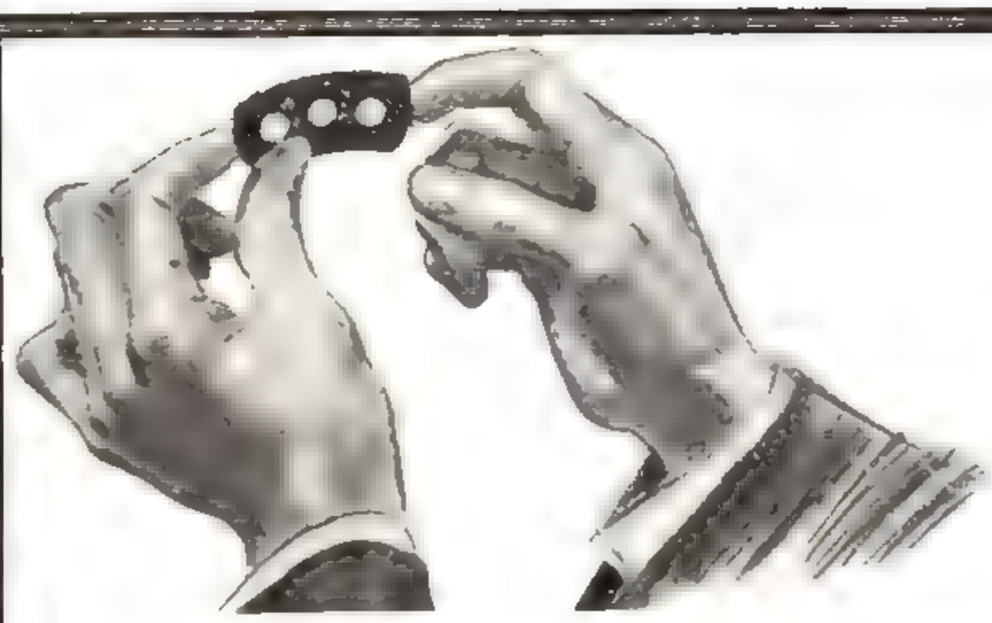
(Continued from Page 4)

remedies. At present, the noise of the movement is on the Jewish East Side of New York, the real growth among Americans of fairly old blood.

A superficial observer would believe from the crowds which the meetings draw in that region, from the vigor of the cheering, from the length of the parades, that the Jewish East Side was the backbone of the Social Revolution. Many of the younger Hungarians, Russians and Polish Jews come here ardent Socialists at heart. Socialism, in the narrow lives of the European ghettos, is the only outlook to freedom, the only known theory of equality. Even when they have not dared to give expression to their theories at home, the young Jewish emigrants are ready to air them the moment they step into a country where opinion is not repressed. Many others, who emigrated firm conservatives, become drunk with their first draft of liberty, go to the other extreme, and become rabid revolutionaries. The Jewish Daily Forward, whose politics is straight Socialist, has a circulation of nearly a hundred thousand—and most of its subscribers agree with its opinions. This movement of the young Jew away from the system of his fathers is a sore spot on the East Side. For, in general, when the Jew becomes a Socialist in politics he ceases to be orthodox in religion. The two systems do not seem to go together. To the orthodox of the older generation—the women who would be ashamed to show their own hair, the men who would eat cold poison rather than "*treife*" meat—this defection of a son or a daughter is a terrible grief. Every week some orthodox father has the burial service read for a child who has become a Socialist and an atheist, and has, therefore, died to Israel. Every day some Jewish son is disinherited for opinion's sake.

The Jewish East Side is impressionable and noisy. It takes only a squabble over rent or the tumbling of a baby from a fire escape to start a riot there. These young Jewish Socialists are mighty shouters, enduring marchers and zealous attendants at meetings. Their politics has only one defect from the practical point of view—few of them are voters. During the last campaign I stood on a fire escape with one who knows the East Side as a Mississippi pilot knows the river, and watched J. G. Phelps Stokes address the crowd below. It blocked the street cars, it stretched four ways from the corner as far as the buildings permitted eyes to reach. Every second sentence of Stokes brought mad cheers. "Now how many voters do you suppose

(Continued on Page 34)



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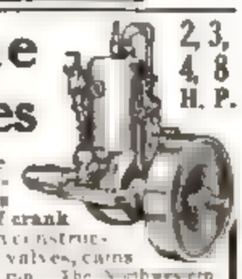

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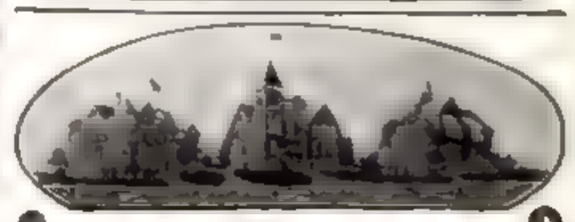

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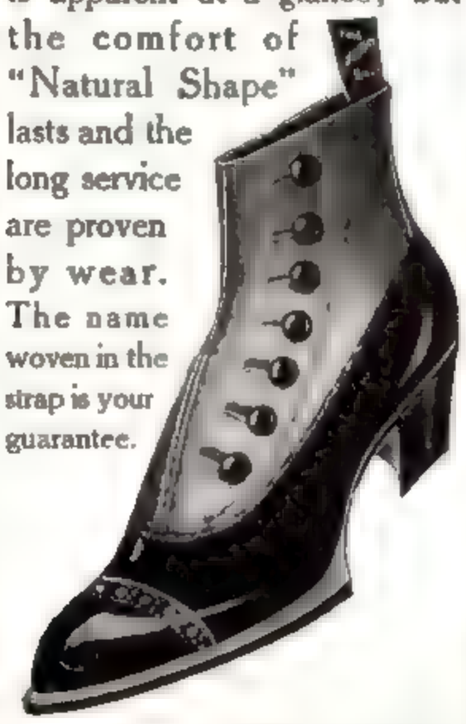

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they have in that crowd?" asked the expert on the East Side. "You'd never guess in a thousand years. Well, about one in fifty. That is a big estimate, too. Tammany is getting the voters, just as usual, and these fellows are getting all the noise."

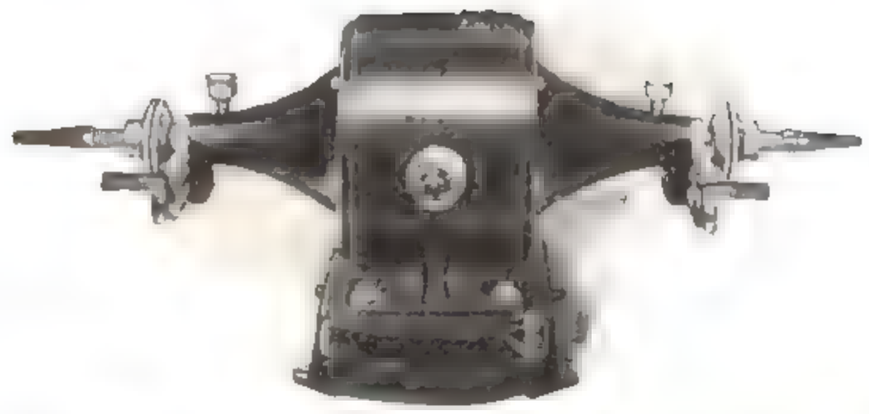
In most cases the Socialism of a Russian immigrant runs its course in the five years which precede his naturalization. In this fact there is nothing discreditable to the Jew nor to the Socialist propaganda. He has come here a member of an oppressed proletariat, still under the impression that established laws and governmental powers mean senseless tyranny. In three or four years he is the owner of a push-cart or of an interest in one; he begins to see something in capitalism. And Tammany, working with the immigrant Jews as shrewdly as it worked once with the immigrant Irishmen and Germans, has an eye on him. Let him play with Socialism. It does not matter, so long as he has no vote. When the time of his citizenship arrives the district leader, with his material arguments, gets in a little quiet, personal work, and makes him a conservative. The owner of the push-cart becomes proprietor of a small store and gets ready to move his family into Harlem. By this time he is back in the synagogue, wondering how he ever came to do it. Such is the typical case; there are many exceptions, of course. The Socialist vote on the East Side grows steadily, but measurably.

Prosperity Makes Conservatives

Perhaps it is this half-empty noise from among the newest of our new immigrants which has given rise to the charge that Socialism is an alien movement, fomented among the new foreigners. In all justice, this is not true. No one, whatever his shade of opinion, can study the movement without seeing that its late growth has gone rapidly among natives, and most rapidly of all among natives of old Anglo-American and Celtic-American families. It is true that it has won ground but slowly in the South, the "most American" part of this country. South Carolina and Mississippi are the two States which have no Socialist organization. But in the Far and Middle West, where the present growth in membership and votes is strongest, both leaders and late recruits are usually Americans. Milwaukee is only an apparent exception. The original Milwaukee Socialists were not native Germans, as most suppose, but sons of native Germans; and, though Berger depends strongly upon certain Italian and Polish wards to keep his nine councilmen in power, his best hold is in American tenement districts. Oklahoma has a small foreign population. From no vote at all, and no enthusiasm, in its territorial days, Oklahoma rose to a vote of thirty-two thousand in this last election, and the map of Oklahoma in National headquarters is peppered with the little red pins which mark off locals and branches for the information of the systematic Barnes. One day last November I looked over a list of new party members as they came into National headquarters. I found a few like Horowitz and Baccigalupi and Schmitz; but the bulk were Smiths and Joneses and MacDonalds and O'Briens. As a matter of fact, the conduct of the Jew toward the Socialist party is only an extreme expression of the attitude of all new immigrants. Poor, late from governmental oppression, drunk with new liberty, they follow the red flag until prosperity makes conservatives of them. The Socialist who seems to stick, to work for the party, and to rise to leadership in it, is the American.

Voting for Forlorn Hopes

This close organization, with its absolute effacement of the individual to the party will, and with its absolute reflection of party opinion through the referendum, is both a strength and a weakness to the party at present. The leaders say that it is a present weakness and a future strength. Take that clause in the party constitution which forbids the members to scratch the ticket. Doubtless, it drives away many who would join the party had they but the privilege of voting occasionally for a good man running on some moral issue. The last campaign of Jerome for district attorney is a good case in point. Most members of the Socialist party in New York would have liked to see Jerome elected; but their pledge bound them to



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For a limited time we offer to ship you, *on approval*, for $121.00, this graceful, substantial, ready to launch Motor Boat—an ideal craft for fishing, Hunting and Pleasure Boating. Safe for family and children. Steady and seaworthy.

This Launch (the result of 30 years' successful experience in boat building) is a scientific compromise of the auto-boat and flat bottom boat. Has sufficient dead rise to prevent tipping and wabbling when you stand up in it. Seating capacity, 6 to 8; 16 feet long, 42-in. beam, solid, 9-16 in. dressed planking; seams and nail indentions rendered permanently smooth and watertight by our Exclusive Seam Composition. Floor space equal to 18-ft. boat. False bottom being flat and full width of boat. Can change seats and move about without danger of tipping. Boat is propelled at a speed of 9 to 10 miles per hour by a powerful Gile self-starting, double opposed, horizontal, 2½ H. P. Engine of the Straight Cylinder, 2 Cycle type, controlled absolutely by one single Lever which starts, stops, reverses, etc. Develops full 2½ H. P. at 500 rev. per minute; 3 times at 700 rev., constructed in simple, accessible parts, valves or gears to get out of order. 40 page catalog explaining Engine in detail sent free. Guaranteed to give perfect and permanent satisfaction. Figures 1 to 100 H. P. can be purchased separately. No boats larger than 18 ft. **Send your name on a postal today** for detailed description of this beautiful, ready to launch Motor Boat. Investigate before buying a Launch. Our special $121.00 Price with *Immediate Shipment Guaranteed* is fixed for a limited time only. This Launch is complete and guaranteed to buy. Retail at $200.00.

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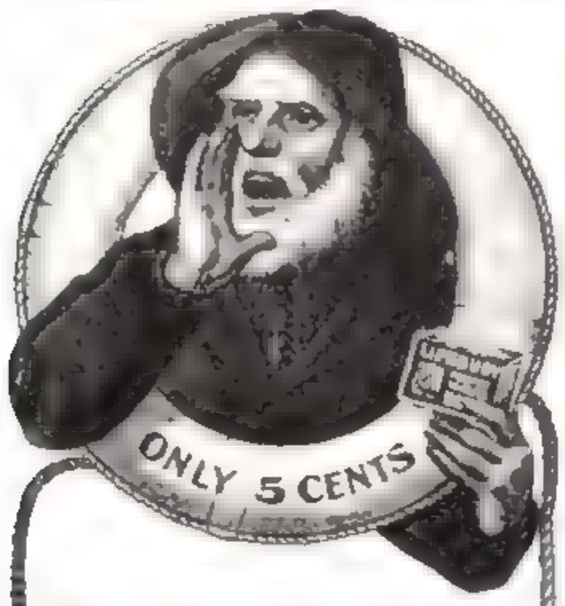

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Use LIFEBUOY SOAP for toilet and bath and enjoy the security it gives because of its hygienic and beneficial qualities.

You owe it to yourself, your family and your neighbors, to keep infection as far away as possible.

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Cleans and Disinfects at the Same Time.

Ask your Grocer. 5c a Cake.

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"'Good from the Ground Up.' I grew these magnificent 2-lb. onions from Boddington's Quality Seeds—several 2 ½-lb ones. For onions like these, sow indoors in Feb and March.

5 Packets Quality Seeds, 25 Cents

Postpaid, one full-size packet each of Boddington's Bountiful Onion, Early Model Red Globe Beet, Model Snowball Turnip Early of Earliest Cabbage, and May King Cabbage Lettuce. With our catalog we send a

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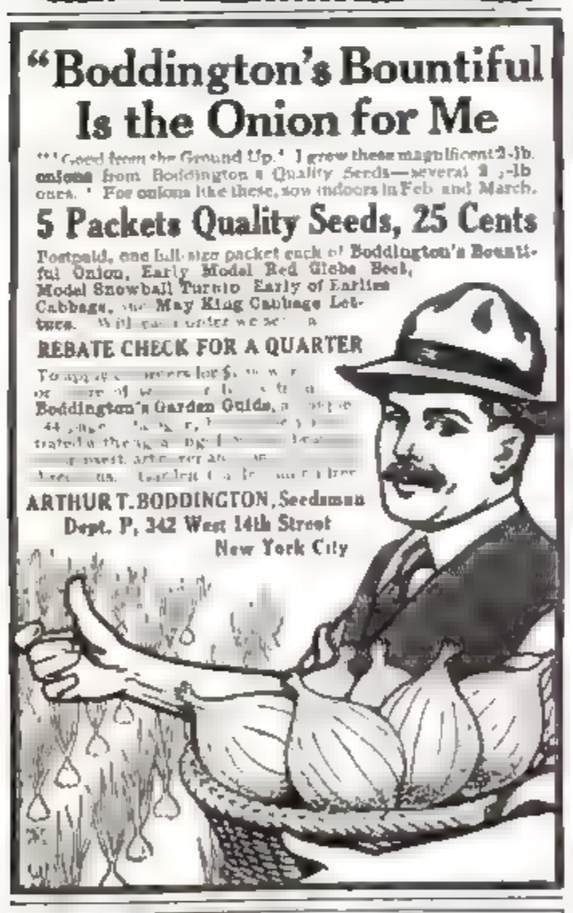
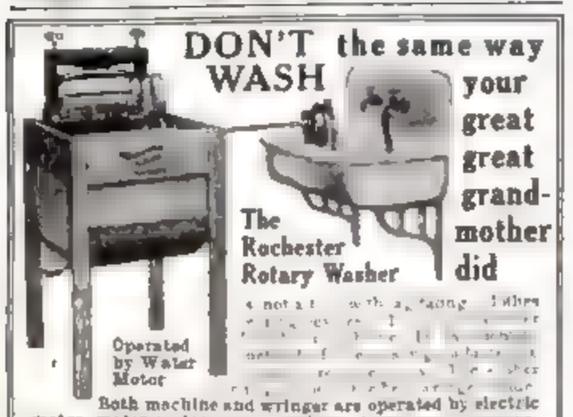


DON'T WASH the same way your great great grandmother did



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vote for some candidate who was worse than a forlorn hope.

But the party is fighting and building without a chance of present success. Its leaders must have some method to hold the faltering and bolster the weak-kneed until they have a fighting chance of winning electors. This seems to them the best practical scheme; and a referendum vote in the party approved it.

Socialism is still a party without graft, having no offices to command, there is nothing to graft on. Yet, curiously enough, it finds itself coupled up with the very wheel-horse of graft in municipal politics—the gang system. In its essence this closely-knit party is no more than a perfectly systematized political gang. Tammany itself is not so highly organized. A voter pledged to the party nominees, a candidate with his resignation in the hands of the party managers—not even Dave Rose nor Charlie Murphy nor Hinky Dink can command such adhesion as that. And whenever the conservative reformer brings up legislative measures to spike gang control, the Socialists may be found on the side of the machine men. For example, LaFollette, in his fight with Spooner, framed a new primary law intended to cripple the gang system. Victor Berger, the Socialist boss of Milwaukee, ranks Dave Rose, Democratic boss of Milwaukee, as the devil. But when Rose opposed this primary law Berger, for once, did not fight him. Berger only sat back and smiled. When the law was passed, however, the politicians discovered a curious thing—and they understood why Berger smiled—his was the only gang which it did not seem to hurt. With the "local" and branches meeting bi-monthly this Socialist machine need ask no odds of the primaries. Here extremes meet, almost ridiculously.

The Campaign of Stomachs

To Debs and to the National Committee the 1908 vote of only four hundred and fifty thousand was a disappointment. There had been so much noise, such crowds had thronged the outdoor meetings in the big cities or followed the Red Special, that the enthusiasts prophesied a million votes and believed themselves as they prophesied. But conditions were as favorable for a heavy vote in 1904 as they were unfavorable in 1908. In the former year the party polled more votes than its real strength, and in the latter fewer. Parker and Roosevelt were the candidates in 1904, and both were counted "conservatives." Radical Democrats, irritated by the turn in party management, voted for Debs as a protest. In 1908 the Democracy had its radical running again. The indorsement of Bryan by Gompers had something to do with turning "half-baked" Socialists back to the old party. Again, the period of unemployment sent many working-men traveling; thereby they lost registration and vote. The Socialists make much of this factor. The outsider esteems it more lightly; but it had its effect. Again, this was a campaign of stomachs. Industrial distress had not gone far enough to make the poor rabid and revolutionary. Every one wanted to see business restored; and that great politician in the White House had performed the miracle of making the public believe that a party which had been in power when hard times struck was also the party to lead out of hard times. Perhaps to clinch this point I need only repeat that with a party membership of sixteen thousand in 1904 they polled four hundred thousand votes, a ratio of one to twenty-five, and with a membership of fifty thousand in 1908 only four hundred and fifty thousand votes, a ratio of one to nine.

They are growing steadily and surely; the check to that growth is not yet. Theirs is the long game.

Failure

My child, I gave you simple tasks to do;
Why do you long to fly against the sun?
Straight paths were set wherein you were to walk,
Yet itch your feet the worlds' highways to run!

Oh, foolish, dreaming, blinded mortal child!
The narrow paths your vain feet spurned to tread,
The simple, homely tasks you left undone
Were steps from which your path to glory led!

—Louise Puley.

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Use and Enthuse!!

We want you to try an **Ever-Ready** shave. We want to **prove** that **you** can shave safely and expertly. We want to prove that the **Ever-Ready** is the best safety razor at any price.

If the Ever-Ready doesn't conclusively and emphatically convince you of this, let us return your dollar in return for the razor.

It's up to us to "make good," but it's up to you to put the **Ever-Ready** to test.

Of the nearly two million **Ever-Ready** shavers, thousands never knew what luxury shaving at home meant until they tried the **Ever-Ready**. Thousands are recruits from the ranks of disappointed users of other makers' razors.

You are apt to have imitations "worked off" on you under the guise of a similar razor. Remember that you should buy a safety razor, but the ***EVER-READY SAFETY RAZOR,*** *keeping clearly in mind the name "Ever-Ready," the Trade Mark face, the* **(12)** *twelve blades in each dollar set.*

Ever-Ready Safety Razor WITH 12 Blades $

WE guarantee each **Ever-Ready** blade—test, pack and wrap them separately, preserving the keenest, cleanest edge known to blade making. (Remember the wrapping shown in right, lower corner.)

Each **Ever-Ready** blade is protected against rust, dust, dullness and dirt. Exposed blades should be avoided.

There are 12 of these **Ever-Ready** blades in each **Ever-Ready** safety razor outfit at $1.00.

The entire **Ever-Ready** outfit complete with a silver nickel frame that will last a lifetime, a nickel handle and blade stropper and 12 guaranteed **Ever-Ready** blades all in an attractive and compact little case, costs you but one dollar.

Dealers everywhere sell you **extra Ever-Ready blades 10 for 50 cents.**

What's more, you can exchange 10 used blades for 10 new ones upon payment of 35 cents. Or what's more, you can strop back the keen edge after each shave.

Go to your nearest **druggist, hardware store, cutlery store, department store or general store.** Buy an **Ever-Ready** 12 Bladed Dollar Safety Razor. Take it home. Demonstrate to yourself and become one of the **Ever-Ready** enthusiasts.

We will send you the complete outfit to your home prepaid, upon receipt of $1.00, if you have the least difficulty securing the **Ever-Ready** at your dealer's.

American Safety Razor Co.
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CANADA—International Distributing Co.

End Darning Woes Wear Wunderhose

Every member of the family should wear them. Economy begins with the very purchase price, and continues through months of solid service and satisfaction. Our unique method of knitting fine linen into the toes, soles and heels gives wondrous wear-life to each stocking and sock

We pledge the wear of each boxful to give three months' service without the need of darning, with the absolute understanding that we will replace **free** of charge any **WUNDERHOSE** that punch through in the toe, heel or sole.

WUNDERHOSE for **Men**, four pairs in a box for **$1.00**. Black, Grey, Navy, Tan, and Black with White Feet.

Note especially that **WUNDERHOSE** for **Children** carry the same warrant at **$1.00** the box of four pairs. Black or Tan, all sizes

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If your dealer hasn't **WUNDERHOSE**, send **$1.00** direct, state size, style and color, and we will see that you are supplied

Write for **WUNDERHOSE** Wonder Book—contains stunts for entertaining, and the interesting story of **WUNDERHOSE**. It's Free.

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A TWOFOLD REFORMATION

(Concluded from Page 21)

right to his voice. But the change is, that somehow or other, in that five minutes, he's become a grown man. He's become a grown man, and, after hearin' Aunt B pourin' out all her simplicity there, it's just as if, somehow, too, she's become a little girl—maybe a little niece of his that's been ketched in mischief an' sent to the Mourners' Bench. And he, as the grown man, has got to help her out. It's him that first begins to feel that he's gettin' the answer to that prayer of hers. An' it's the right answer, too! 'The Lawd—well, well, of co'se He's terrible set again' the lottery business. But—well, He reckons He ain't got any rules He can't break *once* in a while.'

"And after that there's four five minutes that there's no call for me to go into. Suffice to say, that Aunt B, she gets the most part of Charlie's tears an' he gets the most part of hers—an' two people never got much closer.

"But, by an' by, they can begin to talk once more. An', 'Well, Aunt,' says Charlie, 'as nigh as I can see it, we not only got our chance to make our start again, but—as soon as you've fetched two fresh han'kerchiefs from the press—we got to start to make it.'

"'Oh, Charlie,' she says, 'after this I don't feel as if I could ever have any confidence in myself no more.'

"'Not another word, Aunt,' says Charlie; 'I've felt—felt that way so many times—so many times, myself, that I couldn't really tell you. An' I know what it means, too. It means that if you don't take good advice pretty soon you'll be mortgagin' for ready money again—an' then nothin' for it but to start takin' more flyers in the lottery business. An',' he says, 'you come down here by me, an' I'll tell you just what we're goin' to do. We're goin' to enter into a regular official agreement for mutual coadjuvancy an' support.'

"'Mutual co-coad—now what in the nation does he mean by that?'

"'Why, you hereby give me your solemn oath an' promise that now an' henceforth you won't do any more givin' away without callin' me in as consultin' counsel. An' I'll have to go 'way somewheres—up to Covington or Louisville—no use me tryin' to do anything around here—an' try the whirl of my life at the law again.'

"'Oh, my dear son!' she says.

"'Now, Aunt, you stop—you let me alone—I'll scream!'

"'Oh, but I will. An' now that you've once made up your mind for it, I can see you already just takin' your seat in the supreme court!'—an' then she halts. 'Oh, Charlie—but about that money—your half of it. I want to be right sure you're goin' to act hon'able about that?'

"Which sho' sticks him for a while. But 'Aunt,' he says, at last, 'I'll tell you what we'll do about it. I'll take five hundred to make my start with. An' you bank the rest along with yours. If I want it I'll call on you. But I must let you know right now that if I do so call, it'll be because I've broke our agreement like a low-down dog, an' backslidden once more.'

"But he didn't backslide. Those years were the beginnin' of the South's growin' time. An' if at the first it was Charlie's droppin' the Bourbon an' cards that began to get him a practice, it wasn't so long till the size of his practice was beginnin' of itself to be the best certainty that he wouldn't get back to them. Yet never for more than two weeks did his practice crowd out his Sunday visits to Aunt B.

"And as for Aunt B, well, she stuck to her part of the agreement as close—well, sho', as close as *could be expected*. Of co'se she couldn't tell Charlie everything. If she'd told him how Christmas had ketched the Buxbys that year, it'd been nothin' less than a breach of confidence. An' she couldn't tell him about the Eastover Townleys needin' help, nor all the baby clothes due to be called for by Elizabeth Townley's twins. *Tchck*—things like that weren't for a man to know.

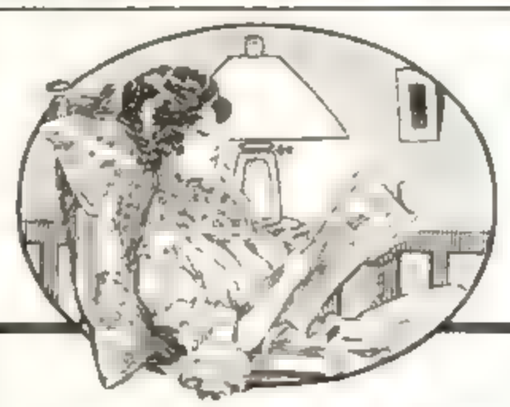
"And when, of a Sunday night, he'd go over to that little, old, red lacquer strongbox of hers, an' 'Now, Aunt,' he'd say, 'we'll herewith devote a few minutes to auditin' of the bankbook,' well, she could always show him that she was keepin' a little ready money ahead, in case of emergencies, anyhow."

Like Legal Tender

A package of Uneeda Biscuit is always a fair exchange for its cost, because Uneeda Biscuit are the best of all soda crackers. They are not expensive; on the contrary, Uneeda Biscuit is one of the least expensive of foods. There is no waste. There is most nourishment. Always fresh and crisp. Never stale. No broken crackers. Always whole and inviting. There can be no better soda crackers than

Uneeda Biscuit 5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Where there are books to be read the oil lamp is the best light—provided the lamp has the proper chimney.

Every chimney with my name on it is of the best lamp-chimney glass. My Index insures your getting the proper style for any burner.

MACBETH means a correctly designed chimney made of clear glass that won't break from heat.

My Lamp-Chimney Book insures getting the right chimney for any burner, and gives suggestions about lamps, chimneys, wicks, oils and tells how to keep lamps in order. I will mail it, free, to anyone who writes for it.

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Our **GAS CONTROLLER** stops that **Blowing** and **Breaking Mantles** and will actually save 15¢ to 30¢ on every gas bill. We guarantee it. Lasts a lifetime. No extra gas after attached. Drop a postal and let us send prices, etc. References from any bank in Chicago.

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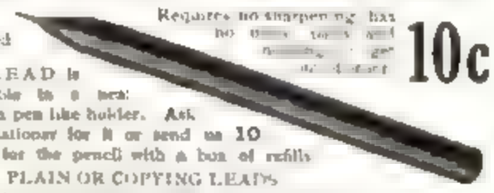
The "CADO" Fountain Pencil



Requires no sharpening has no [illegible] and no [illegible]

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The LEAD is adjustable to 6 sizes

Fountain pen like holder. Ask your stationer for it or send us 10 cents for the pencil with a box of refills

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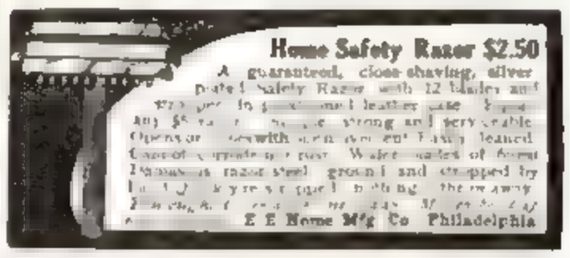

Home Safety Razor $2.50

A guaranteed, close shaving, silver plated Safety Razor with 12 blades and [illegible] to [illegible] and leather case. [illegible] Any $5 [illegible] strong and very durable. Opens or closes with [illegible] Fancy [illegible] Cases of [illegible] Water [illegible] Blades are razor steel ground and stropped by [illegible] keeps edge [illegible] shaving, throw away [illegible]

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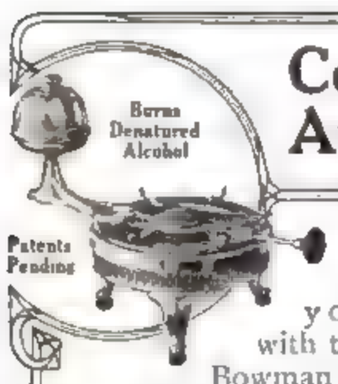

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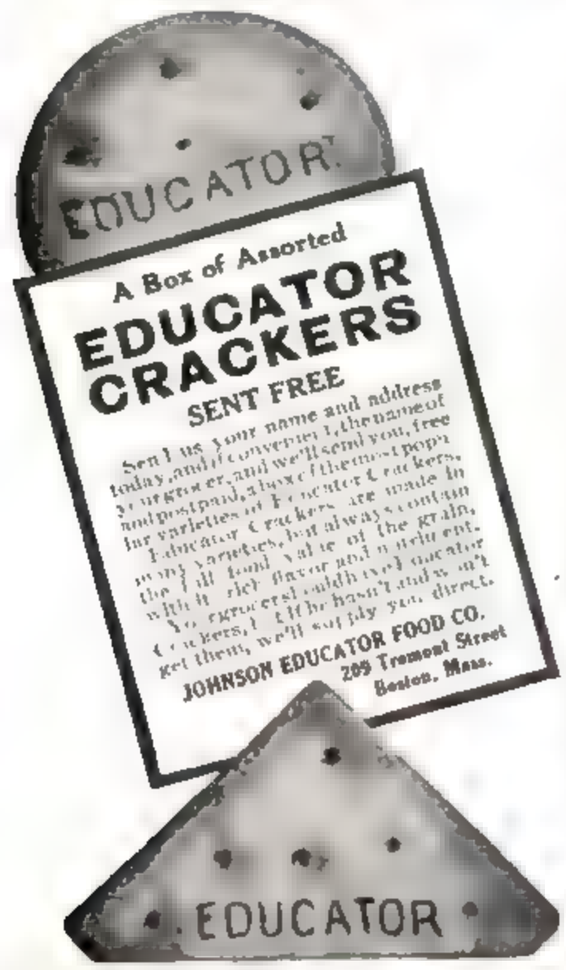

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THE FLOATER

(Continued from Page 15)

pusher, his uptilted head away back between his shoulders, his eyes fixed on the column and the tiny forms of the two men, waved his hand gently. The arm of the derrick moved. The column came closer to the building's edge. It hung now above the heads of the two connectors, standing each on his girder with the cap of the supporting column between their feet. It lowered until its base came nearly level with their feet, its bulk between them. The Floater leaned over the edge of the girder and waved his hand; the column stopped. In its base were four holes. In the cap of the column below were four holes. These eight must meet, each to its mate, to a hair's fraction. The column—slanting now as it hung—must be settled into exact perpendicular as the meeting came

It hung, swinging slowly in the chains, the two men, one on either side, insignificant in contrast to its black bulk. And the wind beating against its length kept it swinging. The Floater thrust his forge-wrench handle through one of the rivet holes in its base, and the handle lacked more than two feet of touching the hole's mate in the cap of the column below. Slanting in its chains the column's base was toward The Floater, uptilted at an acute angle from the foundation which it must find. It was ready for the fight.

The Floater bent forward toward the swinging column so that his tense, lined face nearly touched its cold side, and he grasped the end of his forge-wrench. His left hand shot from his side; he depressed its palm slightly. Far down the pusher caught the motion. The column moved down and came slightly toward The Floater until the heel of its base touched the girder near the cap of the supporting column. As it touched it straightened toward perpendicular. The Floater jerked desperately at the handle of his forge-wrench to bring it closer, to get it to the meeting point where his wrench handle could find the rivet hole in the column beneath, a scant six inches away. Suddenly it settled with a jerk. It rested on its base, askew on the end of the girder and the column cap.

The derrick chains slackened. It tottered in the wind like a tree that is about to fall. The Floater snarled in a mad effort to get advantage of this error on the part of those beneath. The column fell.

It fell away from The Floater and the chains caught it up. The base rose swiftly, then swept outward toward the street. The column was an engine of destruction. In the path of its irresistible movement The Floater threw himself on his face on the girder top. Its base struck his hat lightly from his head and passed him. Then it hung out over the street in the taut chains, huge and black and silent.

The Floater straightened himself, and lowered his feet so that he again sat astride the girder, and he rubbed his head where the touch of the iron had bruised. His face was placid, without emotion, like the face of a thrown wrestler waiting for the next bout. Hardly looking at the swinging column he extended his arm and waved his hand. Opposite him the other connector was biting into his black plug of tobacco. Sweat streaked their two faces. Far down, The Floater's hat was falling to the stone sidewalk.

The column was coming, to the wave of his hand, back toward him, grim and black, as though it threatened. He withdrew his arm. It stopped. He extended the hand. It came nearer. He leaned out and grasped the handle of his forge-wrench still thrust in the rivet hole. Gently he kept moving the palm of his left hand downward. The column settled, and the lower edge of its base touched the girder beyond the supporting column's cap. It straightened a second time toward perpendicular. He signaled sharply with his extended hand, and it stopped. His gloved fingers gripped the forge-wrench handle as though they would sink into it, and he dragged the base toward him. An inch; the metal made a sullen sound on the meeting metal beneath. Another inch; it ground more lightly. A half inch; he stopped. He had come to the end. Another half-inch movement toward him would lighten the point of contact, and the straining derrick chains would lift the column free, and the wind would swing it from him. Even now, as he wrestled grimly with it, the wind strove to blow

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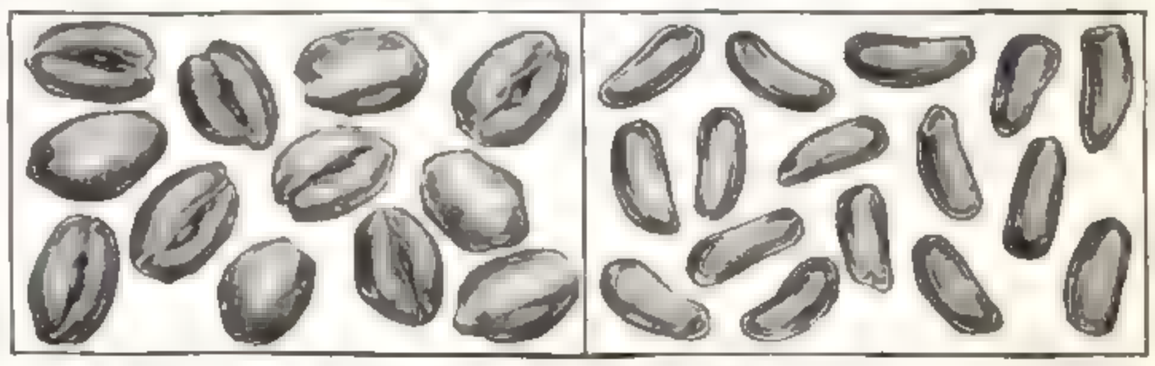
These curious puffed foods will be your breakfasts forever when you once learn what they are.

Don't wait till tomorrow—order them now. For you are missing a food that's better than any you know.

Exact Size of Grains After Being Puffed



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it away from the point of leverage. The other connector was fighting on his side, beneath the leaning mass of iron, hugging its bulk to hold it. The two of them wrestled thus, swaying in and out over the line of the building's edge, back beyond the line of its interior. And suddenly the wind abated. The chains slackened ever so slightly.

The two men gasped with a supreme effort. The Floater's lips drew back so that they showed his teeth beneath. He dragged the base toward him another inch. The handle of his forge-wrench was over the meeting rivet hole. He raised on his knees on the girder and pressed downward and the handle entered the hole. He pried the column to its place just as the wind raised again, and the other connector at the same moment thrust home a bolt, then screwed it tight.

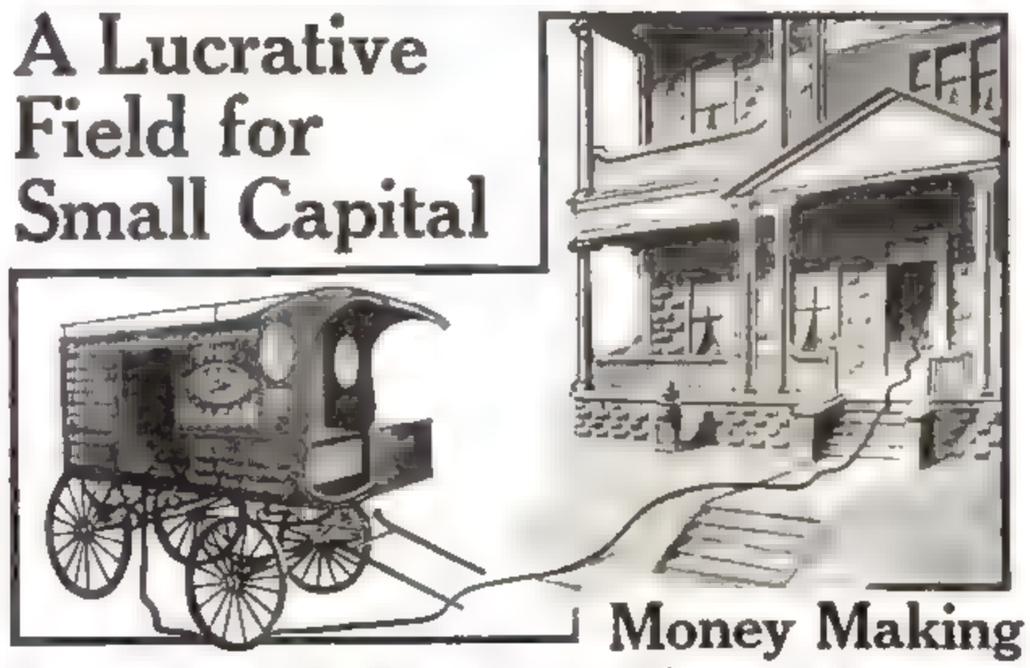
In the riveting gang are a heater, a bucker-up and two riveters. One of these last is the rivet-catcher; the other handles the "gun," the pneumatic hammer whose rapid-fire reports have earned it its name. The heater brings the rivets to a pale pink in his portable forge. He tosses them to the rivet-catcher, who receives them in an empty powder-can, withdraws them with a tongs and passes them to the "gun man." The latter places the rivet in its hole. The bucker-up holds each rivet in its place, while the riveter drives its new head with his "gun." The bucker-up uses a tool called a dolly-bar to do this. Crudely speaking, the dolly-bar consists of a handle and a hammer-like head, in which is a cuplike depression fitting over the rivet. The handle of the dolly-bar fits within an iron hook which is clamped to the column, and so gets a leverage which enables the bucker-up to hold it against the blows of the pneumatic hammer.

The building's frame climbed. The riveters climbed with it. They reached the top. They fixed their narrow stagings where the iron met the skyline. The heater stood by his portable forge, on four planks thrown across the purlines. With his left hand he turned the bellows; his right held the slender handles of his tongs, stirring the rivet in the flaring coals. The fire spat sparks about him. His face was black like the face of a smith.

The Floater stood on a girder at the edge of the building, ninety feet away. He whistled; the heater withdrew his tongs, in their end the glowing rivet. The Floater raised his powder-can over his left shoulder, its mouth uptilted to just the proper angle. The heater lowered his tongs till they hung to the level of his knee, then tossed the rivet from them. It sped, trailing sparks, a fiery missile, toward The Floater's head. He bent his body sharply to the right. It struck the powder-can. His arms went back before its impact, out over the line of the building's edge, his body muscles tensed to meet the shock. Striking, as The Floater had meant it should, on the can's upper face, midway between mouth and bottom, the lump of red-hot iron ricochetted to the bottom, then fell dead against the lower side. The Floater seized it in his tongs, and ran along the girder to the corner of the building. Here, on a two-plank staging slung to a column, the other riveter took it and placed it in its hole, then handed back the tongs to The Floater. The bucker-up clamped it tight with his dolly. The riveter seized his hammer by its two handles and pressed it against the glowing metal. The Floater caught five hundred of these red-hot rivets every day. He caught them in his powder-can much as a catcher receives high-pitched balls from the pitcher—only these glowing chunks of iron came hurtling sometimes from nearly two hundred feet away. And catching each of them he stretched his body, standing often on tiptoe, throwing his arms upward and back, holding his balance on an eight-inch girder. Hour after hour, eight hours a day, he played this rude game, often in a high wind, sometimes with the afternoon sun blinding his eyes.

He liked it. It was his chosen calling. It demanded his strength and his courage—animal strength and animal courage. His muscles were hard and perfect, and he was afraid of nothing. Relying on them he believed in what they could do. And so, on the ground, he carried with him a rudeness, sometimes a lawlessness, which men of other walks in life, who had not seen him up above the building tops, could not understand—which they were prone to judge harshly.

A Lucrative Field for Small Capital



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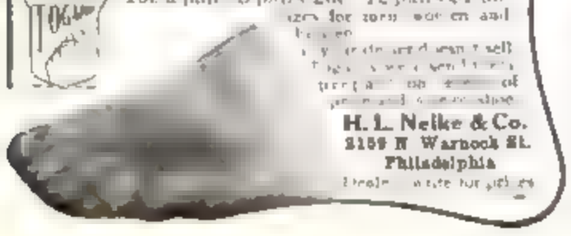

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HEADACHE

(Continued from Page 13)

going any further and of enabling him to get at the cause. Headache, like pain anywhere, is Nature's imperative order *to halt* at least long enough to find out what you are doing to yourself that you shouldn't. It makes little difference what you take for your headache, as long as you follow it up by lying down for an hour or two, or, better still, by going to bed for the remainder of the day and sleeping through until the next morning. If more headaches were treated in this way there would not only be fewer headaches, but two-thirds of the risks of nervous breakdown, collapse, insomnia and chronic degenerative changes in the liver, kidneys and blood-vessels would be avoided.

This, of course, is a counsel of perfection, and incapable of general application for the sternest of reasons, but it does indicate the rational attitude toward headache and its treatment, and one which is coming to be more and more adopted. No motorist would dream of pushing ahead with a shrieking axle or a scorching hotbox, unless his journey were one of most momentous importance or a matter of life and death. Pain is Nature's automatic speed regulator. It is often necessary to disregard it to get the work of the world done and to discharge our sacred obligations to others; but this disregarding should not be exalted to too high a pinnacle of virtue, and least of all worshiped as inherently and everywhere a mark of piety and one of the insignia of saintship.

A Stitch in Time

A business firm or a factory, for instance, which would send home for the day each of its employees who reported a genuine case of bad headache, would, in the long run, save money by avoiding accidents, mistakes, muddles and confusions often involving a whole department, due to the kind of work that is done by a man or woman who is physically unfit to attempt it. And the higher the type of work that has to be done, the more the elements of insight, grasp and sound judgment enter into it, the graver and costlier are the mistakes that are likely to be made under such circumstances.

Of course, it will probably be objected at this point: "What is the use of wasting a day or even half a day, when by taking two or three capsules of So-and-So's Headache Cure I can get rid of the pain and go right on with my work?" It is perfectly true that there are a number of remedies which will relieve the average headache; but there are two important things to be borne in mind. The first is that all of these are simply weaker or stronger nerve-deadeners; most of them actual narcotics. All that they do is to stop the pain and thus cheat you into the impression that you are better. You are just as tired and as unfit for work as you were before. Your nervous system is just as saturated with poisons, and the chances are ten to one that the quality of the work that you do will be just as bad as if you had taken no medicine. Further, like alcohol, when used as a "pick-me-up" under somewhat similar conditions, the remedy which you have taken, while producing a false sense of comfort and even exhilaration by deadening your pain and discomfort, in that very process itself takes off the finer edge of your judgment, the best keenness of your insight, and the highest balance of your control. In short, your nervous system has to struggle with all the poisons that were present before, with another one added to them!

After you have taken Nature's wise advice and obeyed her orders and put yourself at rest, then there are a number of mild sedatives with which every competent physician is familiar, one of which, according to the special circumstances of your case, it may be perfectly legitimate to take in moderate doses, with the approval of a physician, as a means of relieving the pain and helping you to get that sleep which will complete the cure.

One other measure of relief, which, like rest, is also indicated by instinct, is worth mentioning, and that is gentle friction of the head. One of the most instinctive tendencies of most of us when suffering from a severe headache is to put the hands to the head, either for the purpose of frantically clutching at it, rubbing as if our

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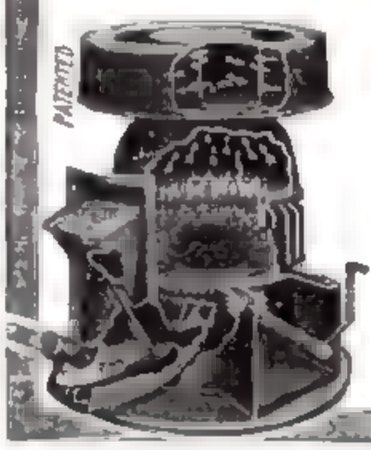
Illustration shows furnace with one casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.



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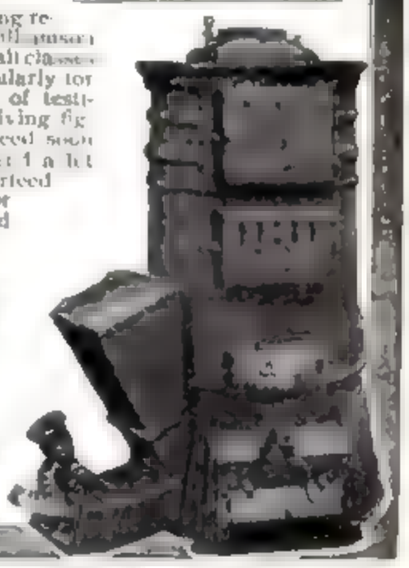

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HENRY S. LOTZ
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THAT MULE, BLUFFER

(Concluded from Page 11)

As soon as Uncle Limp caught sight of this man his jaw dropped; he climbed the pasture fence and got a safe start for the canebrake. Jack did not smile. Miguel did not smile. They had no sense of humor in a purely business transaction.

Miguel brought forward a large-bodied wagon. When they lifted the cover it looked like an ambulance. The men unloaded a complication of derricks, hammocks and various apparatus for lifting horses. Uncle Limp crept a little nearer. The old negro never could explain how it was accomplished, but these expert handlers of horse-flesh tied Bluffer with a lot of ropes and belly-bands, and hoisted him into the ambulance-wagon.

The gipsy is not much of a talker, but as the wagon-train moved on Miguel called back: "Oh, yaz, Naygur, las' year you swap me dis mule; I no take 'im away. Dis year I came back. He one fine mule for swap."

When the gipsies were safely gone Uncle Limp glanced from the red mule in the pasture to the money tightly clutched in his hand. He started back to his cabin, hoping to get a grain of comfort from Stallings. He stepped out in the big road and his eyes went roving after Bluffer. Ahead of the wagon-train he saw a cloud of dust—Stallings, the white horse and sorrel mule were racing like mad. The old man turned and Cindy confronted him: "Dar now! you ole fool; now what you gwine to do fer a livin'?"

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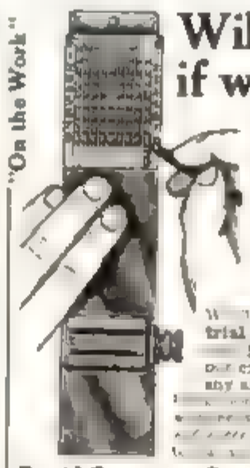

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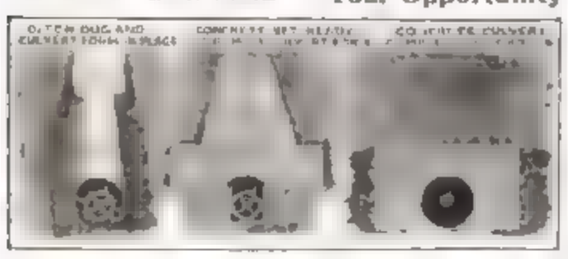

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WHY THE NEW THEATRE IS NEW

(Continued from Page 19)

subscribed withdrew their subscriptions. Here, then, was a curious situation. New York had a powerful association of founders, and no director; Boston a director with no adequate public backing. Moreover, the Bostonian had precisely the combination of catholic common-sense and expert knowledge necessary to reduce Mr. Conried's grandiose theatre to practical proportions.

Mr. Ames had no intention of throwing up his own sponge, and still less of leaving his ancestral home. Yet the logic of such a combination is more powerful than any man's personal preferences. It took some time to bring him into consultation with the New York founders; but once he had met them and felt their generous devotion to the idea he was lost to himself and to Boston. Instead of spending last summer in a pleasure-trip to Europe, he took off his coat and sweltered in hottest New York with architect and builder. The theatre that he has evolved from the original grandiose misconception is as fitting and useful as it is beautiful

Many obstacles remain to be overcome. No one knows this better than the men who, passionately believing in the new idea, have, for over a decade, kept themselves clear of venture after venture that was misconceived. The Broadway managers are especially skeptical. "Where," they ask, "are you going to find your plays and your actors?"

The art of the playwright has come on since the days of the Theatre of Arts and Letters. Scarcely a season passes without revealing some new talent of promise. Last year it was Eugene Walters, author of Paid in Full, The Flag Station and The Wolf. Before that came Tarkington and Wilson with The Man from Home, William Vaughan Moody with The Great Divide, and Langdon Mitchell with The New York Idea. Our older playwrights, such as Mr. Fitch, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Ade, are progressing steadily in their art, having lately reached their best in The Truth, The Witching Hour and Father and the Boys. The competition will be keen; but is it too much to hope that the New Theatre will have a share of good work? It should at least give a play as prominent a production as the commercial houses; and it has been wise enough to secure equally good facilities for sending its plays out on the road. Financially, the opportunity it offers should be very attractive.

In one respect it is at a great advantage. In many cases plays have failed on the commercial stage merely for the lack of an artistic production: the work of stage management has been performed with a pitchfork. Art is a matter of the fingertips; to create the semblance of life and emotion is a labor of love, of subtle thought and vigilant care. The commercial manager, with his long chain of theatres throughout the land, each yawning for an "attraction" to keep it open, has no time to spend with scene painters and carpenters, in selecting the one right actor for each part, in inventing effective stage business, in securing the precise emphasis for an important word, in divining the one among a dozen possible ways of delivering a speech which will give it its best and truest significance. Neither has the commercial manager as yet shown the faculty of developing stage-managers. It is no exaggeration to say that the art of stage management has been killed by the modern wholesale method of production.

Already this season two plays of very unusual value have been virtual failures—The Mollusc and Mater—which, with a merely adequate production, would have been successful. Every year enough plays are slaughtered by commercial management to fill out the season at an artistic theatre. The cry of deepest malice used to be: Oh, that mine enemy would write a book! Now the most perilous adventure is to have a play produced on Broadway.

Among all the managers only one shines as an artistic producer—David Belasco. Only once or twice in his long career has he staged a play of any fresh dramatic value; but, until quite lately, he has never had a failure. In stage management as elsewhere, art pays. The fact is obvious, though the managers seem not to have observed it, that a well-balanced cast is, to say the least, as attractive to the public as

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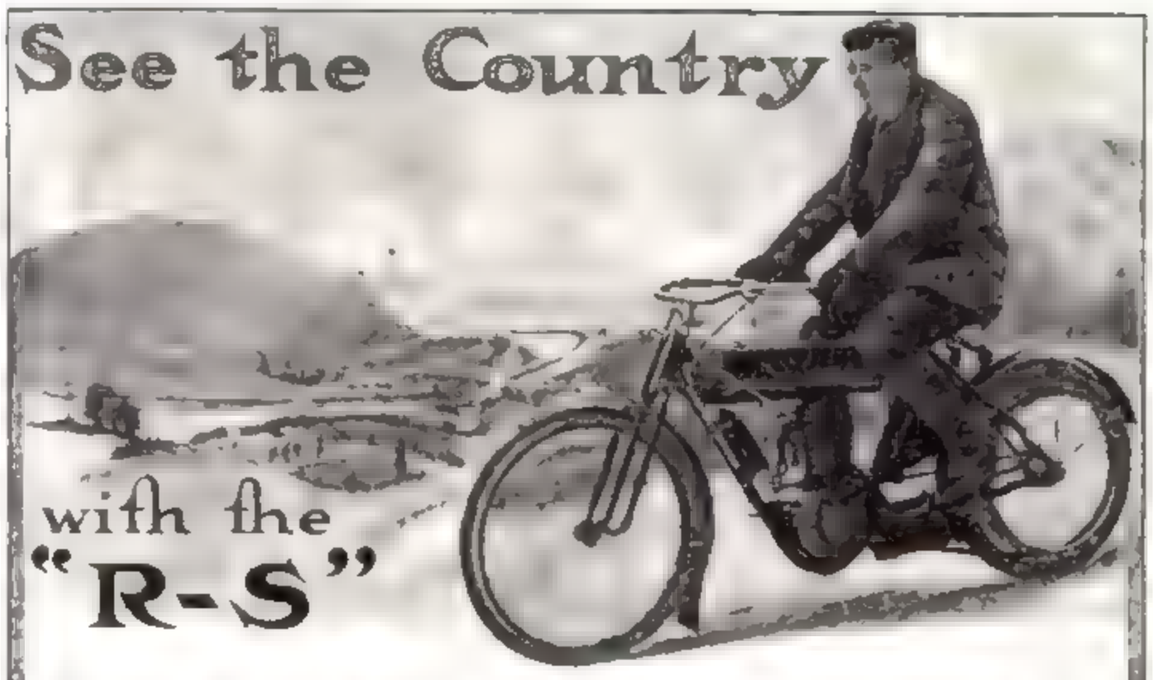

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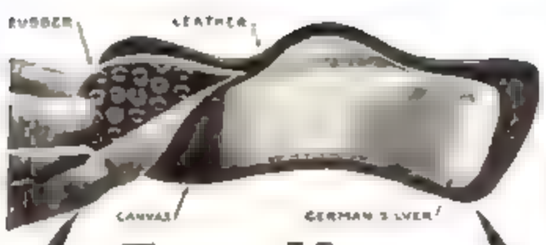

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a star who shines chiefly by contrast with his company. A theatre with a large and varied stock company, and under the direction of a man familiar with both the art of the drama and the art of the stage, offers the artistic playwright a priceless advantage.

The problem of the actor is more difficult. It is a fact which the enthusiasts for the stock company often forget, that in a properly-balanced production the leading parts as well as the minor parts require to be adequately filled. It is a very good thing to have the butler and the maid played by actors who give the precise atmosphere of butler and maid; but if the hero and heroine also act like domestics the excellence of their comrades counts for little. The New Theatre will have to have a company numbering between thirty and forty, and among them artists of the first rank in the several different lines of leading parts. In short, it will have to support the equivalent of three companies headed by three stars. In the English-speaking world, as I have said, there are very few artistic stars of the first order, and even if they are secured their salaries will be a formidable item of expense.

Yet the New Theatre has advantages which, to an artist, should be more precious than much gold. It offers a permanent residence and a dignified position in the metropolis; and it offers an opportunity to develop along varied lines of art, untrammeled by many of the most trying conditions of commercial management. Even financially these advantages are valuable. With a reputation gained at the foremost artistic theatre in the land, and playing in its most successful productions, they should be able to make occasional tours under the most favorable conditions.

No one has claimed that the New Theatre is to bring the dramatic millennium—least of all the director and founders. To keep any great institution alive requires ceaseless intelligence and ceaseless activity—in this most hazardous business of the drama it requires, also, a fair share of good fortune. Yet the New Theatre has a fighting chance, and it intends to fight.

One of its chief handicaps lies in the fact that its founders are so widely known as leaders in wealth and fashion. Since the days of Shakespeare and Molière we have lost the disposition to march in the train of the rich and the great. It happens to be the fact that the chief desire of the founders is to make the New Theatre broadly civic, even national. But even in art the public must not be pauperized. Very wisely the financial scheme, though liberal, is by no means princely. If the foundation is to endure it must come within a measurable distance of paying its own way. Out of the seventeen hundred and six seats in the auditorium only about one hundred and fifty are reserved for the founders and their guests, in a tier of boxes corresponding to the famous horseshoe at the opera; and at more than half of the performances these also will be on sale. But will the public for which this great theatre has been created take it to its heart as its own?

It all depends on how far we have got away from our traditional attitude toward the drama. It has been estimated that three-fourths of the people who are prepared, in means and in intelligence, to enjoy the artistic drama never go to the theatre. This is partly, no doubt, because so little of the drama that is currently offered them is artistic. But it is largely the result of the lingering prejudice of the Puritan. Is it possible that these people can reconcile themselves to having a good time—that they can be made to see that they are benefiting themselves, morally and spiritually, *because* they are having a good time? That is the question on which rests the fate of the New Theatre.

If they cannot, then the new building will have to be sold to the commercial managers, and the three centuries of our treason to Shakespeare, and to the cause of dramatic art in general, will be indefinitely extended. If they can, the prospect which is opening out before us is almost unimaginably magnificent. The success of the New Theatre will inevitably inspire similar foundations in all our leading cities. Already, I am told, Chicago is preparing to redeem its first error. Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco will not be far behind. The time is ripe, in short, for a movement of the kind that swept through Germany when first the drama of Shakespeare was wedded to the theatre of Molière.

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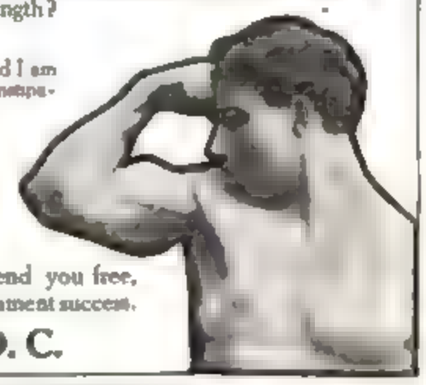

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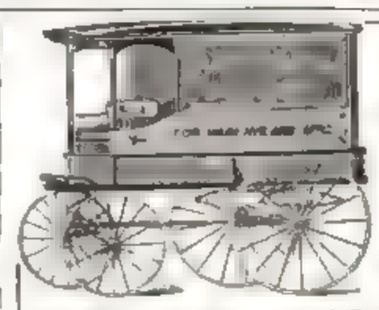

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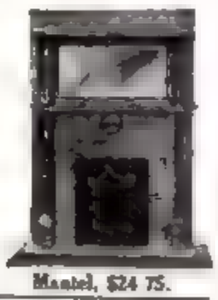

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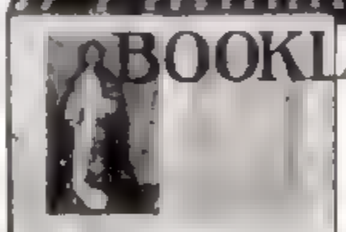

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THE GOLD CONSPIRACY

Continued from Page 7

kind, Mr. Rector. I hope you won't let it be known that one of the bank's messengers walked off with four millions in gold over night. You see"—he looked up now, and his underdone pink face was spread in a wide, impudent grin—"besides starting a very inconvenient run it would make the bank look so like a fool!"

Rector was angrily aware of turning scarlet. He perceived that he had been grossly in error. The light from the gas-jet fell full on the ex-messenger's beardless, upturned face; and it was not, as a cursory glance suggested, the face of a callow youth. It was, rather, one of those blond faces upon which time makes little impression. But it now seemed to Rector that the gray eyes which impudently mocked him were old with all the craft of Egypt. "Nevertheless," said the banker harshly, "I'm going to look over that room!"

Jones sat down on a packing-case and grinned up at the banker. "Of course, if you're bound to I can't help it," he said "You're stronger than I am. The door isn't locked."

A number of things then occurred to Rector in a very small extent of time—that nobody knew where he was, that he was unarmed, that this dim basement was as good as a cave, and that back room a sort of sub-cellar to a cave, that, considering the ingenuity of the robbery itself, the trail to the gold had been singularly easy to follow, that such a robbery might well have employed many ruthless hands. The manner in which Jones, sitting on the packing-case, grinned up at him was exceedingly disagreeable.

Also, it was exceedingly exasperating. Rector was no coward, and his blood was up now. He turned straight toward the door, and in doing so turned his back to Jones.

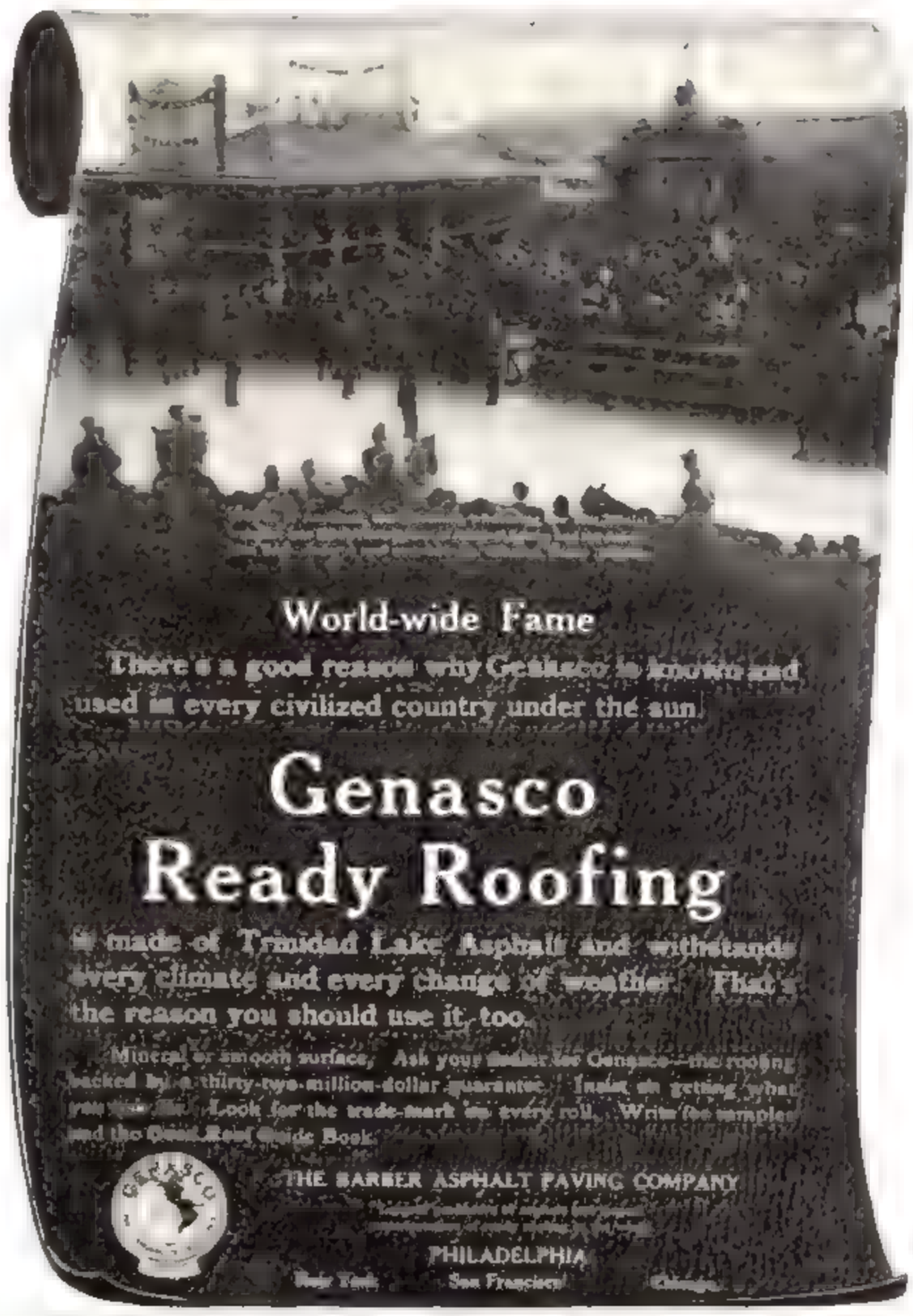
Turning to the door, the vice-president acutely felt the ex-messenger at his back. Indeed, a little cold spot developed between his shoulder-blades—as though a knife were striking just there. But his blood was up; he would have died in his tracks before he would have turned to look over his shoulder.

The door yielded at once to his hand. He threw it open and stepped into the small back room. There was not much light. The window giving upon the blind court was coated with dirt. But the gas-jet in the front room made a pale path across a big white pile in the middle of the floor. Rector recognized the pile. Stooping he picked from it a small, stout, filled canvas sack, bound at the neck with cord, the cord fastened with a lead seal. The whole pile was made of such sacks. Here, undoubtedly, was the bank's gold. In a sort of self-disciplining bravado, he got a match-safe from his pocket and struck a light by which he surveyed the heap of sacks, all duly sealed and tagged. There was no doubt about it. Here was the bank's gold—or most of it. When he dropped the burnt match and trod upon it he was quite cool; and he stepped out grimly to confront Jones again. But the grinning figure had disappeared from the packing-case. The front room was empty.

For the moment, however, that was immaterial. The big thing was that he had found the gold, and he hurried back to the bank. It was then about half-past two.

Fortunately, in a way, it was a time when all rules went by the board, and extraordinary things might be done without exciting comment. To remove the sacks from the dingy basement and restore them to the bank's vaults was not, therefore, especially difficult. The operation was completed before six o'clock. The tally showed that not a single sack was missing; the robbers had actually not gotten away with a dollar. Rector went home with a vast sense of relief.

In the days that followed the country was one big smolder of panic—with here and there a tongue of flame. The banks fought the fire with back-fire. Actual money was locked up. In fifty cities outside of New York cash payments were suspended or restricted—on the principle of starving a conflagration by removing what it feeds on. For the firemen, naturally, it was an anxious time. President Carter of the Primary National was staying at home trying to stave off an attack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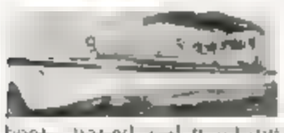

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of nervous prostration, and the first vice-president was a very busy man.

But he by no means forgot Jones. Now that his gold reserve was intact and the danger of a run practically passed, he felt at liberty to call in the detectives. They discovered several interesting things: that one of the night watchmen, Callaghan by name, had disappeared; that an elderly person named Henderson, who had performed some exceedingly humble duties under the janitor, and so had access to the bank premises, had also disappeared; that the letter of recommendation from Chillicothe, Ohio, on the strength of which Jones had secured his modest position in the messenger department, at twenty-five dollars a month, was a forgery; that the man who had introduced him to the renting agent when he leased the basement at number thirteen was not the man he pretended to be. Perhaps the most surprising of their discoveries was that the house address which Jones had given at the renting agency was actually where he lived—a small flat on One Hundredth Street. He was still the lessee of that flat and his furniture was in it; but the family had gone out of town. The detectives searched the flat, but found nothing that helped them. A strict watch was set upon it.

Four weeks and a day after the robbery Rector was notified that Jones had returned. He directed that a warrant, charging the forgery of the letter of recommendation, be issued, and instructed just how the culprit was to be taken.

Leaving the Subway about two o'clock Saturday afternoon and walking down One Hundredth Street the vice-president could not help feeling how odd an errand he was upon. It was difficult to associate a huge bank robbery with this hopelessly respectable neighborhood of small flats and small trade. The building he sought contained a drug store and grocery on the ground floor, with two stories of small flats above. He climbed the stairs and turned to the right. The door of the front flat bore a little wrought-iron frame which contained a poorly-printed card: Mr. A. B. Jones; The Prosperity Company. A tinkling, as though some one were absently picking a guitar, came from within and a sound of voices—a man's and two women's. They seemed to be enjoying a family joke. When the laughter had subsided Rector knocked—seeing no push-button. Silence fell; then the door was swung hospitably open by Mr. A. B. Jones

His round, beardless face was spread in a grin which seemed to be an aftermath of the family joke. His straw-colored hair stuck up in careless abandon, and he wore a blue flannel jacket with embroidered cuffs and collar. It reached barely to his hips and his bony wrists protruded far beyond the cuffs. The musical instrument which Rector had heard was clasped under his arm.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Rector! Come in!" he sang out, as one greets an unexpected but welcome guest. The grin changed in quality, but not in quantity.

The flat, as Rector saw at a glance, was like any other; he appraised it at about thirty-five dollars a month. In the middle of the somewhat shabby sitting-room to which Rector was ushered stood a woman, small and prettily plump, perhaps thirty. She was smiling. One did not think whether she was handsome; one thought at once how nice she was.

"My wife, Mr. Rector," said Jones, and the caller saw that the robber had a proper, uxorious pride in the fact. As she advanced a step he noticed also that she was lame; a hurt to the hip made her limp slightly.

"My sister-in-law," said Jones, with a grin that spilled over, "I guess you've met—Miss Vance."

Rector had been aware of her from the moment he crossed the threshold. She was the very nice girl whom he had encountered in the dingy basement. He saw now, more precisely, that she had dark-brown hair, a dimple in the point of her chin, and wore rimless eyeglasses that looked like a pretty affectation. He was oddly disconcerted. There must be some mistake. This, surely, was the nice family of an honest head clerk. He didn't know, afterward, exactly what he had managed to say before the women left them alone. He remembered watching the sister-in-law—Alice, he discovered, was her name—glide out of the room behind Mrs. Jones.

It was rather difficult to pull himself together and put himself back in the proper,

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Birdcoal-buffalo

A copy of this splendid [illegible] description to the "Journal of Modern Construction" [illegible]

Max L. Keith, 318 Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.

minatory attitude. He got no help from the host, who took a rocking-chair opposite him, sociably cocked his ankle over his knee, and felt of the guitar-strings without sounding them—as though he rather expected the caller to talk about the weather.

"I must know," Rector began gravely, "exactly how you robbed that vault."

"Why, as to that," Jones replied lightly, as though it were an immaterial point, "it was rather simple. Of course, it required a lot of time and patience and mechanical ingenuity. Fortunately, we had with us a man who is really a mechanical genius—Mr. Henderson. I hope you'll meet him some time. He is really a genius."

This frank and friendly commendation of Mr. Henderson left Rector a bit dazed.

"Whether we could have got through the combination locks on those safes without explosives if we hadn't had Henderson, I doubt, and he was very clever at disconnecting the burglar alarm. You see"—he warmed up to the subject somewhat—"the trouble with your vault is that it's all constructed to keep a man on the outside from getting in. No doubt a man on the outside couldn't get in. But if you put an ingenious man with a proper kit of tools on the inside it isn't difficult for him to get out. Of course, we worked from the inside, out. As messenger"—he grinned appreciatively—"I had more or less the run of the bank for seven months. Henderson was on the inside, too, you know. He worked three months picking those combination locks. If you're much interested," he added genially, "I'll show you some day, step by step, just how we did it."

Still a bit dazed, Rector, so to speak, shook himself up to the task in hand. "You'll have to show me now," he said, under his breath, and with a glance at the door through which the women had disappeared.

"They can't hear," Jones assured him, at ease. "What have you in mind?"

"What have I in mind? Great Scott, man!" Rector burst out. "Are you crazy? Do you think I can let a thing of that kind pass—just forget it? Four millions of the bank's gold stolen! Nobody knowing to this day whether there may not have been half a dozen men in the plot who are still in the employ of the bank. Don't you see that I've got to know, step by step, with absolute proof, just how you robbed the vault, and who helped you? And so," he added, in a lower tone, "I've come up to get you, Jones. For the sake of the ladies I hope you'll go along quietly and explain it all."

The host regarded him gravely. "You've got a warrant for me?" he inquired gently.

"It's waiting outside," Rector replied, with a sober sense of the tragedy of taking a man—even a bank-robber—from the bosom of his family. "For the sake of the ladies I hope you'll go along quietly and tell me all about it."

Jones felt thoughtfully of the guitar-strings. Gazing gravely at the floor he slowly shook his head. "The limitations of the practical mind, Mr. Rector," he observed—apparently apropos of nothing. He raised his voice and called: "Alice! oh, Alice!"

The nice sister-in-law appeared at the door. "Fetch me that seal, please," said Jones without looking at her; and when she had disappeared he continued ruminating: "The limitations of the practical mind! That's been the most surprising thing to me in this whole experience. You see"—he looked over at the guest soberly—"we fairly set up signposts pointing the way to that basement at number thirteen Money Lane. I didn't see how we could have made the trail any plainer without leaving a note and diagram showing you where to go. I expected that you would be down there within half an hour after the loss of the gold was discovered. You did finally follow the blazed trail and find your sacks. And even yet it hasn't occurred to you that we were not going to all that bother just for exercise—simply for our health. Of course, Rector," he added earnestly, "I don't wish to be offensive. As I say, the limitations of the practical mind greatly surprise me."

Before Rector could think of a reply Sister-in-law Alice came in. He saw that she was carrying a small, but heavy, metal object which looked very much like a stout pair of forceps with a goiter. Obeying Jones' little gesture, she stepped up to Rector and offered him the object.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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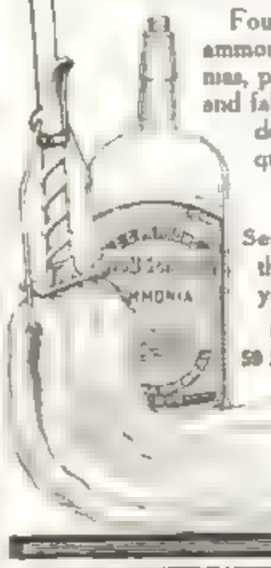

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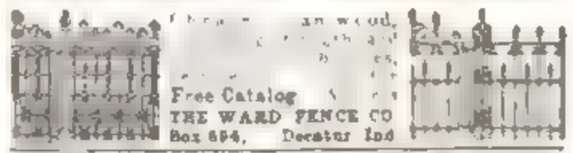

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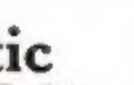

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FLAVILLA

(Continued from Page 17)

his wet hair, parting it in the middle and combing it deftly into two gay little Mercury wings. Then, fishing in the soaked pockets of his knickerbockers, he produced a pair of smart pince-nez, which he put on, and then gazed up at her.

"Oh!" she said, with a quick, indrawn breath, "you *are* attractive!"

At that he turned becomingly scarlet.

Leaning on one lovely, bare arm, burnished hair clustering against her cheek, she continued to survey him in delighted approval, which sometimes made him squirm inwardly, sometimes almost intoxicated him.

"To think," she murmured, "that *I* lured *you* out here!"

"I *am* thinking about it," he said.

She laid her head on one side, inspecting him with frankest approval.

"I wonder," she said, "what your name is. I am Flavilla Carr."

"Not one of the Carr triplets?"

"Yes—but," she added quickly, "I'm not married. Are you?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" he said hastily. "I'm Henry Kingsbury Gray, of Pebble Point, Northport ——"

"Master and owner of the beautiful but uncertain Sappho? Oh, tell me, *are* you the man who has tipped over so many times in Long Island Sound? Because I—I adore a man who has the pluck to continue to capsize every day or two."

"Then," he said, "you can safely adore me, for I am that yachtsman who has fallen off the Sappho more times than the White Knight fell off his horse."

"I—I *do* adore you!" she exclaimed impulsively.

"Of course, you d-d-don't mean that," he stammered, striving to smile.

"Yes—almost. Tell me, you—I know you are not like other men! *You* never have had anything to do with a Destyn-Carr machine, have you?"

"Never!"

"Neither have I. . . . And so you are not in love—are you?"

"No."

"Neither am I. Oh, I am so glad that you and I have waited, and not become engaged to somebody by machinery. . . . I wonder whom you are destined for."

"Nobody—by machinery."

She clapped her hands. "Neither am I. It is too stupid, isn't it? I *don't* want to marry the man I ought to marry. I'd rather take chances with a man who attracts me and who is attracted by me. . . . There was, in the old days—before everybody married by machinery—something not altogether unworthy in being a siren, wasn't there? . . . It's perfectly delightful to think of you seeing me out here on the rocks, and then instantly plunging into the waves and tearing a foaming right-of-way to what might have been destruction!"

Her flushed, excited face between its clustering curls looked straight into his.

"It *was* destruction," he said. His own voice sounded odd to him. "Utter destruction to my peace of mind," he said again.

"You—don't think that you love me, do you?" she asked. "That would be too—too perfect a climax. . . . *Do* you?" she asked curiously.

"I—think so."

"Do—do you *know* it?"

He gazed bravely at her: "Yes."

She flung up both arms joyously, then laughed aloud:

"Oh, the wonder of it! It is too perfect, too beautiful! You really love me! Do you? Are you *sure?*"

"Yes. . . . Will you try to love me?"

"Well, you know that sirens don't care for people. . . . I've already been engaged two or three times. . . . I don't mind being engaged to you."

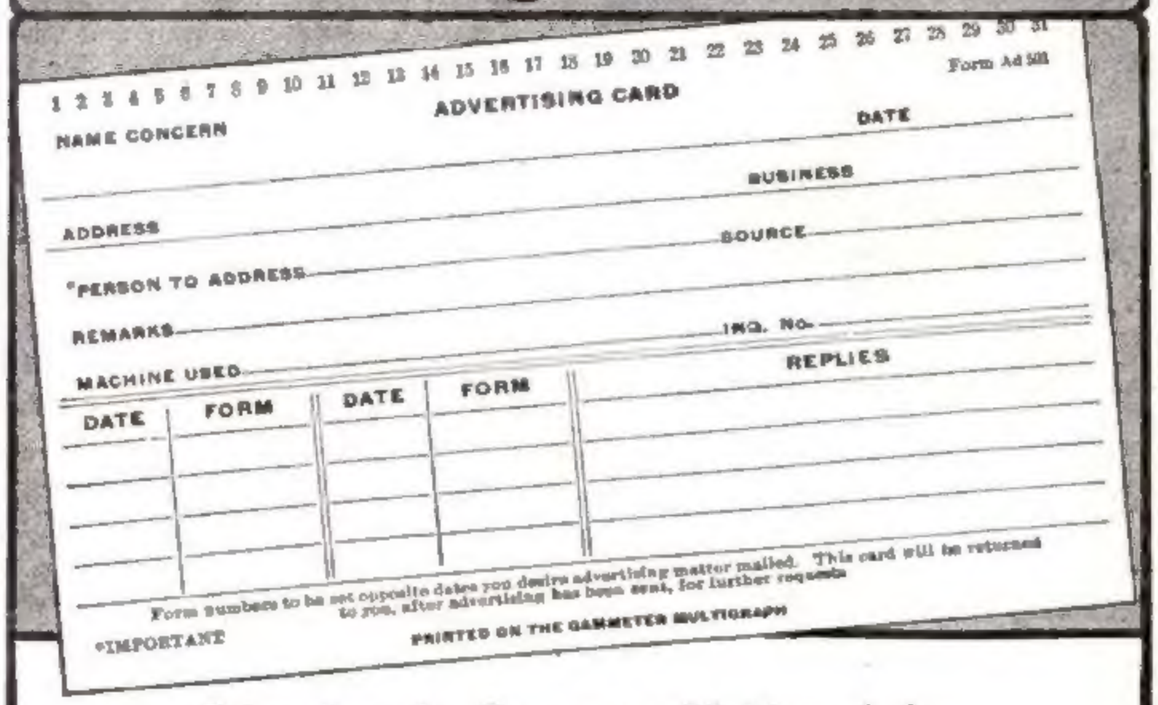
"Couldn't you care for me, Flavilla?"

"Why, yes. I do. . . . Please don't touch me; I'd rather not. Of course, you know, I couldn't really love you so quickly unless I'd been subjected to one of those Destyn-Carr machines. You know that, don't you? But," she added frankly, "I wouldn't like to have you get away from me. I—I feel like a tender-hearted person in the street who is followed by a lost cat ——"

"What!"

"Oh, I *didn't* mean anything unpleasant—truly I didn't. You know how tenderly

A Multigraph Job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For forms like this, electrotypes are used, and, beyond the first cost of the electrotype, Multigraph printing is produced at the bare cost of the paper and an office boy's time. Second and subsequent editions of a form require only the placing of the electrotype on the Multigraph and running off the desired quantity, which can be done at a moment's notice. No necessity for contracting for large quantities in order to get a low price per thousand, and then throwing away a good share of them when a change is made in the form. Look up your last year's printing bills covering office, factory and sales forms within 8½ x 17 inches in size, and see what a saving of 50 per cent. would mean.

The Multigraph is also a Multiple Typewriter

The Gammeter Multigraph typewrites form letters that are identical with the work of a regular high grade typewriter. It turns out 3000 to 6000 typewritten letters per hour, and each copy is a perfect ribbon-printed original.

SEND US SAMPLES OF YOUR FORMS

Send us samples of a few of the printed forms that you are now using, and tell us the quantity of each that you use annually. We will give you free of charge or obligation, accurate estimates on the cost of producing these same forms, in your own office, on the Multigraph. Then you can compare our figures with the prices you are paying for outside printing, and see for yourself how much the Multigraph can save you.

With our estimates we will send a Multigraphed letter addressed to you personally, and a descriptive catalog.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES COMPANY, 3956 Kelley Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
European Selling Agents: The International Multigraph Company, 79 Queen St., London, E. C.

Multigraph Equipped for Printing

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Position.....

Firm.....

Write address on the margin

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in 10 sizes from 3 to 25 H P. Be sure to study this book. It will help you avoid costly mistakes.

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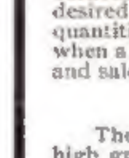

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We sell our cigars entirely on their merit. We work no premium schemes to get your money in advance; we have confidence in you and our cigars. Just tell us right away that you would like to accept this free offer, and state whether you want them mild, medium or strong. Our illustrated catalogue, which explains our methods and shows cigars in various shapes, sizes and prices, sent free on request.

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one feels when a poor stray cat comes trotting after one ——"

He got up, mad all through.

"*Are* you offended?" she asked sorrowfully. "When I didn't mean anything except that my heart—which is rather impressionable—feels very warmly and tenderly toward the man who swam after me! . . . *Won't* you understand, please? Listen, we have been engaged only a minute, and here already is our first quarrel. You can see for yourself what would happen if we ever married."

"It wouldn't be machine-made bliss, anyway," he said.

That seemed to interest her; she inspected him earnestly.

"Also," he added, "I thought you desired to take a sportsman's chances?"

"I—do."

"And I thought you didn't want to marry the man you ought to marry."

"That is—true."

"Then you certainly ought not to marry me—but, will you?"

"How can I when I don't—love you."

"You don't love me because you ought not to on such brief acquaintance. . . . But *will* you love me, Flavilla?"

She looked at him in silence, sitting very still, the bright hair veiling her cheeks, the fish's tail curled up against her side.

"*Will* you?"

"I don't know," she said faintly.

"Try."

"I—am."

"Shall I help you?"

Evidently she had gazed at him long enough; her eyes fell; her white fingers picked at the seaweed pods. His arm closed around her; nothing stirred but her heart.

"Shall I help you to love me?" he breathed.

"No—I am—past help." She raised her head.

"This is all so—so wrong," she faltered, "that I think it must be right. . . . Do you truly love me? . . . Don't kiss me if you do. . . . Now I believe you. . . . Lift me; I can't walk in this fish's tail. . . . Now set me afloat, please."

He lifted her, walked to the water's edge, bent and placed her in the sea. In an instant she had darted from his arms out into the waves, flashing, turning like a silvery salmon.

"Are you coming?" she called back to him.

He did not stir. She swam in a circle and came up beside the rock. After a long, long silence she lifted up both arms; he bent over. Then, very slowly, she drew him down into the water.

. . . . . .

"I am quite sure," she said, as they sat together at luncheon on the sand-spit which divides Northport Bay from the sparkling waters of Oyster Bay, "that you and I are destined for much trouble when we marry; but I love you so dearly that I don't care."

"Neither do I," he said; "will you have another sandwich?"

And, being young and healthy, she took it, and, biting into it, smiled adorably at her lover.

(THE END)

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of stories by Mr. Chambers dealing with the romantic adventures of the family with which originated the company known as the Green Mouse, Limited.

The Thinking Part

FORMER Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, met his dearest political foe, F. S. Streeter, on the street in Concord.

"Streeter," said Chandler, "I never met your partner, R. E. Walker, until a day or two ago."

"That so?" inquired Streeter, without much enthusiasm.

"Yes," continued Chandler vivaciously; "I found him at the station in Washington and we came on to New York together. He was at the station in New York and we came on to Boston together, and, from Boston, traveled over to Concord in company. I consider him a remarkably intelligent man."

"Glad to hear it," said Streeter.

"Oh, yes," gurgled Chandler. "Remarkably intelligent. One of the most intelligent men I have met in a long time. He listened all the way from Washington to Concord and allowed me to do all the talking."

Japan in April

Is in her brightest, merriest, most charming mood. It is the month of cherry blossoms and all Japan is in holiday dress. Leave on the

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sailing from Seattle March 20th, and arrive in Japan in time to see the delicate pink cherry buds burst into bloom.

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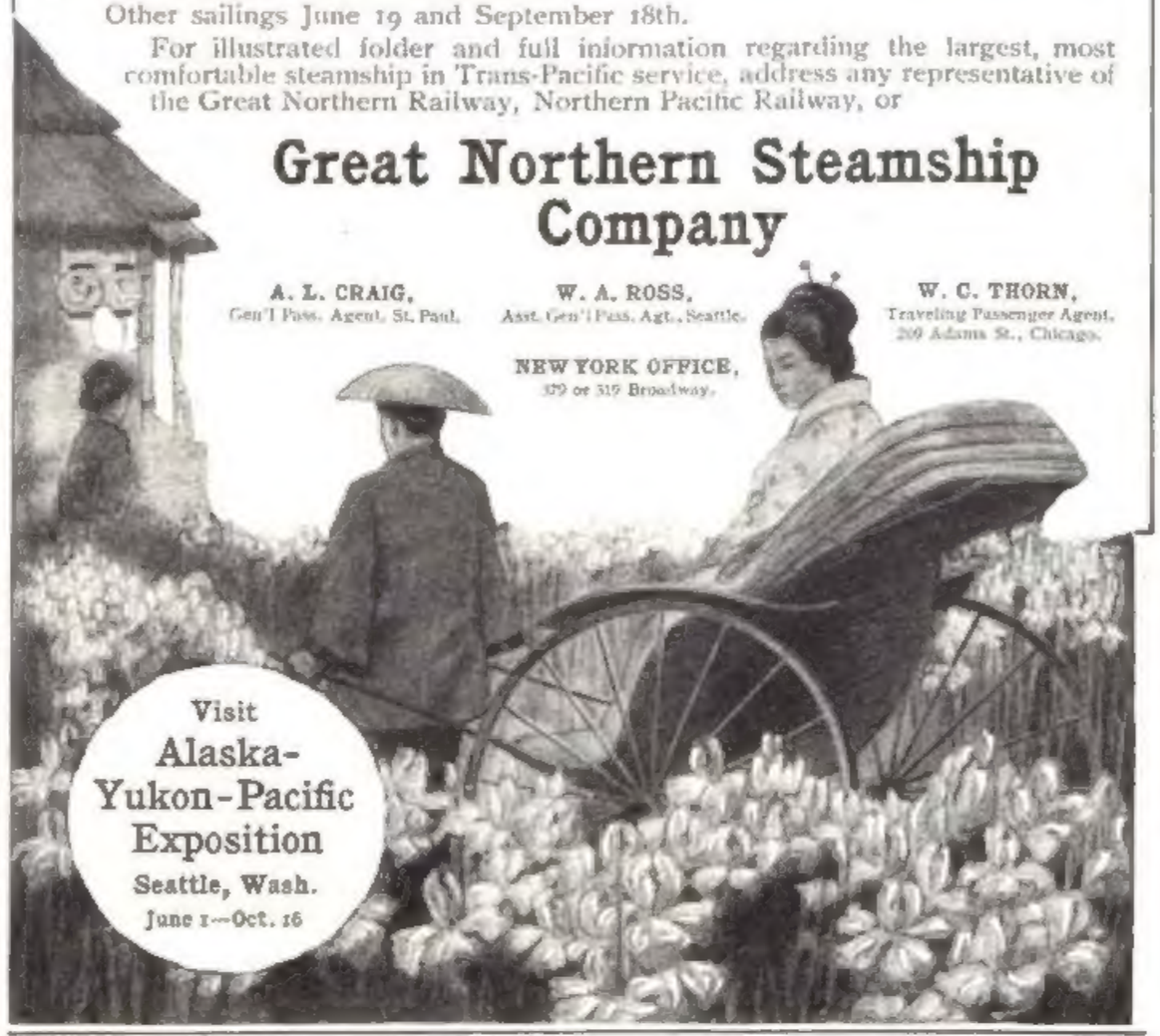

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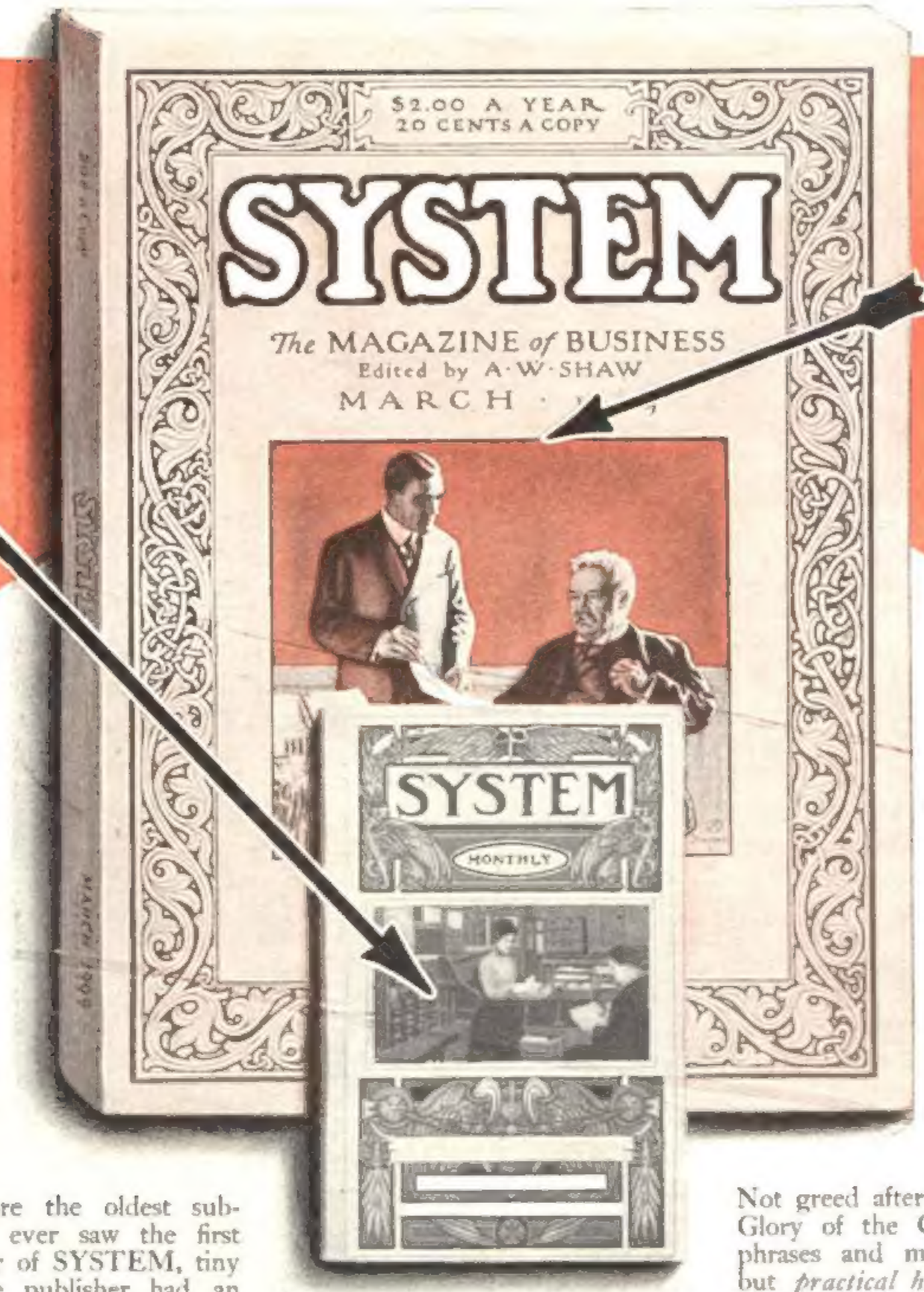
The Realization



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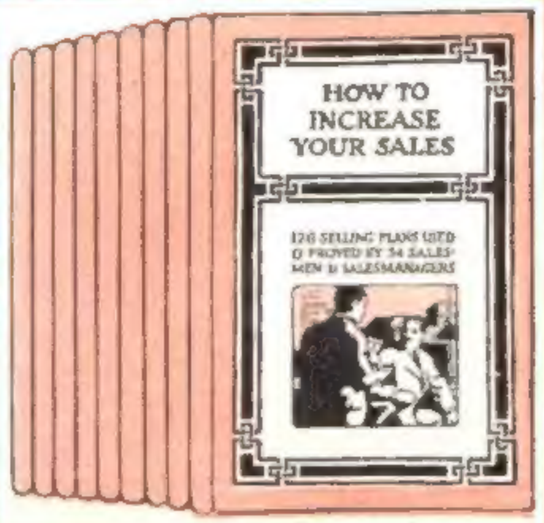
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